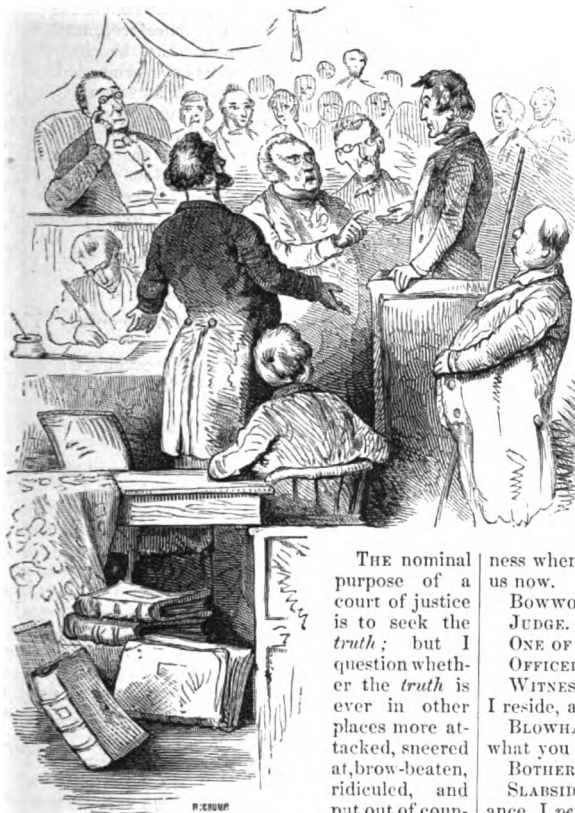


## THE WITNESS BOX.

ANON. 1840.



THE nominal purpose of a court of justice is to seek the truth; but I question whether the truth is ever in other places more attacked, sneered at, brow-beaten, ridiculed, and put out of countenance. It is

the truth which in this place, every one in his turn finds it his interest to conceal. It is the truth that every one is afraid of. Even the party most unequivocally in the right is anxious to exclude the truth from the other side, lest it may seem to contradict his own; and all the lawyers, and even the judge, seem as much on the watch to stop the witness's mouth every two minutes, as they have been to make him come there to open it. One of the most ridiculous things in the world is a witness in the box, trying (poor fellow) to give in his testimony. He is, we will suppose, not in the slightest degree interested in either of the parties, and, doubtless, wishes them both tied together by the neck, and at the bottom of the Lake. He comes into court, not voluntarily, but dragged, if he resists, by two or three scowling ministers of the law, who, from the mere fact of being presumed to know something about the pending suit, think themselves entitled to treat him as if he had been brought up for robbing a hen-roost. He is forced from his business or his amusements for the purpose of speaking the truth, and he inwardly resolves to tell the whole story as soon as possible, and get rid of the business. He thinks he knows the worst. He

thinks the loss of time, and the awkwardness of speaking for the first time of his life in public, are the extent of his sufferings. Unsuspecting victim! He no sooner enters the box than he finds himself at once the centre of a circle of enemies, and holding a position not greatly unlike that of a prisoner in an Indian war-dance. He tries to tell his story.

WITNESS. I was going down Maiden Lane—

COUNSELLOR BLOWHARD. Stop, sir.

COUNSELLOR BOTHEREM. Don't interrupt the witness.

COUNSELLOR BOWWOW (*briefly and indignantly*), we want the fact.

JUDGE. Let the witness tell his story.

WITNESS. I was going down Maiden Lane, where I live—

BLOWHARD. We don't want to know where you live, sir.

BOTHEREM. That is a part of his testimony.

SLABSIDES. You can have the witness when we have done with him; he belongs to us now.

BOWWOW (*sarcastically*). Very well, sir.

JUDGE. Gentlemen, I beg you will sit down.

ONE OF THE ASSISTANTS. Officer, keep order.

OFFICER (*as loud as he can bawl*). Silence.

WITNESS. I was going down Maiden Lane, where I reside, as I said before, when—

BLOWHARD. You don't come here, sir, to repeat what you said before!

BOTHEREM. I beg—

SLABSIDES (*starting to his feet*). No intemperance, I *persist* on't!

BOWWOW. Your honor, I appeal to you to protect me from the impertinence of this witness.

All the Counsellors and Judges together. The witness must be com—

OFFICER (*in a voice of thunder*). Silence! Silence!

JUDGE. Gentlemen, it seems to me that the best way to come at the truth, is to let the witness go on, and I will call him to order if he wanders from his duty. Witness!

WITNESS. Your honor.

JUDGE. Tell the plain fact of this assault—tell the jury what you know about it. Remember you are here to speak the truth, and nothing but the truth. Raise your voice, and turn your face to the jury. What do you know of this affair?

Again the witness commenced, the lawyers continuing to skirmish around all the while, like a parcel of wild Arabs fighting for the clothes of some unhappy prisoner. So far from getting a chance to say the truth, the poor man cannot get a chance to say any thing. At length, bewildered out of his recollection—frightened, insulted, and indignant—however really desirous of telling the truth, he stumbles upon some inconsistency; some trifling, or not trifling paradox—accounted for at once and to

every one's entire satisfaction, by the idea that he has forgotten. But then came the cross-examination; then the scientific artillery of a cool, impudent, and vulgar lawyer, sharpened by thirty years of similar practices, is brought to bear upon one trembling and already nervous stranger—perhaps ignorant, perhaps a boy. Then comes the laugh of judge and jury, the murmur and astonishment of the crowd, that a person could be found degraded and base enough to say that "the defendant wore a little rimmed hat," when he acknowledged subsequently, off his guard, that the hat had "a tolerably large rim." Then the poor fellow, sore all over, and not quite sure that he will not be sent to prison and hard labor, for perjury, before the week has rolled away, although he is the only person in the court who does not, in a greater or less degree, merit that punishment, is dismissed to a bench a few yards off, where he is obliged to remain to hear the lawyers, in their address to the jury, mumble his character to pieces with glorious turns of rhetoric, and yet more glorious gesticulations.

"What, gentlemen of the jury," says Counsellor Blowhard, beating the table in fury, and heaving his body like some wood-sawyer under the operation of an emetic, "what does the next witness, this Mr. John Raw, say? Gentlemen, he comes forward under the most peculiar circumstances. 'He claps perjury to his soul,' as Dr. Watts says. A dark mystery conglimerates his motives, which I don't think proper to disentangle; but he comes forward, and without the least back'ardness, and he takes his place in that are witness-box with the open, the avowed, the undignified, the undisguised, the unaffected, the diabolical, the determined resolution to fix upon my client, the injured, the suffering, the cruelly-tortured Mr. Funk, this foul and unnatural assault and battery. Didn't you see, gentlemen, when I cross-examined him, how he trembled under my eye? you saw him prevaricate and how pale he turned at my voice. You heard him stammer and take back his words, and say he did 'not recollect.' Is this, gentlemen of the jury, an *honest* witness? The language of *truth* is plain and simple—it don't require no previous calkylation. If I ask you if you saw the sun rise yesterday, you answer, unless you are given to that horrible, detestable, abominable, infernal vice of drunkenness, and never kidnapped niggers, yes or no—you do not hesitate, you do not tremble. You don't say 'yes, I did,' and in the very next breath, 'no, I didn't.' You don't at first tell me, 'I walked ten miles on Monday,' and say, afterwards, in a jerk, 'I was all day on Monday, ill in bed with the dysentery.'"

(Here one of the jurors puts his nose to that of another, and utters something in approbation of this profound argument, and the other nods his head, and looks at the speaker, as much as to say, "there is no use in trying to elude the sagacity of this keen old fellow." The witness had much better have told the truth.)

"Now, gentlemen, what does this here witness say? He began by telling you, gentlemen, that he lived in Maiden-lane; that he was going home on the day when this ridiculous and unnatural assault took place; that he saw a crowd, that he approached; that he saw Mr. Funk, my client, the defendant in this action, come up to the plaintiff, Sam Wiggins, and give him, Wiggins, ~~the~~ said plaintiff, a blow with a bludgeon. But, gentlemen, when I came to look into this cock-and-bull story, you saw him equivocate, and heard him change color,

and contradict himself. 'What sort of a hat had Mr. Funk on?' 'A black one?' 'Of what broadness was the rim?' 'About an inch.' He thought, doubtless, that he was to have every thing his own way, till I brought into the witness-box to confute him the hatter, yes, gentlemen, the very hatter who made and sold the hat, and who proves to you that the rim was broad. You, therefore, must believe, you cannot do otherwise, that the hat worn on that day by Mr. Funk was a broad-brimmed hat; all the witnesses for the defendant swear it, and even Johnny Raw himself, when closely questioned, acknowledged that it *might* have been a broad-brimmed hat. Next, gentlemen, the pantaloons. 'What color was Mr. Funk's pantaloons?' 'Black,' said this bloody Mr. John Raw, (a great laugh at this stroke of wit.) Gentlemen, I have produced these pantaloons in court. They have been identified beyond the possibility of doubt. What was the result? You saw, yourselves, gentlemen, the pantaloons were *pepper and salt*."

A cry of admiration throughout the court. The officer cries order.

The poor witness unfortunately occupies a conspicuous seat, and all eyes are fixed upon him with the most virtuous indignation.

"Furthermore, gentlemen, I asked this witness to describe the bludgeon. He could not. 'Had it ivory or horn on the handle?' He could not tell. 'Was there a piece of brass on the end?' Did not know. 'Was it heavy?' 'Yes.'—'Had he ever handled it?' 'No.' 'How in the name of the heavens above and the earth below, how, upon your oaths, gentlemen, how could he tell the heft of a thing if he had never handled it?' (another buzz of admiration.) 'Was he personally acquainted with Mr. Funk?' 'No.' 'Had he ever seen him before?' 'No.' 'Since?' 'No.' 'Could he tell whether he had an aquiline nose or not?' 'No.' 'Was he not a friend of Sam Wiggins?' 'Yes.' 'Had he not expressed an opinion upon this case?' 'Yes; he had said the scoundrel ought to be ashamed of himself.' 'Was Sam Wiggins's hat knocked off?' 'No.' But before he left the witness-box, he said he saw the blood on the top of the plaintiff's head. How, upon your oaths, again, gentlemen, how could he see the top of his head unless the hat had been knocked off?"

(Another buzz.) The witness here rose and said, 'Mr. Wiggins took it off to show me.'

OFFICER. Silence, there!

JUDGE. Witness you must not interrupt the counsel. You have had the opportunity of saying whatever you pleased. If you are guilty of so great an indecorum, I shall be obliged to commit you.

Witness stands stupid.

OFFICER. Sit down! (in a tone of indignant command).—Witness sits down; the officer scowling at him as if he would snap his head off.

I shall not follow the learned gentleman further. I only appeal to every witness that has ever been brought into a court of justice, whether it is not the most difficult place in the world to tell the truth in, and whether, when the truth was at length told, there ever were so many attempts made to mystify it? Whether so much of what every one present knew in his heart to be the truth, could any where else be so deliberately rejected, and whether when this poor, belabored, mutilated truth, so much demanded, was at length produced, it did not have such an aspect, so disguised that its own mother might not have known it.

## THE MILITIA TRAINING.

BY JOHN FROST. 1842.

CAPTAIN DUNNING was one of the magnates of the little county town of Greenville, situated in one of the fairest and most fertile plains of New England. The captain was proprietor of an extensive farm, and kept a variety store, which supplied the villagers with all kinds of European and West India goods, from a silk gown to a pound of sugar. He was the most thriving farmer and the most prosperous trader in the whole country. He was, moreover, a justice of the peace, and a militia captain. His authority as a magistrate was unusually respected; and his company was the most numerous and best equipped in the whole brigade.

The captain had a son, an only child, about thirteen years old, who was the pride of his heart. Indeed, Master George was a noble-spirited little fellow, whose talents and frank-hearted disposition fully justified his parents' partiality. This youth had attached himself to one of the hired men of his father, a sturdy teamster, who aided him in all his sports, and often took him with him into the forest in his wood-cutting expeditions; George making havoc with his fowling-piece among the birds, woodchucks and squirrels, while Jerry was cutting down and trimming saplings.

At the period when our tale commences, it was the autumn of the year, and both the allies were looking forward to that anniversary, dear and delightful to boys and militia captains—the General Muster. A whole regiment of men were to be paraded on the great plain, a mile from the village; the major-general, accompanied by his staff, was to review the chivalry of the county in solemn state. There were to be such drumming and fifing, such countermarching, in platoons, in solid columns, in hollow squares, such firing, and charging with the bayonet, as the world, that is to say the world of Greenville, had never seen before. Then there were to be the tents and booths for furnishing the respectable yeomanry with refreshments, the show-boxes for the entertainment of young gentlemen and ladies at two cents a head, with a view of all the cities of Europe, Asia, Africa, and the continent of New Holland, besides the show of the great calf and the learned pig. Truly, it was to be a General Muster of no ordinary pretensions. Pocket-money would be at a premium. To crown the whole, and give this General Muster a decisive advantage over all others in its interest for Master George, Jerry himself was to keep a tent—all his own speculation—on his own hook. He was to sell gingerbread and drinkables on his own account, for his own individual profit, and his sister Sally was to come in from their father's cottage, and assist in tending it.

Great were the preparations for the occasion. Jerry's wages were paid up for the last six months, and an unlimited credit was given him at "the store," in order that he might provide himself with the requisite stock. The tent was all planned out and set up in the back yard, by way of experiment, just to see how it would look, and George walked up to the counter and went through the motions of buying a cake of gingerbread of Jerry, by way of rehearsal.

"It will do, Jerry; you'll make your fortune!"

"Won't I, Mister George?"

"Larry O'Brien's tent is a mere circumstance to it!"

"He has got nothing but whiskey, Medford crackers, and salt fish."

"Besides, he is not the gentleman that you are, Jerry. He don't know how to be polite, and draw the custom."

"To-morrow, folks shall see what they shall see."

"Won't they, Jerry?"

Such were the anticipations of George and his friend, on the day preceding the General Muster.

On the morning of the auspicious day, the two friends were at their post before daybreak; and ere the sun rose, the tent was completed, all the refreshments being set out in tempting array. Sally had brought the drapery of the tent,—a patchwork bed-quilt, radiant with all the colors of the rainbow,—and by ingeniously hanging it over the top, had produced a most brilliant and imposing effect. It was decidedly the most magnificent tent on the field; and drew to its neighborhood the miscellaneous crowd of idlers who had come to witness the show, and enjoy the festivities of the day.

Having assisted his friend to complete his arrangements, George prepared to enter, with the full zest of frolicsome youth, into all the humors of the scene.

One must see a militia training, or, at least, Clonney's picture of one, to understand what these humors were. The earnestness, the zeal, the perfect abandonment with which some hundreds of men, women, and children enter into the fun and frolic, each according to his own particular fancy, furnish pictures of character of the liveliest sort. Close by the tent of Jerry was a four-wheeled wagon, literally the family carriage of a thrifty farmer in the neighborhood. The horses had been detached from the vehicle, and were munching their oats under a tree in rear of the tent, while the whole household of honest Mr. Giles, including his wife, mother, daughter, and son, were taking a comfortable breakfast in the wagon itself; and the head of the family was contemplating, with the most edifying gravity, the spirited performance of a genuine African reel, or *pas de deux*, executed with wonderful grace and agility, by some Sambo and Cuffee, to the lugubrious music drawn by an old gray-haired performer from a cracked fiddle, the musician beating time with his foot with great emphasis and solemnity.

A little further from the tent of Jerry, was a handcart, loaded with a barrel of new cider, the stock in trade of a countryman, the centre of attraction for other groups of revellers. Astride of the barrel sat a boy who was drinking healths with an old man. Behind the cart was enacted a highly characteristic scene. A country fellow had invited another to drink a glass of cider with him; and when it had been ordered and drawn, even to running over, (the luckless tapster urchin being unable to turn back the spigot,) Mister Hodge made the discovery that his money was all gone, greatly to the discomfiture of the recipient of the treat, who stood gap-

ing with evident embarrassment at the inverted pocket of his *liberal* friend. Farther on, towards that part of the field where the grand review was taking place, some wags were carrying a drunken soldier, astride of his own musket, singing obstreperously the *Rogue's March*, all the while.

In a little grove, contiguous to the scene of all these episodes, an impromptu auction was going forward, a crowd of rustics eagerly bidding for the miscellaneous contents of a peddler's cart.

As a background to the whole of this picture, extended the beautiful plain, covered with the marching train-bands, the village of Greenville, with its neat white houses, in the far distance, and a glorious range of mountains skirting the horizon.

George rambled over the field, and surveyed the whole with unbounded delight. He witnessed the scenes we have described, after spending a half hour in gazing at the well-appointed company of his

the unfortunate man as rather a subject of sorrow than of mirth. But boys are apt to be thoughtless; and George had nearly paid dear for his want of consideration on this occasion.

It so happened that the young man had a brother, a hot-headed, passionate youth, much younger than himself. This stripling being attached to one of the companies of soldiers, had obtained a short furlough, and going to one of the tents, had drank just enough whiskey to make him riotous and ready for any mischief. Approaching that part of the field where Jerry's tent was situated he had lost his balance and tumbled on the ground, dropping his musket in front, and his whiskey bottle in the rear. He soon recovered himself, and gathering up his scattered goods, reeled on towards the tent of Jerry, where he arrived just in time to witness the scene which was passing between his brother and George.



father. There was not one on the field which could compare with it in numbers, or equipments, or discipline. Captain Dunning bore away the palm.

As the day advanced, George returning from his rambles over the field, found reclining near the tent of Jerry, a young man, who, by indulging in a great number and variety of potations, had brought himself to that pleasurable relaxation of the nerves and muscles in which repose is decidedly preferable to action. Seated on a low chair, with his head gently declined upon his breast, he had become oblivious of all sublimity cares and sorrows. The General Muster with all its humors and glories was as nothing to him. His spirit had gone to the land of dreams.

George being a member of the temperance society himself, considered the inebriate fair game. He was resolved to have some fun with him. Providing himself, therefore, with a long straw, he began to tickle his nose. This was, it must be acknowledged, a thoughtless proceeding on the part of our hero. He should have regarded the situation of

Our hero, by dint of repeated thrusts with the straw, had just succeeded in bringing the drunken man to that state of half-consciousness, in which he could barely testify his perception that some one was teasing him by a muttered imprecation, and an uneasy shake of the head, which drew peals of merry laughter from his tormentor. Great was the wrath and indignation of the brother at this sight, and terrible was the revenge which he instantly resolved upon. Without a moment's hesitation, he ran towards George, who was too much engaged with his fun to observe his approach, and raising the butt of his musket, he aimed a blow at the boy's head, which, if it had taken effect as intended, would undoubtedly have fractured his skull. But Jerry, observing from his tent the mad action of the young soldier, sprang forward just in time to receive the whole force of the blow upon his outstretched arm, and save the life of his young friend at the expense of a broken limb. The action, prompted by the imminent danger, was so sudden, that in throwing himself forward, Jerry



overturned the counter of his tent, which, being connected with the supporting posts, brought down the whole structure upon their heads, smashing the decanters, bottles, and glasses, pulverizing the gingerbread and crackers, and burying the unfortunate proprietor, his sister, George, the soldier, and his drunken brother, in the ruins.

Fortunately, no part of the frail building was very heavy; and when the spectators who crowded round the scene of action had succeeded in disentangling the fallen and wounded from the mass of superincumbent rubbish, it was found that none but Jerry had suffered much injury. The soldier had got a smart thump on the head with a tent-pole, Sally had her arm scratched with a broken bottle, and George had his elegant green velvet jacket dyed a rich purple, by the spilling of two gallons of cherry bounce.

But the glory of the day was departed. The soldier was apprehended by a corporal's guard, and put under arrest for outstaying his furlough; his brother was taken up by the heels and flung into a baggage-wagon; George was picked up, reeking from the ruins, by an acquaintance of his father, and hurried off to the village in a gig; and Jerry, after having his arm set by the regimental surgeon, abandoned the ruins of his grand speculation to the care of his sister and a kind-hearted friend, who undertook to "see after the things," and made the best of his way home.

Truly hath it been said that great effects result from little causes. Certain gentlemen's amusing themselves with flying a kite over the Atlantic, was the cause of tumbling the great credit system to the ground; and Master George's tickling the nose of a drunkard with a straw, was not less certainly the cause of smashing Jerry's tent. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

We must not waste time in moralizing, however; but follow the course of events. On the evening of the eventful day, George, divested of his dishonored Sunday suit, and arrayed in a sober school-going dress, repaired to the apartment of Jerry, for the purposes of condoling with him on their joint misfortunes, and comparing notes of their experience.

Jerry lived in the attic story of the captain's house. His single dormer window looked out over the trim garden and ample meadows of his patron's estate, and commanded a view of the broad, quiet river, and the Blue Mountains beyond. George found his friend seated before this window, with his arm in a sling, calmly contemplating the scene before him, admiring the golden radiance left in the western sky by the departed sun. His countenance wore the tranquillity of a philosopher untroubled by the vexations of a transitory world. Epictetus or Marcus Antoninus himself could not have borne misfortune with a more magnanimous spirit.

Struck with the dignified composure of the worthy teamster, George approached him with a degree of reverence which he had never felt before. He forgot his own trifling annoyances in the more serious disasters of his companion in misfortune, and resolved to do all in his power to evince his gratitude and affection towards one who had so richly deserved them. The wounded arm, as was natural enough, first attracted his attention and engaged his sympathy.

"Ah, Jerry!" said he, "I'm afraid you are dreadfully hurt!" and the little fellow could not refrain

from bursting into tears, when he thought of the pain which is consequent upon mashed bones and tortured flesh.

"Oh! don't mention it, Mister George. It is a mere trifle. Never take on about it. The doctor sot it all to rights in five minutes. I wish I had hold of that Jake Varney's throat with my other hand, though," he continued, setting his teeth firmly. "The good-for-nothing varmint! To go for to lay a little boy over the head with the stock of a musket, as a man would beat the brains out of a mad dog!"

"It was all my own fault, Jerry, and I have brought you into a world of troubles by my folly. I could pull all the hair out of my head with sheer vexation."

"Never do you mind, Mister George. We'll fix it all right, as soon as the limb gets healed. If I don't hammer that Jake Varney—"

"But what I am thinking about is your heavy loss on the tent, and your broken limb."

"Oh that's no great matter. Yankee boys, you know, Mister George, are never down-hearted at losing their money, or having their bones broken a little. It only just serves to raise their pluck, and make 'em work a trifle harder, for a spell; and then it all comes round right again. There's a good deal of fun in store for you and me yet, Mister George, if the tent is smashed."

And so, he that came to console, received consolation himself. George was comforted, but by no means satisfied; and he returned to his own chamber to devise some means of reparation for his disinterested friend.

Turning over the matter in his mind, after he had gone to bed, and was vainly trying to sleep, an expedient occurred by which he thought it possible for him to make up to Jerry his pecuniary loss. It was by digging up Greek roots; and this is probably the only example on record of such an obligation being discharged by the same means. George's mother happened to be a lady of superior education and of excellent judgment, and she had arranged a system of discipline and instruction for her son, which was well suited to make him understand the necessity of labor and economy, as well as of the value of money and of learning. No pocket-money was ever given to George as a free gift; but he was permitted to earn tickets, by reciting lessons to his mother, whenever he pleased; and these tickets were redeemed in hard cash. A certain number of tickets (value one cent,) was allowed for a hundred lines of Virgil translated; a certain number for a chapter in the Greek Testament, and so on with sums in arithmetic, and every other kind of lesson which he chose to recite. The same system was observed with respect to his working in the garden, so that he could vary the nature of his labor, as his health might require.

A small volume, purporting to contain all the primitive words of the Greek language, had been put into his hands by his mother, on the first day of the autumn vacation of his school, (the day before the general training,) and a liberal price offered to him if he would commit the whole to memory. This he now resolved to do before the month should expire, and he hoped that the sum thus earned would make up Jerry's loss.

Accordingly, giving up a design, which he had previously entertained, of spending a great part of the vacation in shooting and fishing, he applied

himself during the whole month, alternately to digging upon his Greek roots, and laboring in the garden, and even among the men upon the farm. Regularly every evening he received his day's wages, and laid up the tickets with all the care and anxiety of a confirmed miser. His mother wondered what had come over the boy. The worthy captain quizzed him every morning at the breakfast-table, by asking him how he intended to invest his increasing capital, and offering him some excellent timber lots in Maine, which he had received in payment of a desperate old debt. George, however, kept his own counsel, and labored on with a cheerful resolution, which made his trial a pleasure.

One evening, at the end of the month, having turned his tickets into money and put the whole amount in his pocket, he repaired to Jerry's attic for the purpose of ascertaining how much of his task was accomplished, and paying in an instalment.

He found Jerry recovered from his hurt, and busily engaged with slate and pencil at a little table in one corner of his room. He was teaching himself arithmetic.

"Well, now," said he, as soon as George entered, "well, now, I'm glad you're come, Mister George, for I reckon you can help me."

"I dare say I can."

"Here's a mighty ugly sum in 'double position,' which has bothered me beyond all account."

George, having explained the principle of the sum, and worked it out, said carelessly, "Did you ever cast up, Jerry, the items of loss and gain by that business of the tent?"

"Oh, yes! there was very little loss, because, you know, I had taken a good deal of money, and most of it profit, before we upst the tent."

"Well, how much was the actual loss?"

"Only five dollars and forty-four cents."

George was delighted. This was but a small part of his month's wages. "Now," said he, "tell me how much you would have made by selling out your whole stock."

This required ciphering and examining of papers, but the result was soon ascertained, and George saw at a glance that he could cash the whole. Instantly pulling out his purse, he counted out the gold and silver upon the table, and gravely pushing it towards the astonished Jerry, he said, "There it is—the exact amount. Take it, Jerry!"

"Not as you knows on, Mister George. Do you suppose," said he, drawing out the words through his nose with great emphasis and deliberation, "that I would go, for to come, for to take your hard 'arnings for to pay for that ternal tent? Why, I have repented of ever having had a tent. I begin to believe the smashing of it was a judgment upon me for selling liquor, or rather it was the nateral consequence of selling the good-for-nothin' pizen. Any how, it was a just punishment upon me, and will teach me never to do so no more. So I won't touch your money."

In fact, George was compelled to yield the point for the time, and afterwards effected the object which he had in view, by laying out the money in presents to the sister and parents of Jerry.

Twelve years after the great training, George having completed his college course, and studied the profession of law, was just about to embark from New York to make the tour of Europe. His father had become very rich, and George had plenty

of money in his pocket, and letters of credit, letters of introduction—every thing to smooth the long, rough road he was to travel.

Rambling about the city, the day before that on which he was to embark, he was nearly run over by a man walking with long swinging strides, and apparently in a prodigious hurry. On receiving an apology for the rudeness of the encounter, he discovered that the person was no other than his old friend Jerry. The recognition was delightful on both sides.

"Is it you, Jerry?"

"Well, if ever!—Mister George, do tell me where you rained down from?"

"I have just come from Greenville. As you seem to be in a hurry, Jerry, I'll walk down the street with you, and tell you all about it. But first tell me what you are in such a hurry about?"

"Why, the fact is, I'm in a sort of a fix. My clerk has just robbed me and run away. I'm short, and I'm mightily afraid I shan't get made up before three o'clock."

"Your clerk!" said George, hurrying along the street by his side; "are you a merchant?"

"Yes, a sort of a one. I carry on a wholesale business in pork, and have made a nice little fortune; but I am extended a little just now, and this scamp running off with my ready cash, intended to meet notes to-day, may smash up all my arrangements."

"Just as I did your tent. How much have you to pay to-day?"

"Five hundred dollars, and that is a good deal to raise between now and three o'clock."

"How much will take you out of the whole scrape high and dry?"

"A leetle short of a thousand dollars."



"Well, then, don't be in such a confounded hurry. Stop a minute, and I'll give you the thousand," pulling out his pocket-book and producing the bills.

"You don't say so, Mister George," said Jerry, unable so suddenly to change his former conception of the playmate of old times; "how come you by sich a power of money?"

"I am on my travels."

"Then I won't take it. You'll want it for pocket-money."

"I have plenty besides, with which I am going to buy sovereigns. I have letters of credit, too. Take the bills, and say no more about it."

"How shall I return it to you?"

"I'll be sure to call for it the minute I want it."

"Well, if ever!—this is luck."

"It isn't luck, it's Providence. It's poetical justice. Run to the bank and pay your notes."

And thus one good turn was repaid by another. Jerry's smashed tent and broken arin, occasioned by an act of disinterested generosity, saved his credit and his fortune. He insisted upon repaying the loan on George's return from abroad; but he soon after learnt that it had been settled upon one of his children—a piece of intelligence which occasioned the worthy Jerry to hold up his hands and exclaim, "Well, that is just like Mister George. There is no such thing as getting round him. His parsu-verance beats all natur."

## COUNTRY BURIAL-PLACES.

FROM "SKETCHES OF NEW ENGLAND," BY JOHN CARVER. 1842.

IN passing through New England, a stranger will be struck with the variety, in taste and feeling, respecting burial-places. Here and there may be seen a solitary grave, in a desolate and dreary pasture lot, and anon under the shade of some lone tree, the simple stone reared by affection to the memory of one known and loved by the humble fireside only. There, on that gentle elevation, sloping green and beautiful towards the south, is a family enclosure, adorned with trees, and filled with the graves of the household. How many breaking hearts have there left the loved till that bright morning! Here in this garden, beside the vine-covered arbor, and amidst the shrubbery which her own hand planted, is the monument to the faithful wife and loving mother. How appropriate! How beautiful! And to the old landholders of New England, what motive to hold sacred from the hand of lucre, so strong as the ground loved by the living as the burial-place of *their* dead!

Ap[ro]pos to burying in gardens, I heard a story of an old man, who was bent on interring his wife in his garden, despite of the opposition of all his neighbors to his doing so. Indeed, the old fellow avowed this as his chief reason, and to all their entreaties, and deprecations, and earnest requests, he still declared he would do it. Finding everything they could do to be of no avail, the people be-thought themselves of a certain physician, who was said to have great influence over the old man, and who owned an orchard adjoining the very garden; so, going to him in a body, they besought him to attempt to change the determination of his obstinate friend. The doctor consented to do so, and went. After offering his condolence on the loss of his wife, and proffering any aid he might be able to render at the funeral, the Doctor said, "I understand you intend to bury your deceased wife in your garden."

"Yes," answered the old man, "I do. And the more people object, the more I'm determined to do it!"

"Right!" replied the doctor, with an emphatic shake of the head, "right! I applaud the deed. I'd bury her there, if I was you. The boys are always stealing the pears from my favorite tree that overhangs your garden, and by and by you'll die, Uncle Diddle, and they'll bury you there too, and then I'm sure that the boys will never dare steal another pear."

"No!" I'll be hanged if I bury her there," said

the old man, in great wrath. "I'll bury her in the grave-yard!"

New England can boast her beautiful places of sculpture, but as a common thing, they are too much neglected, and attractive only to the lover of oddities, and curious old epitaphs. Occasionally you may see a strangely-shaped tomb, or as in a well-known village, a knocker placed on the door of his family vault by some odd specimen of humanity. When asked the reason for doing so singular a thing, he gravely replied, that "when the old gentleman should come to claim his own, the tenants might have the pleasure of saying, 'not at home,' or of fleeing out of the back door."

In passing through these neglected grounds, you will often find some touchingly beautiful scriptural allusion—some apt quotation, or some emblem, so lovely and instructive, that the memory of it will go with you for days. Here in a neglected spot, and amid a cluster of raised stones, is the grave of the stranger clergyman's child, who died on its journey. The inscription is sweet, when taken in connection with the portion of sacred history from which the quotation is made. "Is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well." Again, the only inscription is an emblem,—a butterfly rising from the chrysalis. Glorious thought, embodied in emblem so singular! "Sown in corruption, raised in incorruption!"

Then come you to some strangely odd, as for instance,

Here lies John Auricular,  
Who in the ways of the Lord walked perpendicular.

Again,

Many a cold wind o'er my body shall roll,  
While in Abraham's bosom I'm a feasting my soul;

appropriate certainly, as the grave was on a cold north east slope of one of our bleak hills.

Again, a Dutchman's epitaph for his twin babes:

Here lies two babes, dead as two nits,  
Who shook to death mit ague fits.  
They was too good to live mit me,  
So God he took 'em to live mit he."

There is the grave of a young man, who dying suddenly, was eulogized with this strange aim at the sublime:

He lived,  
He died!

Not a hundred miles from Boston, is a gravestone,

the epitaph upon which, to all who knew the parties, borders strongly upon the burlesque. A widower, who within a few months buried his wife and adopted daughter, the former of whom was all her life long a thorn in his flesh, and whose death could not but have been a relief, wrote thus,—“They were lovely and beloved in their lives, and in death were not divided.” Poor man, well *he* knew how full of strife and sorrow an evil woman can make life! He was worn to a shadow before her death, and his hair was all gone. Many of the neighbors thought surely that *he* well knew what had become

of it, especially as it disappeared by the handful. But the grave covers all faults; and those who knew her could only hope, that she might rest from her labors, and her works follow her!

On a low sandy mound far down on the Cape, rises a tall slate stone, with fitting emblems, and epitaph as follows—

Here lies Judy and John,  
That lovely pair,  
John was killed by a whale,  
And Judy sleeps here.

### A ROLICKING DRAGOON OFFICER.

BY PHILIP B. JANUARY (“THE MAN IN THE SWAMP”). 1843.

In the summer of 1834, the Dragoons went to the Pawnee Villages. In the fall, three companies under the command of Col. Kearney, came to the Des Moines Rapids, on the Mississippi, and wintered there in some log huts. There was a Captain B., a very tall man, six feet seven inches, (just three inches over me, and I think I am “some,”) with very large black whiskers, a fine-looking man—I wonder what has become of him? I heard that he had resigned, and settled somewhere in Iowa; he must be in Congress before this time. The captain used to boast that he could pack a gallon without its setting him back any. Some time during the winter of '34 or '35, Col. Kearney ordered Captain B. to repair to Rushville, Illinois, distant some sixty miles, on recruiting service. The river was closed with ice, but had the appearance of breaking up every day. There was no ferry for conveying horses at Des Moines, but there was one ten miles above, where a man by the name of Knapp kept a small store for the sale of dry goods and whiskey. The captain repaired to Knapp's, and waited two or three days for the river either to freeze harder or break up; on the third morning there was no change in the river—the captain commenced early, and by nine o'clock was packing about a gallon. He ordered his horse, put his pistols in the holsters, buckled on his sword, mounted his horse, (which was a very fine one, and devilish fast for a mile,) braced himself in the stirrups, turned his horse's head for the river, and took a long look at it. Without saying a word to anybody, he gave his horse the spurs, dashed down the bank, on the ice, and crossed the river at a “quarter lick” speed. Knapp stood thunderstruck looking after him—he said he expected to see B. and the horse disappear at every jump, but they arrived safe at the other bank.

“Good Lord!” said Knapp, “I could have taken a pole, and punched holes in the ice anywhere!”

“Did he look back?”—I inquired—“when he reached the other side?”

“No,” said Knapp, “he went up the opposite bank at the same lick, and disappeared!”

The captain arrived safe at Rushville, where he remained for several weeks, and returned without a man. He told me of some of his adventures at Rushville. He went into his favorite grocery or drinking-house, one very cold morning, and found a crowd sitting round the fire; so close were they wedged in that there was no room for another chair, if there had been one in the room. No one moved—no one offered the captain a seat. The

fact is, the captain had a way of making himself unpopular with such crowds: he had an unpleasant way of using his fists, when he got about a gallon on board. An old lady who lived near Des Moines, requested me to look at her husband; he was in bed, where he had been for three weeks; he was a justice of the peace, and the captain called him Chief Justice T. He said he and the captain were drinking together, and after they had become very sociable, he called him B. *without* the captain, and the next moment he was knocked into the middle of the next three weeks!

The captain had been pursuing something of the same practice at Rushville, consequently no one offered him a seat.

The captain had been a great deal about this grocery, and knew what was in every barrel, box, and keg in it. He took a good look at the crowd, and finding he was not to have a seat, he walked behind



the counter, and picked up a keg marked “Dunpont.” He walked to the fire and threw it in, remarking—“Eternally — my soul,” [his favorite

oath,] "gentlemen, if I don't think we have lived long enough!"

"Did they run?" I inquired.

"Run!" said he—"I never saw 'ground and lofty tumbling' before! They just threw themselves over backwards, and all left the house on their all-fours, some back end first, and they went in that way clear across the street!"

Hearing no explosion, they after a while ventured

back, and peeped in; there sat B., with a glass of something, enjoying, himself, the keg standing in one corner by him—the keg contained madder instead of powder. Long as the captain remained in Rushville, he had the grocery all to himself.

I wonder what has become of him? If he has not fatigued himself to death, packing a gallon at a time, *he's in Congress sure!*

## MIKE HOOTER'S BAR STORY.

### A Hapoo Sketch.

BY WILLIAM HALL. 1843.

"It's no use talkin'," said Mike, "'bout your Polar Bar, and your Grisly Bar, and all that sorter varmont what you read about. They ain't no whar, for the big black customer that circumlocutes down in our neck o' woods, beats 'em all hollow. I've heard of some monsus explites kicked up by the brown bars, such as totein off a yoke o' oxen, and eatin' humans raw, and all that kind o' thing; and Capten Parry tells us a yarn 'bout a big white bar, what 'muses hisself climin' up the North Pole and slides down to keep his hide warm; but all that ain't a circumstance to what I've saw.

"You see," continued Mike, "there's no countin' on them varmonts as I's been used to, for they comes as near bein' human critters as any thing I ever see what doesn't talk. Why, if you was to hear anybody else tell 'bout the bar-fights I've had, you wouldn't b'lieve 'em, and if I wasn't a preacher, and could not lie none, I'd keep my fly-trap shot 'till the day of judgment.

"I've heard folks say as how bars cannot think like other human critters, and that they does all the sly tricks what they does, from instink. Golly! what a lie! You tell me one of 'em don't know when you've got a gun, and when you ain't? Just wait a minit, an' my privit 'pinion is, when you've hearn me thro', you'll talk t'other side of your mouth.

"You see, one day, long time ago, 'fore britches come in fashion, I made a 'pointment with Ike Hamberlin, the steam doctor, to go out next Sunday to see whether we couldn't kill a bar, for you know bacon was skace, and so was money, and them fellers down in Mechanicsburg wouldn't sell on tick, so we had to 'pend on the varmits for a livin'.

"Speakin' of Mechanicsburg, the people down in that ar mud-hole ain't to be beat nowhere this side o' Christmas. I've hearn o' mean folks in my time, an' I've preached 'bout 'em a few; but ever sence that feller, Bonnel, sold me a pint of red-eye whiskey—an' half ov it backer juice—for a coon-skin, an' then giv me a brass picayune fur change, I've stopped talkin'. Why, that chap was closer than the bark on a hickory tree; an' ef I hadn't hearn Parson Dilly say so, I'd ov swore it wasn't er fac, he was cotch one day stealin' acorns from a blind hog. Did you ever hear how that hose-fly died? Well, never mind. It was too bad to talk 'bout, but heap too good for him.

"But that ain't what I was spoutin' 'bout. As I was sayin' afore, we had to 'pend on the varmits fur a livin'. Well, Ike Hamberlin, you see, was always sorter jubious o' me, kase I kilt more bar

nor he did; an', as I was sayin', I made a 'pointment with Ike to go out huntin'. Then, Ike, he thought he'd be kinder smart, and beat 'Old Preach' (as them Cole boys used to call me), so, as soon as day crack, he hollered up his puppies, an put! I spied what he was 'bout, fur I hearn him laffin' to one o' his niggers 'bout it the night afore—so, I told my gal Sal to fill my private tickler full o' the old 'raw,' and then fixed up an' tramped on arter him, but didn't take none o' my dogs. Ike hadn't got fur into the cane, 'fore the dogs they 'gan to whine an' turn up the bar on ther backs; an', bime-by, they all tucked tail, an' sorter sidled back to whar he was standin'. 'Sick him!' says Ike, but the cussed critters wouldn't hunt a lick. I soon diskivered what was the matter, for I kalkilated them curs o' hisn wasn't worth shucks in a bar fight—so, I know'd thar was bar 'bout, if I didn't see no sine.

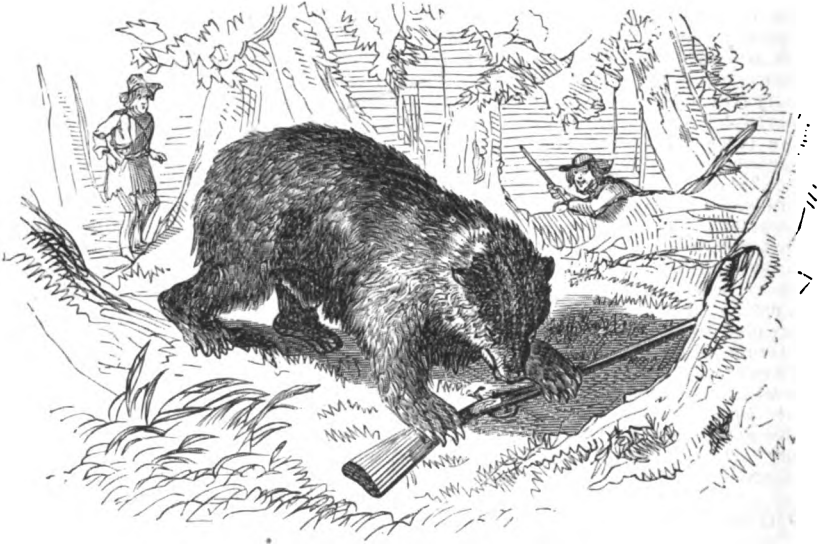
"Well, Ike he coaxed the dogs, an' the more he coaxed the more they wouldn't go, an' when he found coaxin' wouldn't do, then he scolded and called 'em some of the hardest names ever you hearn, but the tarnation critters wouldn't budge a peg. When he found they wouldn't hunt no how he could fix it, he begin a cussin'. He didn't know I was thar. If he had er suspicioned it, he'd no more swore than he'd dar'd to kiss my Sal on er washin' day; for you see both on us belonged to the same church, and Ike was class-leader. I thought I should er flummuxed! The dogs they sidled back, an' Ike he cussed; an' I lay down an' rolled an' laughed sorter easy to myself, 'till I was so full I thort I should er bust my biler! I never see enny-thing so funny in all my life! There was I layin' down behind er log, fit to split, an' there was the dogs with ther tails the wrong eend down, an' there was Ike a rarin' an' er pitchin'—er rippin' an' er tarin—an' an' er cussin' wus nor a steamboat cap'n! I tell you it fairly made my har'stan' on eend! I never see er customer so riled afore in all my born days! yes I did too, once—only once. It was that feller Arch Coony, what used to oversee for old Ben Roach. Didn't you know that ar' hossfy? He's a few! well, he is. Jewhiliken, how he could whip er nigger! and swar! whew! Didn't you ever hear him swar? I tell you, all the sailors an' French parrots in Orleans ain't a patchin' to him. I hearn him let hisself out one day, an' I pledge my word, he cussed 'nuff to send twenty preachers like old Joe Slater an' Parson Holcom an' them kind er Jewdases, right kerplumpus into h—, an' what was wus, it was all 'bout nothin', for he warn't mad a



wrinkle. But all that ain't neither here nor thar. But, as I was sayin' afore, the dogs they smelt bar sine, an' wouldn't budge a peg, an' arter Ike had almost cussed the bark off'n a dog-wood saplin' by, he lent his old flint lock rifle up agin it, and then he pealed off his old blanket an' laid her down, too. I diskivered mischief was er cumin', fur I never see a critter show rathy like he did. Torectly I see him walk down to the creek bottom, 'bout fifty yards from where his gun was, and then he 'gin pickin' up rocks an' slingin' um at the dogs like bringer! Cracky! didn't he link it into um? It minded me o' David whalin' Goliath, it did! If you'd er seed him, and hearn them holler, you'd er thought he'd er knocked the nigh sites off'n every mother's son of 'em!

"But that ain't the fun yet. While Ike was er lammin' the dogs, I hearn the alfredest crackin' in the cane, an' I looked up, and thar was one of the eternalst whollop'n bars cummin' crack, crack,

the saplin', and walked on his hind legs jist like any human. Then, you see, I gin to get sorter jelus, and sez I to myself, 'Mister Bar,' sez I, 'the place whar you's er stanin' ain't prezactly healthy, an' if you don't wabble off from that purty soon, Mizis Bar will be a widdier, by gum!' With that, Ike grabbed up old Mizis Rife, and tuk most pertickler aim at him, and by hokey, she snapped! Now, sez I, 'Mister Bar, go it, or he'll make bacon of you!' But the varmint didn't wink, but stood still as a post, with the thumb of his right paw on the cend of his smeller, and wiglin' his t'other finger thus:— (Mike went through with the gyration.) All this time, Ike he stood thar like a fool, er snappin' and er snappin', an' the bar he lookin' kinder quare like, out er the corner o' his eye, an' sorter laffin at him. Torectly I see Ike take down the ole shooter, and kinder kersamine the lock, an' when he done that, he luid her on his shoulder, and shook his fist at the bar, and walked towards home, an' the bar he



through the cane an' kerslesh over the creek, and stopped right plumb slap up whar Ike's gun was. Torectly he tuck hold er the old shooter, an' I thought I see him tinkerin' 'bout the lock, an' kinder whislin', and blowin' into it. I was 'stonished, I tell you, but I wanted to see Ike outdone so bad that I lay low and kep' dark, an' in about a minit Ike got done lickin' the dogs, an' went to git his gun. Jeemeny, crimony! if you'd only bin whar I was! I do think Ike was the maddest man that ever stuk an axe into a tree, for his har stuck right strait up, and his eyes glared like two dogwood blossoms! But the bar didn't seem to care shucks for him, for he jist sot the old rifle rite back agin

shuk his fist, an' went into the cane brake, and then I cum off."

Here all the Yazoo boys expressed great anxiety to know the reason why Ike's gun didn't fire. "Let's lick'er fust," said Mike, "an' if you don't caterpillar, you can shoot me. Why, you see," concluded he, "the long and short of it is this, that the bar in our neck o' woods has a little human in um, an' this feller know'd as much about a gun as I do 'bout preachin'; so when Ike was lickin' the dogs, he jist blowed all the powder outen the pan, an' to make all safe, he tuk the flint out too, and that's the way he warn't skeered when Ike was snappin' at him."

**A STRETCHER.**—The reason why the Vermont and New Hampshire boys are so tall is, because they are in the habit of drawing themselves up so as to peep over the mountains to see the sun rise. It's dreadful stretching work!

**TEETOTALISM.**—Miss Martineau relates an anecdote, in her Travels, of a clergyman, who was so strict a temperance member that he refused to drink water out of the Brandywine river, but enjoyed the wine sauce eaten with plum-pudding.

## THE STANDING CANDIDATE.

BY JOHN S. ROBB, (SOLITAIRE.) 1843.

At Buffalo Head, Nianga County, State of Missouri, during the canvass of 1844, there was held an extensive political *Barbecue*, and the several candidates for Congress, legislature, county offices, etc., were all congregated at this southern point, for the purpose of making an *immense* demonstration. Hards, softs, whigs and Tylerites were represented, and to hear their several expositions of State and general policy, a vast gathering of the Missouri sovereigns had also assembled. While the impatient candidates were awaiting the signal to mount the "stump," an odd-looking old man made his appearance at the brow of a small hill bounding the place of meeting.

"Hurrah for old *Sugar*!" shouted an hundred voices, while on, steadily, progressed the object of the cheer.

*Sugar*, as he was familiarly styled, was an old man, apparently about fifty years of age, and was clad in a coarse suit of brown linsey-woolsey. His pants were patched at each knee, and around the ankles they had worn off into picturesque points—his coat was not of the modern close-fitting cut, but hung in loose and easy folds upon his broad shoulders, while the total absence of buttons upon this garment, exhibited the owner's contempt for the storm and the tempest. A coarse shirt, tied at the neck with a piece of twine, completed his body covering. His head was ornamented with an old woollen cap, of divers colors, below which beamed a broad, humorous countenance, flanked by a pair of short, funny little gray whiskers. A few wrinkles marked his brow, but time could not count them as sure chroniclers of his progress, for *Sugar's* hearty, sonorous laugh oft drove them from their hiding-place. Across his shoulder was thrown a sack, in each end of which he was bearing to the scene of political action, a keg of *bran new whiskey*, of his own manufacture, and he strode forward on his moccason-covered feet, encumbered as he was, with all the *agility* of youth. *Sugar* had long been the *standing candidate* of Nianga county, for the legislature, and founded his claim to the office upon the fact of his being the first "squatter" in that county—his having killed the first *bar* there, ever killed by a white man, and, to place his right beyond cavil, he had *stilled* the first keg of whiskey! These were strong claims, which urged in his comic, rhyming manner, would have swept the "diggins," but *Sugar*, when the canvass opened, always yielded his claim to some liberal purchaser of his *fluid*, and duly announced himself a candidate for the *next* term.

"Here you air, old fellar!" shouted an acquaintance, "allays on hand 'bout 'lection."

"Well, Nat," said *Sugar*, "you've jest told the truth as easy as ef you'd taken sum of my mixtur—

Whar polititians congregate,  
I'm allays thar, at any rate!

"Set him up!—set the old fellar up somewhar, and let us take a univarsal liquor!" was the general shout.

"Hold on, boys,—keep cool and shady," said old *Sugar*, "whar's the candidates?—none of your splurgin round till I get an appropriation for the

sperits. Send 'em along, and we'll negotiate fur the *fluid*, arter which I shall gin 'em my instructions, and they may then *per-cede* to

Talk away like all ere-a-tion,  
What they knows about the nation.

The candidates were accordingly summoned up to pay for *Sugar's* portable grocery, and to please the crowd and gain the good opinion of the owner, they made up a purse, and gathered round him. *Sugar* had placed his two kegs upon a broad stump, and seated himself astride of them, with a small tin cup in his hand, and a paper containing brown sugar lying before him—each of his kegs was furnished with a *spigot*, and as soon as the money for the whole contents was paid in, *Sugar* commenced addressing the crowd as follows:

"Boys, fellars, and candidates," said he, "I, *Sugar*, am the furst white man ever seed in these your diggins—I killed the furst *bar* ever a white skinned in this county, and I kalkilate I hev hurt the feelings of his relations sum sence, as the *bar-skin* linin' of my cabin will testify;—sides that, I'm the furst manufacturer of whiskey in the range of this district, and powerful mixture it is, too, as the bilin' of fellars in this crowd will declar';—more'n that, I'm a candidate for the legislatur', and intend to gin up my claim *this* term, to the fellar who can talk the *pooteyst*;—now, finally at the eend, boys, this mixtur' of mine will make a fellar talk as iley as goose-grease,—as sharp as lightnin', and as *persuadin'* as a young gal at a quiltin', so don't spur it while it lasts, and the candidates can drink furst, 'cause they've got to do the talkin'!"

Having finished his charge, he filled the tin cup full of whiskey, put in a handful of brown sugar, and with his forefinger stirred up the sweetening, then surveying the candidates, he pulled off his cap, remarking, as he did so:

"Old age, allays, afore beauty!—your daddy furst, in course," then holding up the cup he offered a toast, as follows:

"Here is to the string that binds the states; may it never be bit apart by political *rats*!" Then holding up the cup to his head, he took a hearty swig, and passed it to the next oldest looking candidate. While they were tasting it, *Sugar* kept up a fire of lingo at them:

"Pass it along lively, gentlemen, but don't spar the *fluid*. You can't help tellin' truth arter you've swaller'd enough of my mixtur', jest fur this reason, its been 'stilled in honesty, rectified in truth, and poured out with wisdom! Take a *leettle* drop more," said he to a fastidious candidate, whose stomach turned at thought of the way the "mixtur" was mixed. "Why, Mister," said *Sugar*, coaxingly,

Ef you war a babby, just new born,  
'Twould do you good, this juicy *corn*!

"No more," I thank you," said the candidate, drawing back from the proffer.

"*Sugar* winked his eye at some of his cronies, and muttered—"He's got an *a-ristocracy* stomach, and can't go the *native licker*." Then, dismissing the candidates, he shouted,—“crowd up, constitoo-

ents, into a circle, and let's begin fair—your daddy furst, allays; and mind, no changin' places in the circle to git the sugar in the bottom of the cup. I know you're arter it, Tom Williams, but none on your Yankeein' round to get the sweetnin'—it's all syrup, fellars, 'cause *Sugar* made and mixed it. The gals at the frolicks allays git me to prepar' the cordials, 'cause they say I make it mighty drinkable. Who next? What *you*, old Ben Dent!—Well, hold your hoss for a minit, and I'll strengthen the tin with a speck more, jest because you can kalkilate the valsee of the lick, and do it jestiss!"

Thus chatted *Sugar*, as he measured out and sweetened up the contents of his kegs, until all who would drink had taken their share, and then the crowd assembled around the speakers. We need not say that the virtues of each political party were duly set forth to the hearers—that follows as a matter of course, candidates dwell upon the strong points of their argument, always. One among them, however, more than his compeers, attracted the attention of our friend *Sugar*, not because he had highly commended the contents of his kegs, but because he painted with truth and feeling the claims of the western *pioneers*! Among these he ranked the veteran Col. Johnson and his compatriots, and as he rehearsed their struggles in defence of their firesides, how they have been trained to war by conflict with the ruthless savage, their homes oft desolated, and their children murdered,—yet, still ever foremost in the fight, and last to retreat, winning the heritage of these broad valleys for their children, against the opposing arm of the red man, though aided by the civilized power of mighty Britain, and her serried cohorts of trained soldiery! We say, as he dwelt upon these themes, *Sugar's* eye would fire up, and then at some touching passage of distress dwelt upon by the speaker, tears would course down his rude cheek. When the speaker concluded, he wiped his eyes with his hard hand, and said to those around him:—

"That are true as the yearth!—thar's suthin' like talk in that fellar!—he's the right breed, and his old daddy has told 'em about them times. So did mine relate 'em to me, how the ony sister I ever had, when a babby, had her brains dashed out by one of the red-skinned devils! But didn't we pepper them fur it? Didn't I help the old man, afore he grew too weak to hold his shootin' iron, to send a few on 'em off to rub out the account? Well, I *did*!—*Hey!*" and shuttin' his teeth together he yelled through them the exultation of full vengeance.

The speaking being done, candidates and hearers gathered around old *Sugar*, to hear his comments upon the speeches, and to many inquiries of how he liked them, the old man answered:—

"They were all pooty good, but that tall fellar they call Tom, from St. Louis; *you*, I mean, *stranger*," pointing at the same time to the candidate, "you jest scart up my feelin's to the right pint—*you* jest made me feel wolfish as when I and old dad war arter the red varmint; and now what'll *you* take? I'm goin' to publicly *de-c*line in your favor."

Pouring out a tin full of the liquor, and stirring it as before, he stood upright upon the stump, with a foot on each side of his kegs, and drawing off his cap, toasted:—

"The memory of the Western *pioneers*!"

A shout responded to his toast, which echoed far away in the depths of the adjoining forest, and



seemed to awaken a response from the spirits of these departed heroes.

"That's the way to sing it out, boys," responded old *Sugar*, "sich a yell as that would *scar* an inimy into ager fits, and make the United States Eagle scream, 'Hail Columby.'"

"While you're up, *Sugar*," said one of the crowd, "give us a stump speech yourself."

"Bravo!" shouted a hundred voices, "a speech from *Sugar*."

"Agreed, boys," said the old man, "I'll jest gin a few words to wind up with, so keep quiet while your daddy's talkin';

Sum tell it ont jest like a song,  
I'll gin it to you sweet and strong.

"The ony objection ever made to me in this arr county, as a legislatur", was made by the *wimin*, 'cause I war a *bachelor*, and I never told you afore why I re-mained in the state of number *one*—no fellar stays single *pre-meditated*, and, in course, a hansum fellar like me, who all the gals declar' to be as enticin' as a jay bird, warn't goin' to stay alone, ef he could help it. I did see a creatur' once, named *Sofy Mason*, up the Cumberland, nigh unto Nashville, Tennessee, that I took an orful hankerin' arter, and I sot in to lookin' anxious fur matrimony, and gin to go reglar to meetin', and took to dressin' tre-mengeous finified, jest to see ef I could get her good opinion. She did git to lookin' at me, and one day, cumin' from meetin', she was takin' a look at me a kind of shy, just as a hoss does at something he's scared at, when arter champin' at a distance fur awhile, I sidled up to her, and blatted out a few words about the sarmin'—she said yes, but cuss me ef I knew whether that war the right answer or not, and I'm a thinkin' she did'n't know then, nuther! Well, we larfed and talked aleetle all the way along to her daddy's, and thar I gin her the best bend I had in me, and raised my bran new hat as peert and perlite as a minister, lookin' all the time so enticin' that I sot the gal tremblin'. Her old daddy had a powerful numerous lot of healthy niggers, and

lived right adjinin' my place, while on tother side lived Jake Simons—a sneakin' cute varmint, who war wusser than a miser for stinginess; and no sooner did this cussed sarpint see me sidlin' up to Sofy, than he went to slikin' up, too, and sot himself to work to cut me out. That arr wur a struggle ekill to the battle of Orleans. Furst sum new fixup of Jake's would take her eye, and then I'd sport suthin' that would outshine him, until Jake at last gin in tryin' to outdress me, and sot thinkin' of suthin' else. Our farms wur just the same number of acres, and we both owned three niggers a-piece. Jake knew that Sofy and her dad kept a sharp eye out fur the main chance, so he thort he'd clar me out by buyin' another nigger; but I jest follor'd suit, and bought one the day arter he got his, so he had no advantage thar; he then got a *cow*, and so did I, and jest about then both on our *pusses* gin out. This put Jake to his wit's eend, and I war a wonderin' what in the yearth he would try next. We stood so, hip and thigh, fur about two weeks, both on us talkin' sweet to Sofy, whenever we could git her alone. I thort I seed that Jake, the sneak-in' cuss, wur gittin' a mite ahead of me, 'cause his tongue wur so iley; howsever, I didn't let on, but kep a top eye on him. One Sunday mornin' I wur a leetle mite late to meetin', and when I got thar, the first thing I seed war Jake Simons, sittin' close bang up agin Sofy, in the same pew with her daddy! I biled a spell with wrath, and then tarned sour; I could taste myself! Thar they wur, singin' *himes* out of the same book. Je-e-emin'y, fellars, I war so *enormous* mad that the new silk handkercher round my neck lost its color! Arter meetin', out they walked, linked arms, a smilin' and lookin' as pleased

as a young couple at thar furst christenin', and Sofy tarned her 'cold shoulder' at me so orful pinte, that I wilted down, and gin up right straight—Jake had her, thar wur no disputin' it! I headed toward home, with my hands as fur in my trowsers pockets as I could push 'em, swarin' all the way that she war the last one would ever git a chance to rile up my feelin's. Passin' by Jake's plantation I looked over the fence, and thar stood an explanation of the matter, right facin' the road whar every one passin' could see it—his consarned *cow* was tied to a stake in the garden *with a most promising calf along side of her!* That calf jest soured my milk, and made Sofy think, that a fellar who war allays gittin' ahead like Jake, wur a rightsmart chance for a lively husband!"

A shout of laughter here drowned *Sugar's* voice, and as soon as silence was restored he added, in a solemn tone, with one eye shut, and his forefinger pointing at his auditory:—

"What is a cussed sight wusser than his gettin' Sofy war the fact, that he *borrowed that calf the night before from Dick Hardley!* Arter the varmint got Sofy hitched, he told the joke all over the settlement, and the boys never seed me arterwards that they didn't *b-a-h* at me fur lettin' a calf cut me out of a gal's affections. I'd a shot Jake, but I thort it war a free country, and the gal had a right to her choice without bein' made a widder, so I jest sold out and travelled! I've allays thort sence then, boys, that *wimin* were a good deal like *licker*, ef you love 'em too hard thar sure to throw you some way:

Then here's to *wfmin*, then to *licker*,  
Thar's nuthin' swimmin' can be slicker!

## SWALLOWING AN OYSTER ALIVE.

### A Story of Illinois.

BY JOHN S. ROBB, (SOLITAIRE). 1843.

At a late hour the other night, the door of an oyster house in our city was thrust open, and in stalked a hero from the Sucker State. He was quite six feet high, spare, somewhat stooped, with a hungry, anxious countenance, and his hands pushed clear down to the bottom of his breeches pockets. His outer covering was hard to define, but after surveying it minutely, we came to the conclusion that his suit had been made in his boyhood, of a dingy yellow linsey-wolsey, and that, having sprouted up with astonishing rapidity, he had been forced to piece it out with all colors, in order to keep pace with his body. In spite of his exertions, however, he had fallen in arrears about a foot of the necessary length, and, consequently, stuck that far through his inexpressibles. His crop of hair was surmounted by the funnest little seal-skin cap imaginable. After taking a position, he indulged in a long stare at the man opening the *bivalves*, and slowly ejaculated—"isters?"

"Yes, sir," responded the attentive operator,—  
"and fine ones they are, too."

"Well, I've heard of isters afore," says he, "but this is the fust time I've seed 'em, and *pre-haps* I'll know what *thar* made of afore I git out of town."

Having expressed this desperate intention, he cautiously approached the plate, and scrutinized the

uncased shell-fish with a gravity and interest which would have done honor to the most illustrious searcher into the hidden mysteries of nature. At length he began to soliloquize on the difficulty of getting them out, and how queer they looked when out.

"I never seed any thin' hold on so—takes an amazin' site of screwin, hoss, to get them out, and aint they slick and slipry when they does come? Smooth as an eel! I've a good mind to give that feller lodgin', jist to realize the effects, as uncle Jess used to say about speckalation."

"Well, sir," was the reply, "down with two bits, and you can have a dozen."

"Two bits!" exclaimed the Sucker, "now come, that's stickin' it on rite strong, hoss, for *isters*. A dozen on 'em aint nothin' to a chicken, and there's no gettin' more'n a picayune apiece for *them*. I've only realized forty-five picayunes on my first venture to St. Louis. I'll tell you what, I'll gin you two chickens for a dozen, if you'll conclude to deal."

A wag, who was standing by, indulging in a dozen, winked to the attendant to shell out, and the offer was accepted.

"Now mind," repeated the Sucker, "all fair—two chickens for a dozen—you're a witness, mister,"

turning at the same time to the wag; "none of your tricks, for I've heard that your city fellers are nitty slip'ry coons."

The bargain being fairly understood, our Sucker squared himself for the onset; deliberately put off his seal-skin, tucked up his sleeves, and, fork in hand, awaited the appearance of No 1. It came—he saw—and quickly it was bolted! A moment's dreadful pause ensued. The wag dropped his knife and fork, with a look of mingled amazement and horror—something akin to Shakspeare's Hamlet on seeing his daddy's ghost—while he burst into the exclamation—

"Swallowed alive, as I'm a Christian!"

Our Sucker hero had opened his mouth with pleasure a moment before, but now it stood open.



Fear—a horrid dread of he didn't know what—a consciousness that all wasn't right, and ignorant of the extent of the wrong—the uncertainty of the moment was terrible. Urged to desperation, he faltered out—

"What on earth's the row?"

"Did you swallow it alive?" inquired the wag.

"I swallowed it jest as he gin it to me!" shouted the Sucker.

"You're a dead man!" exclaimed his anxious friend, "the creature is alive, and will eat right through you," added he, in a most hopeless tone.

"Get a pizen pump and pump it out!" screamed the Sucker, in a frenzy, his eyes fairly starting from their sockets. "O gracious!—what'll I do?—It's got hold of my innards already, and I'm dead as a chicken!—do somethin' for me, do—don't let the infernal sea-toad eat me afore your eyes."

"Why don't you put some of this on it?" inquired the wag, pointing to a bottle of strong pepper-sauce.

The hint was enough—the Sucker, upon the instant, seized the bottle, and desperately wrenching out the cork, swallowed half the contents at a draught. He fairly squealed from its effects, and gasped and blowed, and pitched, and twisted, as if it were coursing through him with electric effect, while at the same time his eyes ran a stream of tears. At length becoming a little composed, his waggish adviser approached, almost bursting with suppressed laughter, and inquired,—

"How are you now, old fellow—did you kill it?"

"Well, I did, hoss—ugh, ugh o-o-o my innards. If that iater critter's dyin' agonies didn't stir a 'ruption in me equal to a small earthquake, then 'taint no use sayin' it—it squirmed like a sarpent, when that killin' stuff touched it; hu!"—and here with a countenance made up of suppressed agony and present determination, he paused to give force to his words, and slowly and deliberately remarked, "If you git two chickens from me for that live animal, I'm d—d!" and seizing his seal-skin he vanished.

The shout of laughter, and the contortions of the company at this finale, would have made a spectator believe that they had all been *swallowing oysters alive*.

**A FIGHTING FOWL.**—During Colonel Crockett's first winter in Washington, a caravan of wild animals was brought to the city and exhibited. Large crowds attended the exhibition; and, prompted by common curiosity, one evening Colonel Crockett attended. "I had just got in," said he: "the house was very much crowded, and the first thing I noticed was two wild cats in a cage. Some acquaintance asked me, 'if they were like the wild cats in the backwoods?' and I was looking at them, when one turned over and died. The keeper ran up and threw some water on it. Said I, 'stranger, you are wasting time. My look kills them things; and you had much better hire me to go out here, or I will kill every varmint you've got in your caravan.' While I and he were talking, the lions began to roar. Said I, 'I won't trouble the American lion, because he is some kin to me, but turn out the African lion—turn him out—turn him out—I can whip him for a ten-dollar bill, and the zebra may kick occasionally during the fight.' This created

some fun; and I then went to another part of the room, where a monkey was riding a pony. I was looking on, and some member said to me, 'Crockett, don't that monkey favor General Jackson?' 'No,' said I, 'but I'll tell you who it does favor. It looks like one of your boarders, Mr. —, of Ohio.' There was a loud burst of laughter at my saying so; and, upon turning round, I saw Mr. —, of Ohio, within about three feet of me. I was in a right awkward fix; but bowed to the company, and told 'em, 'I had either slandered the monkey, or Mr. —, of Ohio, and if they would tell me which, I would beg his pardon.' The thing passed off; the next morning, as I was walking the pavement before my door, a member came up to me, and said, 'Crockett, Mr. —, of Ohio, is going to challenge you.' Said I, 'Well, tell him I am a fighting fowl. I s'pose if I am challenged, I have the right to choose my weapons?' 'Oh yes,' said he. 'Then tell him,' said I, 'that I will fight him with bows and arrows.'



## A GOOD FEED, DULY DEFENDED!

FROM "MY SHOOTING BOX." BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT (FRANK FORESTER.) 1843.

"Now, Timothy," exclaimed Harry Archer, as he dismounted from the seat of his wagon at the door, "run in, and see what o'clock it is; and then ask Mrs. Deighton if dinner will be punctual."

"It's haaf paast faive, sur," answered Timothy from the hall, "and t'dinner 'll be upon t' teable at six, and no mistaek!"

"That's well—for I'm as hungry as a hawk"—said Archer. "We shall have just enough time to make ourselves comfortable, Fred. Where the deuce do you mean to stow yourself, Frank?"

"Oh! never fear. I have arranged that with Timothy—I shall take possession of his room to-night."

"Very well—now lose no time, lads; for Mrs. Deighton's six is sharp six, you'll remember. Look here, Tom, you will find this week's Spirit here, and the last Turf Register; can you amuse yourself with them, 'till we get fixed, as you'd call it, I suppose?"

"Yes! yes!"—answered Tom, "I'll amuse myself, I promise you; but it won't be with no sperrit but Jamaiky sperrits—their's the best sperrits for an afternoon. Come, Timothy, you lazy injun, where are you snoopin' off to, cuss you? Git me the sperrits and ice-water—your master haint got sense to order up no lickier."

brains in his head, though it beant no bigger than a nutshell—but it does take a belly, and a good, rousin', old, biggist kind o' belly, to hold mine. And the rum will find them torights, and sharp them up too wust kind, I reckon."

"You do not make much toilet, Harry, I presume," asked Fred, as he sauntered away towards his bed-room, after staring at old Tom in a vain attempt to make him out, for half a moment.

"Just as you please about that, Fred. This is liberty-hall. But I do always dress for dinner even when I am quite alone."

"The deuce you do! That must be a monstrous bore!"

"Have you known Archer so long," asked Frank Forester, "and not discovered yet that his greatest pleasure in life is boring himself?"

"It's very well his greatest pleasure in life aren't in borin' other people, as you calls it," interposed Tom, who was growing a little crusty at the non-appearance of the ardent—"Least ways I know whose is—hey? Little wax skin?"

"I do not find it so," continued Harry, without taking heed of the by-play between Forester and old Draw, who were for ever sparring one with the other—"on the contrary! I think life is not worth having if we strip it of the decencies; and, living



"If you have not got sense to order what you want in my house, I am not bound to find you in brains."

"The rum will find his brains, I'll warrant it," said Forester, "for I am certain whatever brains he's got, are in his belly."

"Sartain!"—responded Tom—"Sartain they be—that's why its sich a nice, fat round one. No head wouldn't hold my brains! a stoopid little know nauthen, like you be, may keep his small mite o'

as I do in the country, three-fourths of the year, and more than half the time alone, I find there is much more danger of becoming somewhat slovenly and careless, than of being over nice. When you don't meet a lady three times in a year, or a man who shaves above twice a week, unless on special occasions, it is easy enough to degenerate into a mere boor. I at least will keep clear of that. Some folks think it manly and knowing to assimilate themselves to the roughest and the rudest of

the rough and rude, because they chance to live in remote rural districts, I am not one of them."

"I don't think no one will find fault with you for that, no how," interposed Tom, "no one who knows you. The darned critter's allus dressed as neat as a new pin. And his dinner table, oh, h—, it's just like a jeweller's shop in Broadway."

"Yes—and of that more anon—I have been attacked for that too, before now. But we'll talk about that, while we are feeding; hey, Tom?"

"I'm willin' so as you aren't over long a dressin'."

"Well, here comes the Jamaica for you; and I will not be a quarter of an hour."

Nor was he; for in a little more than ten minutes he returned, neatly attired in a puce-colored cut-away coat, white waistcoat, and black trousers, as natty and well-dressed as possible, but without a shade of foppery—the thing which of all he most abhorred—perceptible either in his exterior or his manner.

A moment afterward, Frank Forester made his entrée, and as usual his practice was as different from his principle, as any thing in nature could be. To judge him from his talk, you would have supposed that a red flannel shirt and tow trousers, were his ultimatum and beau ideal in the way of dress; yet forth he came, very fine—to say the truth, a little too fine!—so fine, indeed, that it required all his remarkably good looks and quiet manner, to redeem his attire from the charge of being *kiddy* at least, if not tigerish.

He wore the full dress blue coat of his old corps—the first dragoons—a crack royal regiment, which he had left but a year or two before—with its richly embossed gold buttons, and black velvet cuffs and collar. His shirt was rich with open work and meehlin lace, and fastened in front by enamelled studs of exquisite workmanship connected by slight chains of Venetian gold. His crimson velvet waistcoat was adorned with garnet buttons, and his trousers of Inkson's most elaborate cut, fitting his shapely leg as if they had been made upon it, displayed his high instep *très bien chaussée* in a black gauze silk stocking, and patent leather pumps.

Tom Draw stared somewhat wildly at this display, of which he certainly had never seen before, even the counterfeit presentment; and, though he was rigged himself in his best swallow-tailed sky-blue, canary-colored waistcoat, and gray inexpressibles, he began to think, as he afterward expressed himself, that he had nauten on him, no how, barrin' his skin, and that rayther o' the thinnest, and the dirtiest at that.

Scarcely was Frank well established in Harry's best arm-chair, before Fred made his appearance in a plain snuff-colored dress coat, and the rest of his garb quiet, dark, and unpretending.

"Why, what's all this about, in the name of wonder?" he exclaimed, looking at Frank attentively.

"Only a little of the heavy dragoon breaking out, Fred," answered Archer; "it does so periodically—like the fever and ague—and like it, thank heaven! it is not catching. If I were to live a thousand years I never should forget the first day I saw my gentleman in this country. He was walking up Broadway, arm in arm with poor Power, who had just landed on his second visit to this country. They had two of the narrowest pinch up hate—Tom Duncombe's, only *more so*!—stuck in the most jaunty style on the opposite sides of their heads—each had his outer hand, as they swaggered along

arm in arm, stuck in the hind pocket of his coat, and the skirt well brought round on the opposite hip—each, to complete the picture, at every second pace, gave the genuine sabretash kick with the outer leg—unluckily in poor Power's case it was the right leg—but that made no difference in life—and then the toggery! Only conceive Master Frank, in a bright pea-green body coat, with large basket buttons of solid silver—a crimson cachemire neckcloth—elastic tartan pantaloons, a little tighter than his skin, alternate checks, each check two inches square of black and the brightest azure, and to conclude, more chains and spurs and iron boot heels—more clash and clang, in walking along the street, than there are to be found in a squadron of cuirassiers. By Jove! It was inimitable!"

"What did you do, Harry?" asked Fred, laughing while Frank tried to grin, though not with the best grace in the world.

"Do? Bolted to be sure! what would you have had me do? I would not have spoken to him in the street in that rig for any sum! I was not very well known in New York myself at that time, and I saw old Hays on the other side of the street quietly contemplating my friend there, with a cool confidential nod of the head, and wink addressed to his own other eye—as who should have said, 'Aha! my fine fellow, it will not be many days, before you and I shall be better acquainted!'"

What exclamation or asseveration would have followed can never now be known, for just as Forester stood up, not a little nettled, Timothy threw the door open, and said,

"T' dinner's upon t' teable, please, sur."

And thereupon Frank's face relaxed into a mild and placid smile, and drawing Tom's arm under his own,

"Allow me the honor," he said, "Mistress Draw, to hand you in to dinner."

"No you don't, little wax skin—no you don't—not through that door, no how, we'd git stuck there, boy,—and they'd niver pull us out; and we'd starve likely with the smell o' the dinner in our noses, and the champagne a bustin' under our eyes out o' the very bottles to be dranked, and us not there to drink it. No, no, we'll run no resks now."

And with the words they passed into the dining-room, arranged as on the previous evening, except that, for two covers, four were now laid on the white damask cloth, and that a pair of tall silver wine-coolers occupied the centre of the table, with the long necks of hock and champagne flasks protruding.

At the left of each guest, stood a pint decanter of delicate straw-colored sherry; and at his right, four glasses, a long stalked beaker of old-fashioned Venice crystal, a green German hock glass, embossed with grapes and vine leaves, a thin capacious sherry glass with a curled lip so slender that it almost bent as you drank from it, and a slim-shank-ed shallow goblet for Bordeaux or Burgundy.

There was but one comestible, however, on the table, a deep silver tureen, with a most savory and game-like odor exuding from the chinks of its rich cover.

"I would have given you some raw natives to begin with," said Harry, "knowing how much Tom likes them, but we can't get the crustaceous bivalves up hither with distinguished success, until the frost sets in."

"I'm right glad on't, by the Eternal!" exclaimed

ed Tom, "nasty, cold, chillin', watery trash! just blowin' out your innards for no good, afore you git to the griot o' dinner—what kind o' soup's that, Timothy?"

"A soup of my own invention," answered Harry, "and the best soup in the world, *me judice*. Strong venison soup, made as we make hare soup at home—a good rich stock to begin with, about ten pounds of the lean from the haunch brayed down into the pottage, about a dozen cloves and a pint of port, and to conclude, the scrag of the neck cut into bits two inches square, done brown in a covered stew-pan, and thrown in with a few forced meat balls when the soup is ready. You can add, if you please, a squeeze of a lemon and a dash of cayenne, which I think improve it. It is piping hot; and not bad I think."

"I have tasted something of the kind in the Highlands, at Blair Athol," said Frank Forester.

"I have not," replied Harry. "The Scotch venison soup is made *clear*, and though a capital thing, I like this *purée* better."

"So do I, Harry," said Fred Heneage—"and I should think by the gusto with which you speak of it, that you not only invented, but made it."

"You'd think just about right, then," answered Tom, as he thrust out his plate for a second ladle-full. "He and I did make the first bowl of it, as iver was made. And it tuk us a week—yes, a fortnight, I guess, before we got it jest right. I will say that for Harry, the darned critter is about as good at bringing game *up* right on the table, as he is at bringing them *down* right in the field."

"Yes! and for that very thing I have been assailed," said Harry, laughing, "as lacking the true spirit of a sportsman, as not enjoying the thing in its high ennobling spirit, as not a pure worshipper in heart and intellectual love of the divine Artemis, but a mere sensualist and glutton, making my belly a god, and degrading my good gun into a mere tool for the slaves of Epicurus!"

"Treason! high treason! name the rash man! Hold him up bodily to our indignation!"

"First let us drink! That pale sherry is delicate and very dry. Will you have champagne, Tom? No—very well. Here is a health then to C. E., of the Buffalo Patriot."

"C. E.! Who the devil is C. E.?" cried all three in a breath.

"Alias, J. B."

"And who then is J. B.?"

"The man wot stabbed me in the tenderest part, which he, I suppose, would say is my abdomen."

"Are you in earnest, Harry?"

"I am gravely in earnest, when I say that he taxed me seriously, though sportively, with all that I have stated. He said, that in my admiration of good things, in dwelling on the melting richness of a woodduck, or the spicy game flavor of a grouse, in preferring a silver plate whereon to eat my venison to an earthen trencher, in carrying out a bottle of champagne and cooling it in a fresh spring for my luncheon, instead of trusting to execrable rye or apple whiskey, I prove myself degenerate, and no true votary of the gentle woodcraft. He is afraid that I cannot rough it!"

"Is he, indeed? Poor devil!"

"He don't know much, then, no how, that chap!" answered Tom, as he went largely into the barbecued perch, which had taken the place of the pottage. "Least ways he don't know much, if he

thinks as a chap can't rough it because he knows how to eat and drink, when there is no need of roughing it. I've seen fellows as niver had seen naughten fit to eat nor drink in their lives, turn up their darned nasty noses at a good country dinner in a country tavern, where a raal right down gentleman, as had fed allus on the fat of the land, could dine pleasantly. Give me a raal gentleman, one as sleeps soft, and eats high, and drinks highest kind, to stand roughing it—and more sense to C. E., next time he warnts to teach his grandmother."

"How do you like this fish?"

"Capital—capital!"

"Well, all its excellence, except that it is firm, lies in the cookery. It is insipid enough and tasteless, unless barbecued."

"Then you were wise to barbecue it."

"And how should I have learned to barbecue it; if I had not thought about such things? No, no, boys—I despise a man very heartily, who cannot dine just as happily upon a bit of salt pork and a biscuit, and perhaps an onion, aye! and enjoy it as well, washed down with a taste of whiskey qualified by the mountain brook—or washed down with a swallow of the brook unqualified—as he would enjoy canvass-back and vension with champagne and Bordeaux;—who cannot bivouac as blithely, and sleep as soundly under the starlit canopy of heaven as under damask hangings—when there is cause for dining upon pork, and for bivouacking. But there is one thing, boys, that I despise a plaguy sight more—and that is a thick-headed fool, who likes salt pork as well as canvass-back and turtle; who does not see any difference between an ill-cooked dish swimming in rancid butter, and a *chef d'œuvre* of Carême or Ude, rich with its own pure gravy. And yet more than the thick-headed fool, do I abhor the pig-headed fool, who thinks it brave, forsooth, and manly and heroic withal, and philosophical, to affect a carelessness, which does not belong to him, and to drink cider sperrits when he can drink *Sillery sec* of the first growth! And that being said, open that champagne, Timothy."

"So much for C. E.?" inquired Forester.

"No, no!" exclaimed Harry, eagerly. "I deny any such sequitur as that, C. E. is a right good fellow; or was, at least, when I knew him. It is a weary while ago since he supped with me in New York, the very night before he left it—never I believe to return—at least, since then I have never seen him—and many a warm heart has grown cold, and many a brown head gray in the interim. But when I knew C. E. he would never drink bad liquor when he could come by good—and right well did he know the difference—and by the way, while vituperating me for my gourmandize, he shows that he is tarred a little with the same stick. He abuses me for saying that the woodduck is as good a bird as flies, except the canvass-back, asserting that the blue-winged teal is better."

"Out upon him!" exclaimed Forester, "the blue-winged teal is fishy, nine times out of ten."

"Aye! Frank—but he is speaking of the teal on the great lakes; and I dare say he is right. It is to the fact that he is the only duck seen on the sea-board, who eschews salt water and salt sedges, that the summer duck—for that is his proper name—owes his pre-eminence over all the other wild fowl of this region. Now, as the blue-winged teal, or Garganey, is int he same predicament on the lakes, I think it very questionable whether in that coun-

try he may not be as good, nay, better than my favorite."

"Are you in earnest? Do you think that the diet of ducks makes so much difference in their quality?" asked Heneage.

"So much? It makes *all* the difference. What renders the canvass-back of the waters of the Chesapeake, the very best bird that flies; while here, in Long Island sound, or on the Jersey shore, he is, at the best, but a fourth-rate duck? The wild celery, which he eats there, and which he cannot get here, for his life."

"A roast leg of mutton?—by no means a bad thing, Harry," said Fred Heneage, "when it is old enough and well roasted."

"This is six years old," answered Archer. "Black faced, Scotch mountain, of my own importation, my own feeding, and my own killing. It has been hanging three weeks, and, by the way it cuts, I believe it is in prime order—done to a turn, I can see that it is. Will you have some?"

"Will a fish swim? Where is the currant jelly?"

"On the sideboard. I don't consider currant jelly orthodox with mutton, which is by far too good a thing to be obliged to pass itself for what it is not."

"I agree with you," said Frank. "I hate any thing that is like something else."

"Of course—all good judges do. That puts me in mind of what Washington Irving once told me, that he never ate *clams*, by any chance, because he was quite sure that they would be *oysters* if they could!"

"Excellent! excellent!" said Fred and Forester, both in a voice; whereupon Tom added,

"They can't come it though; stewed clams is not briled iseters!"

"No more than mosquitoes are lobsters, which was John Randolph's sole objection to the insects."

"And do you really prohibit currant jelly with roast mutton?"

"I don't prohibit any thing; but I don't eat it, and I think it bad taste to do so. Venison, I think the only thing that is improved by it. Canvass-back ducks I think it ruins. Nor should I think C. E.'s plum jelly with grouse, one whit better. The sharpness of currant jelly is very suitable to the excessive fat of English park-fed venison; but with any lean meat I think it needless, to say the best. There is but one sauce for any kind of gallinaceous game, when roasted, whether his name be grouse, partridge, pheasant, quail, or wild turkey."

"Right, Harry, and that is bread sauce."

"And that is bread sauce; made of the crumb of a very light French roll, stewed in cream and passed through a tamis, one small white onion may be boiled in it, but must be taken out before it is served up to table; a lump of fresh butter as big as a walnut may be added, and a very little black pepper. Let it be thick and hot, and nothing else is needed; unless, indeed, you like a few fried crumbs, done very crisp and brown."

"Open that other flask of champagne, Timothy. Tom's glass is empty, and he begins to look angry. Will you take wine with me?" said Heneage, who had hit Tom's feelings to a hair.

"In course, I will," replied Tom, joyously. "When Harry gets a talking about his darned stews and fixins, he niver recollects that a body will git dry."

"Pass it round, Timothy," said Harry; "that's

not a bad move of old Tom's by any means. I believe I was riding one of my hobbies a little hard. But it provokes me to see the good things which are destroyed in this country by bad cookery; and it provokes me yet worse, to hear hypocrites and fools talk as if it were wrong for the creature to enjoy the good things designed for his use by a good Creator."

"It is about as rational, truly, as to assert that it is impious to plant a tree or cultivate a bed of exotics in order to make finer a view naturally beautiful; because Providence did not plant them originally there."

"Yes! sertain! yes, I go that," said old Tom, who was always death agin humbugs, as he would have said himself; "or wicked to wear breeches because natur did not fix them on our hinder eends in the creashun. I do think, too, though I niver hearn of it 'till Archer come up this a-way, and larned us how to eat and drink, as bread sauce doos go jist as nat'rally with roast quails, as breeches on a —."

"Shut up, you old sinner," said Harry, laughing. "Here come the ruffed grouse, larded and boiled, for boiling which Fred so abused me this morning."

"He won't abuse you, when he has once tasted them," said Forester. "It is the best way of cooking them."

"Well, yes; they bees kind o' dry meat, roasted; but then I don't find no great faults with the dryness—specially when one's got jist this wine, to wrench his mouth with arter."

"They *are* good—with this celery sauce especially."

"As is bread sauce to roast, so is celery sauce to boiled game—Q-e-d."

"There is a *souppcon* of onion in this also, is there not?"

"Just enough to swear by—do you think it too much?"

"I did not say a taste, I said a *souppcon*—are you answered?"

"There aint no Souchong in it, no how—nor no Hyson, nother. He'll be a swearin' it's Java coffee next," said Tom, waxing again somewhat wrathful.

"He is thirsty again," said Frank—"what shall it be; I say hock after this boiled white meat."

"Right, Frank, for a thousand!" said Harry, "and after the woodcock, which Tim is bringing in, we'll broach a flask of Burgundy. Hock with your white game, Burgundy with your brown! But hold, hold! Timothy, Mr. Draw will not touch that hock—it's too thin and cold for his palate."

"Rot-gut!" replied Tom. "None o' your hocks nor your clarets for me; there aint no good things made in France except champagne wine and old Otard brandy."

"Well, which of the two will you have, Tom?"

"That 'are champagne's good enough for the likes of me."

"Oh! don't be modest, pray. It will hurt you!"

"What, this here wine?—not what I've dranked on it, no how. I could drink all of a dozen bottles of it, without its hurtin' me a mite."

The woodcock followed, were discussed, and pronounced perfect; they were diluted with a flask of *Nuits Richelieu*, so exquisitely rich and fruity, and of so absolute a bouquet, that even the hostility of fat Tom toward all French wines was drowned in the goblet, thrice the full of which, mantling to the brim, he quaffed in quick succession.

The Stilton cheese, red herring, and caviare, which succeeded, again moved his ire, and were denounced as stinkin' trash, fit for no one to eat but a darned greedy Englishman; but the bumper of port again mollified him, and he said that if they ate them cussed nasty things jist to make the wine taste the better for the contrast, he didn't see no sence in that, for it was mazin' nice without no nastiness afore it.

The devilled biscuits he approved mightily, as creating a wholesome drought, which he applied himself to assuage by emptying three bottles of

pale sherry to his own cheek, while the three young men were content with one double magnum of Chateau Latour. But when he emptied the third bottle, he was as cool and collected as if he had not tasted a single drop, and was half disposed to run rusty, at being summoned into the library to take a cup of coffee and an old cheroot; but here again his wrath was once more assuaged by the curaçao, of which he drank off half a tumbler, and then professed himself ready for a quiet rubber, while Tim was getting supper.

## A BEAR STORY.

BY WM. P. HAWES, (CYPRESS). 1848.

"THAT puts me in mind," said Venus Raynor, "about what I've heerd tell on Ebenezer Smith, at the time he went down to the North Pole on a walen' voyage."

"Now look out for a screamer," laughed out Raynor Rock, refilling his pipe. "Stand by, Mr. Cypress, to let the sheet go."

"Is there any thing uncommon about that yarn, Venus?"

"Uncommon! well, I expect it's putty smart and uncommon for a man to go to sea with a bear, all alone, on a bare cake of ice. Captin Smith's woman used to say she couldn't bear to think on't."

"Tell us the whole of that, Venus," said Ned,—"that is, if it is true. Mine was—the whole of it—although Peter had his doubts."

"I can't tell it as well as Zoph can; but I've no fjections to tell it my way, no how. So, here goes—that's great brandy, Mr. Cypress." There was a gurgling sound of "something-to-take," running.

"Well, they was down into Baffin's Bay, or some other o' them cold Norwegen bays at the north, where the rain freezes as it comes down, and stands up in the air, on winter mornens, like great mountens o' ice, all in streaks. Well, the schooner was layen at anchor, and all the hands was out into the small boats, looken for wales,—all except the captin, who said he wa'n't very well that day. Well, he was walken up and down, on deck, smoken and thinking, I expect, mostly, when all of a sudden he reckoned he see one o' them big white bears—polar bears, you know—big as thunder—with long teeth. He reckoned he see one on 'em scumpen along on a great cake o' ice, that lay on the leeward side of the bay, up agin the bank. The old captin wanted to kill one o' them varments most wonderful, but he never lucked to get a chance. Now then, he thought, the time had come for him to walk into one on 'em at laast, and fix his mutton for him right. So he run forrad and lay hold onto a small skiff, that was layen near the for'stal, and run her out and launched her. Then he tuk a drink, and—here's luck—and put in a skiff load of powder, a couple of balls, and jumped in, and pulled away for the ice.

"It wa'n't long 'fore he got 'cross the bay, for it was a narrar piece o' water—not more than haaf a mile wide—and then he got out on to the ice. It was a smart and large cake, and the bear was 'way down to the tother end on it, by the edge o' the water. So, he walked fust strut along, and then when he got putty cloast he walked 'round catecorn-

ed-like—likes's if he was drivin for a plain plover—so that the bear wouldn't think he was comen arter him, and he dragged himself along on his hands and knees, low down, mostly. Well, the bear didn't seem to mind him none, and he got up within 'bout fifty yards on him, and then he looked so savage and big—the bear did—that the captin stopped and rested on his knees, and put up his gun, and he was agoin to shoot. But just then the bear turned round and snuffed up the captin—just as one of Lif's hounds snuffs up an old buck, Mr. Cypress,—and begun to walk towards him, slowly like. He come along, the captin said, clump, clump, very slow, and made the ice bend and crack again under him, so that the water come up and putty much kivered it all over. Well, there the captin was all the time squat on his knees, with his gun pinted, waiten for the varment to come up, and his knees and legs was mighty cold by means of the water that the bear riz on the ice as I was mentionen. At last the bear seemed to make up his mind to see how the captin *would* taste, and so he left off walkin slow, and started off on a smart and swift trot, right towards the old man, with his mouth wide open, roaren, and his tail sticken out stiff. The captin kept still, looken out all the time putty sharp, I should say, till the beast got within about ten yards on him, and then he let him have it. He aimed right at the fleshy part of his heart, but the bear dodged at the flash, and rared up, and the balls went into his two hind legs, just by the jynt, one into each, and broke the thigh bones smack off, so that he went right down aft, on the ice, thump, on his hind quarters, with nothen standen but his fore legs, and his head riz up, a growlen at the captin. When the old man see him down, and tryen to slide along the ice to get his revenge, likely, thinks he to himself, thinks he, I might as well get up and go and cut that ere creter's throat. So he tuk out his knife and opened it. But when he started to get up, he found, to his astonishment, that he was fruz fast to the ice. Don't laugh: it's a fact; there ain't no doubt. The water, you see, had been round him a smart and long while, whilst he was waiten for the bear, and it's wonderful cold in them regions, as I was sayen, and you'll freeze in a minit if you don't keep moven about smartly. So the captin he strained first one leg, and then he strained tother, but he couldn't move 'em none. They was both fruz fast into the ice, about an inch and a half deep, from knee to toe, tight as a Jersey oyster perryanger on a mud flat at low water. So he laid down his



gun, and looked at the bear, and doubled up his fists. 'Come on, you bloody varmint,' says the old man, as the bear swallowed along on his hinder end, comen at him. He kept getten weaker, tho', and comen slower and slower all the time, so that at last, he didn't seem to move none; and directly, when he'd got so near that the captin could jist give him a dig in the nose by reachen forrard putty smart and far, the captin see that the beast was fruz fast too, nor he couldn't move a step further forrard no ways. Then the captin burst out a laughen, and clapped his hands down onto his thighs, and roared. The bear seemed to be most onmighty mad at the old man's fun, and set up such a growlen that what should come to pass, but the ice cracks and breaks all around the captain and the bear, down to the water's edge, and the wind jist then a shiften, and comen off shore, away they floated on a cake of ice about ten by six, off to sea, without the darned a biscot or a quart o' liquor to stand 'em on the cruise! There they sot, the bear and the captin, jist so near that when they both reached forrads, they could jist about touch noses, and nother one not able to move any part on him, only excepten his upper part and fore paws."

"By jolly! that was rather a critical predicament, Venus," cried Ned, buttoning his coat. "I should have thought that the captain's nose and ears and hands would have been frozen too."

"That's quite nayt'l to suppose, sir, but you see the bear kept him warm in the upper parts, by being so cloast to him, and breathe hard and hot on the old man whenever he growled at him. Them polar bears is wonderful hardy animals, and has a monstrous deal o' heat into 'em, by means of their bein able to stand such cold climates, I expect. And so the captin knowed this, and whenever he felt chilly, he jist tuk his ramrod and stirred up the old rascal, and made him roar and squeal, and then the hot breath would come pouren out all over the captin, and made the air quite moderat and pleasant."

"Well, go on, Venus. Take another horn first."

"Well, there a'n't much more on't. Off they went to sea, and sometimes the wind druv 'em nothe, and then agin it druv 'em south, but they went south mostly; and so it went on until they were out about three weeks. So at last, one afternoon—"

"But, Venus, stop: tell us, in the name of wonder, how did the captain contrive to support life all this time?"

"Why, sir, to be sure, it was a hard kind of life to support, but a hardy man will get used to almost—"

"No, no: what did he eat? what did he feed on?"

"O—O—I'd liked to've skipped that ere. Why, sir, I've heerd different accounts as to that. Uncle Obe Verity told me he reckoned the captin cut off one of the bear's paws, when he lay stretched out asleep, one day, with his jack-knife, and sucked that for fodder, and they say there's a smart deal o' nourishment in a white bear's foot. But if I may be allowed to spend my 'pinion, I should say my old man's account is the rightest, and that's—what's as follows. You see after they'd been out three days abouts, they begun to grow kind o' hungry, and then they got friendly, for misery loves company, you know; and the captin said the bear looked at him several times, very sorrowful, as much as to

say, 'Captin, what the devil shall we do?' Well, one day they was sitten looken at each other, with the tears ready to burst out o' their eyes, when all of a hurry, somethin come floppen up out o' the water onto the ice. The captin looked and see it was a seal. The bear's eyes kindled up as he looked at it, and then, the captin said, he giv him the wink to keep still. So there they sot, still as starch, till the seal, not thinken nothin o' them no more nor if they was dead, walked right up between 'em. Then slump! went down old whitey's nails into the fish's flesh, and the captin run his jack-knife into the tender loin. The seal soon got his bitters, and the captin cut a big hunk off the tail end, and put it behind him, out o' the bear's reach, and then he felt smart and comfortable, for he had stores enough for a long cruise, though the bear couldn't say so much for himself.

"Well, the bear, by course, soon run out o' provisions, and had to put himself onto short allowance; and then he begun to show his natural temper. He first stretched himself out as far as he could go, and tried to hook the captin's piece o' seal, but when he found he couldn't reach that, he begun to blow and yell. Then he'd rare up and roar, and try to get himself clear from the ice. But mostly he rared up and roared, and pounded his big paws and head upon the ice, till by-and-by (jist as the captin said he expected) the ice cracked in two agin, and split right through between the bear and the captin, and there they was on two different pieces o' ice, the captin and the bear! The old man said he raaly felt sorry at parten company, and when the cake split and separate, he cut off about a haaf o' pound o' seal and chucked it to the bear.



But either because it wan't enough for him, or e'ise on account o' his feelen bad at the captin's goen, the beast wouldn't touch it to eat it, and he laid it down, and growled and moaned over it quite pitiful. Well, off they went, one one way, and t'other 'nother way, both feel'n pretty bad, I expect. After a while the captin got smart and cold, and felt mighty lonesome, and he said he raaly thought he'd a gi'n in

and died, if they hadn't pick'd him up that arternoon."

"Who picked him up, Venus?"

"Who? a codfish craft off o' Newfoundland, I expect. They didn't know what to make o' him when they first see him slingen up his hat for 'em. But they got out all their boats, and took a small swivel and a couple o' muskets aboard, and started off—expecten it was the sea-sarpen, or an old maremaid. They woudn't believe it was a man, until he'd told 'em all about it, and then they didn't hardly believe it nuther; and they cut him out o' the ice and tuk him aboard their vessel, and rubbed his legs with ile o' vitrol; but it was a long time afore he come to."

"Didn't they hurt him badly in cutting him out, Venus?"

"No, sir, I believe not; not so bad as one might s'pose: for you see he'd been stuck in so long, that the circulaten on his blood had kind o' rotted the ice that was right next to him, and when they begun to cut, it crack'd off putty smart and easy, and he come out whole like a hard-biled egg."

"What became of the bear?"

"Can't say as to that, what became o' him. He went off to sea somewheres, I expect. I should like to know, myself, how the varment got along right well, for it was kind in him to let the captin have the biggest haaf o' the seal, any how. That's all, boys. How many's asleep?"

## MY FIRST VISIT TO PORTLAND.

BY SEBA SMITH. 1843.

IN the fall of the year 1829, I took it into my head I'd go to Portland. I had heard a good deal about Portland, what a fine place it was, and how the folks got rich there proper fast; and that fall there was a couple of new papers come up to our place from there, called the "Portland Courier," and "Family Reader," and they told a good many queer kind of things about Portland, and one thing and another; and all at once it popped into my head, and I up and told father, and says:

"I am going to Portland, whether or no; and I'll see what this world is made of yet."

Father stared a little at first, and said he was afraid I would get lost; but when he see I was bent upon it, he give it up, and he stepped to his chist, and opened the till, and took out a dollar, and gave to me; and says he:

"Jack, this is all I can do for you; but go and lead an honest life, and I believe I shall hear good of you yet."

He turned and walked across the room, but I could see the tears start into his eyes. And mother sat down, and had a hearty crying spell.

This made me feel rather bad for a minit or too, and I almost had a mind to give it up; and then again father's dream came into my mind, and I mustered up courage, and declared I'd go. So I tackled up the old horse, and packed in a load of axe-handles, and a few notions; and mother fried me some dough-nuts, and put 'em into a box, along with some cheese, and sausages, and ropped me up another shirt, for I told her I didn't know how long I should be gone. And after I got rigged out, I went round, and bid all the neighbors good-bye, and jumped in, and drove off for Portland.

Aunt Sally had been married two or three years before, and moved to Portland; and I inquired round till I found out where she lived, and went there, and put the old horse up, and eat some supper, and went to bed.

And the next morning I got up, and straightened right off to see the editor of the "Portland Courier," for I knew by what I had seen in his paper, that he was just the man to tell me which way to steer. And when I come to see him, I knew I was right; for soon as I told him my name, and what I wanted, he took me by the hand as kind as if he had been a brother, and says he:

"Mister," says he, "I'll do any thing I can to assist you. You have come to a good town; Portland is a healthy, thriving place, and any man with a proper degree of enterprise may do well here. But," says he, "stranger," and he looked mighty kind of knowing, says he, "if you want to make out to your mind, you must do as the steamboats do."

"Well," says I, "how do they do?" for I didn't know what a steamboat was any more than the man in the moon.

"Why," says he, "they go ahead. And you must drive about among the folks here, just as tho' you were at home, on the farm among the cattle. Don't be afraid of any of them, but figure away, and, I dare say, you'll get into good business in a very little while. But," says he, "there's one thing you must be careful of; and that is, not to get into the hands of those are folks that trades up round Huckler's Row, for there's some sharpers up there, if they get hold of you, would twist your eye-teeth out in five minits."

Well, arter he had give me all the good advice he could, I went back to Aunt Sally's agin, and got some breakfast; and then I walked all over the town, to see what chance I could find to sell my axe-handles and things, and to get into business.

After I had walked about three or four hours, I come along towards the upper end of the town, where I found there were stores and shops of all sorts and sizes. And I met a feller, and says I:

"What place is this?"

"Why this," says he, "is Huckler's Row."

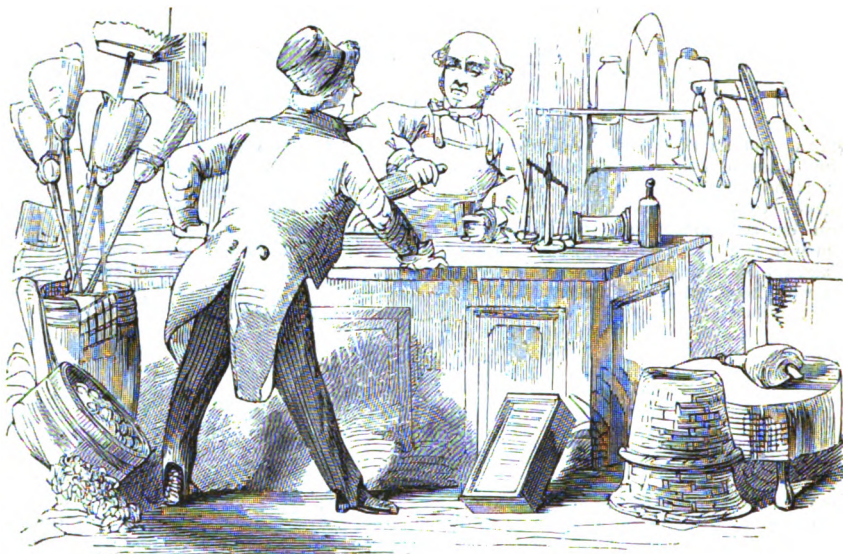
"What," says I, "are these the stores where the traders in Huckler's Row keep?"

And says he, "Yes."

Well, then, says I to myself, I have a pesky good mind to go in and have a try with one of these chaps, and see if they can twist my eye-teeth out. If they can get the best end of a bargain out of me, they can do what there ain't a man in our place can do; and I should just like to know what sort of stuff these ere Portland chaps are made of. So in I goes into the best-looking store among 'em. And I see some biscuit lying on the shelf, and says I:

"Mister, how much do you ax apiece for them ere biscuits?"

"A cent a piece," says he.



"Well," says I, "I shan't give you that, but if you've a mind to, I'll give you two cents for three of them, for I begin to feel a little as tho' I would like to take a bite."

"Well," says he, "I wouldn't sell 'em to anybody else so, but seeing it's you, I don't care if you take 'em."

I knew he lied, for he never seen me before in his life. Well, he handed down the biscuits, and I took 'em, and walked round the store a while, to see what else he had to sell. At last, says I:

"Mister, have you got any good cider?"

Says he, "Yes, as good as ever ye see."

"Well," says I, "what do you ax a glass for it?"

"Two cents," says he.

"Well," says I, "seems to me I feel more dry than I do hungry now. Ain't you a mind to take these ere biscuits again, and give me a glass of cider?" and says he:

"I don't care if I do."

So he took and laid 'em on the shelf again, and poured out a glass of cider. I took the cider and drinkt it down, and to tell the truth, it was capital good cider. Then says I:

"I guess it's a time for me to be agoing," and I stept along towards the door; but says he:

"Stop, Mister, I believe you haven't paid me for the cider."

"Not paid you for the cider!" says I; "what do you mean by that? didn't the biscuits that I give you just come to the cider?"

"Oh, ah, right!" says he.

So I started to go again, and says he:

"But stop, Mister, you didn't pay me for the biscuit."

"What!" says I, "do you mean to impose upon me? do you think I am going to pay you for the biscuits, and let you keep them too? Ain't they there now on your shelf? What more do you want? I guess, sir, you don't whittle me in that way."

So I turned about and marched off, and left the feller staring and scratching his head, as tho' he was struck with a dunderment.

Howsomever, I didn't want to cheat him, only jest to show 'em it wa'n't so easy a matter to pull my eye-teeth out; so I called in next day, and paid him two cents.

A COLD MAN AND A WARM REJOINDER.—County court was sitting awhile ago, in —, on the banks of the Connecticut. It was not far from this time of year—cold weather, anyhow—and a knot of lawyers had collected around the old Franklin, in the bar-room. The fire blazed, and mugs of flip were passing away without a groan, when in came a rough, gaunt-looking "babe of the woods," knapsack on shoulder and staff in hand. He looked cold, and half perambulated the circle that hemmed in the fire, looking for a chance to warm his shins. Nobody moved, however; and, unable to sit down, for lack of a chair, he did the next best thing—leaned against the wall, "with tears in his fist and his eyes doubled up"—and listened to the discussion on the proper way of serving a referee on a warrant deed, as if he was the judge to decide the

matter. Soon he attracted the attention of the company, and a young sprig spoke to him. "You look like a traveller." "Wall, I s'pose I am; I come from Wisconsin afoot, 'tany rate." "From Wisconsin! that is a distance to go on one pair of legs. I say, did you ever pass through the 'lower regions' in your travels?" "Yes, sir," he answered, a kind of wicked look stealing over his ugly phizmahogany, "I ben through the outskirts." "I thought it likely. Well, what are the manners and customs there? some of us would like to know." "O," said the pilgrim, deliberately, half shutting his eyes, and drawing round the corner of his mouth till two rows of yellow stubs, with a mass of masticated pig-tail, appeared through the slit in his cheek—"you'll find them much the same as in this region—the lawyers sit nighest the fire."

## A GENUINE HOOSIER.

BY D. CORCORAN. 1843.

An original character is your genuine Hoosier. By genuine, we mean such a one as has all the attributes that peculiarly belong to the back-woodsmen of the West—one whose manners have suffered neither change nor modification by connection or association with men of more conventional habits; one, in a word, who, like the trees of his native forest, had no other culture than that bestowed on him by nature. He may well be called a genuine Hoosier. There is an originality in his phraseology, which, being the imitation of no other known idiom, by none can it be successfully imitated; and there is a primitive freshness in his manner and appearance, which show that while the fetters of fashion and etiquette enchain their millions among what is called the "enlightened classes," he, disdaining all such artificial incumbrances of both limb and language, dresses as he willeth, and talks as he pleaseth. Indeed, with the future antiquarian, it must be a matter of mystery, to account for the noble stand taken by the Hoosier against the effeminate frivolity of our times, when almost all of those who pique themselves on being more refined than their fellows, are the victims of its enervating embraces.

So much for the Hoosier in general, and now for the Hoosier in particular. One of them—a fellow with thews and sinews sufficiently strong to cope with a bear—visited the city last week, and here he still remains. As he is no bad specimen of the class, we mean to chronicle, in part, his sayings and doings. But first of his appearance, as he jumped from his flatboat on to the Levee, when by the way, he was heard to remark, that he "didn't see the reason of folks livin' in a heap this way, where they grew no corn and had no *bars* to kill."

He wore a clay-colored linsey coat and pants, neither of which were cut on the new system, or geometrical principles. The woollen hat of opaque crown had been originally a muddy white, but from exposure to the sun it had become a clay-color too; his brogans were of a uniform color—so was his beard—and so was his hair. Though not the "embodiment," perhaps, of "Clay principles," he was certainly the embodiment of clay coloring.

After being in the city some days; after, in looking for the "lions," having seen the "elephant," and after his funds had become nearly exhausted—or "whittled down to the small end of nothing," as he himself classically expressed it—he thought he'd look out for a job to recruit his wasted finances. With this view he was directed to an extensive contractor, and we might add, as extensive an expander; for he has men in almost all parts of the city, repairing the older streets, re-paving and expanding the newer ones. He met this *McAdam* of the Western world on Sunday last, standing near the entrance to the St. Charles Hotel, or, to use his own words, "he dropped on him like a catamount on a coon." Of course, the tedious formula of an introduction was dispensed with, and our western hero bounded at once to matters of business.

He commenced—"How are you, Squire—how d'ye rise?"

CONTRACTOR. "I am well, sir. Whom have I the pleasure of addressing?"



HOOSIER. "Why, Squire, my name's Ruth—Ben Ruth; but you know, as I heard the player fellow say in Louisville, 'there aint nothin' in a name.' Now you be a tolerable slick-lookin' feller yourself, but I'd have jest as great a respect for you if your name was Smith—John Smith. Names aint nothin', no how."

CONTRACTOR. "Your liberality does you great credit. But can I do any thing for you?"

HOOSIER. "I reckon. You see, the fact is, Squire, they had an *al*-mighty deal to say up in our parts about Orleans, and how *all*-fired easy it is to make money in it, but it's no 'ham' and all 'homin'y,' I reckon. But now, to skin the *bar* at once, can you give me and five other gentlemen employment?"

CONTRACTOR. "If you and five other gentlemen will work at the labor which I am having done, and for the wages which I pay, five other gentlemen and you may go to work to-morrow."

HOOSIER. "Good as pork, Squire—what do you give?"

CONTRACTOR. "Ten bits a day."

HOOSIER. "Why, Squire, I was told you'd give us two dollars a day and *eat us*."

CONTRACTOR. "Two dollars a day and *eat you*! Why zounds, man, do you take me for a cannibal? Eat you!"

HOOSIER. "Oh, hold your hosses, Squire. There's no use gettin' riled, no how. I meant that I heerd you'd give us two dollars a day and throw in the 'chicken fixins' and 'corn doins.' But you can't give it, you say?"

CONTRACTOR. "No, sir."

HOOSIER. "Well, as I aint flush in the financial way, I accept. Let there be no mussing between us."

The hoosier then learned from the contractor where his office was, and at what hour he would be there next morning; and there *he* was before the appointed time. Now it happens that the bed-room of the contractor is immediately over his office. He was yet in bed, and indeed asleep, when the hoosier reached there, for it was not well five o'clock; but he was soon awoke by a very loud, if not a very musical matin effort of his western employé, singing :

Hurrah ! hurrah ! the country's risin'  
For Henry Clay and Frelinghuysen.

"Let the country rise and be d——!" said the contractor, in a loud and petulant manner. "Who is that making such a confounded noise there?"

HOOSIER. "A good mornin', Squire. Why, what on airth keeps you in bed so long? It's a right nice mornin' to be about, I tell *you*—a fust rate mornin' to go on a hunt."

CONTRACTOR. "O you be shot! Are you prepared to go to work?"

HOOSIER. "I'm just awaitin' the word, as Sal Cummins said when she was asked why she didn't marry. You didn't know Sal, Squire—did you? She was an uncommon nasty-lookin' gal, and ——"

CONTRACTOR. "O I have not time to hear her history. Have you a shovel?"

HOOSIER. "No."

CONTRACTOR. "Then you can't go to work."

HOOSIER. "But s'pose I buy one. What will it cost, Squire?"

CONTRACTOR. "Ten bitts."

HOOSIER. "Ten bitts!—why that's a day, Squire—ten bitts—three hundred and sixty-five days—fifteen years—why, Squire, I think I ain't worth more than five thousand shovels at that kalk'lation."

CONTRACTOR. "I didn't send for you, my friend, to study Cocker's arithmetic. Get a shovel and go to work, if you will; if not, go about your business."

HOOSIER. "'Nuff sed."

He went, bought the shovel, and was shown the scene of his labor, which was to be rooting or ripping up the old paving stones in —— street. Before commencing operations, however, he went into a merchant's office hard by, deliberately stripped off the coat, vest and pantalóons he had on—hung them up, (giving the place the appearance of an old clothes' shop,) and taking his working suit out of his saddle-bags, put them on instead of those taken off. The owner of the office came in, and, of course, expressed his displeasure that such a liberty should be taken by a stranger in his office. The hoosier asked him if he thought him "darn'd fool enough to dirty his Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes?"—said he was a goin' to take a glass of ginger-pop, and that if he'd jine him, he'd "sport ten cents!"

He is now working away—*mending our ways* daily. He complains that it don't come natural to him. "The Irishers," he says, "can beat him at it;" but at making a "clearance," chopping wood, or working a flatboat, he boasts that he could beat a dozen of them.

## A PHILADELPHIA PUN-GENT.

FROM "BURTON'S GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE."

JUDGE PETERS, a Philadelphian and a punster, has left behind him a countless host of well remembered puns. Some few of his rarest are well worth recording.

A gentleman presenting his only son to the notice of the judge, said, "Here is my *all*." The boy was a long, thin, whey-faced stripling, and the judge, looking in his face, said to the father, "Your *awl*, and your *last* too, I should suppose, but I cannot call him a *strapping* fellow."

When on the District Court Bench, he observed to Judge Washington that one of the witnesses had a *vegetable* head. "How so?" was the inquiry. "He has *carrotty* hair, *reddich* cheeks, a *turnup* nose, and a *sage* look."

During one of the public days connected with La Fayette's reception, the judge was riding in an open carriage with the general, who regretted that he should be exposed to the annoyance arising from clouds of flying dust. "I am used to it," said Peters, "I am a judge, and have had dust thrown in my eyes by the lawyers for many years."

When practising as a lawyer, he had a case on trial before a judge who was well known to indulge in extraordinary derelictions from the truth. This judge was evidently biased against Peters' case, and while the jury were absent, and considering their verdict, he wished to postpone the cause, pleading

illness as an excuse, and declared that he was unable to sit on the bench. Peters saw his manoeuvre, and said, "If your worship cannot sit, *we know that you can lie*, and therefore you can receive the verdict in a recumbent posture."

He was appointed member of a building committee connected with the affairs of a new church. A wine merchant had made an excellent offer for the use of the vaults of the building, intending to use them as the place of deposit for some of his immense stock. The liberal party were for accepting his offer, but the strict church-goers thought the affair was something of a desecration, and wished to decline it. Peters sided with the latter party, and when his surprised friends demanded his reasons, "I have always thought it wrong," said he, "to allow *any preaching over good wine*."

He attended the anniversary dinner at the Cincinnati Society, on the fourth of July, 1828; and when about to retire, he was assisted towards the door of the room by one of the colored waiters on his left, and a gentleman, a member of the Society, supported his tottering steps upon the right. The judge turned round to say farewell to his old acquaintances, and, looking at his supporters, said—"My friends, I take leave of you in *black and white*." This was his last pun in public, for he died in the course of the succeeding month.



## A PRAIRIE JUMBIE.

BY CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN. 1844.



**JUMBIE!**—That word puzzles you, reader. You think it's Indian for a prairie-dog or some other animal peculiar to those grassy wilds; or, if not that, it must be border slang for a bivouac, or a breakdown, or a feat or adventure of some kind that, happening only to the rovers of the prairie, requires some *outré* and new-fangled phrase to characterize it! My dear sir, you were never more mistaken in your life; a jumbie is nothing of the kind. Nor are jumbies in any way necessarily connected with prairies. The word sounds oddly to your ears, and your matter-of-fact Anglo-Saxon mind may be startled at the idea it is intended to represent. Yet if you have one particle of imagination drawn from Norman or Danish origin, I care not how many thousand years ago, if you have the least droplet of Scandinavian blood to vivify the Anglo-Saxon canal-current in your veins, you will acknowledge at once the excellence of the word and the *image-fact* of which it is the symbol. Nay, more, after being convinced that you have more than once in your life encountered a jumbie, and that jumbies do, moreover, abound in every scene and condition of civilized life; you will have a half-mortified, half-compassionating feeling, both for the people among whom you live, and the poverty-stricken, unimagin-

ative, unphilosophical language that you speak, both of which are content to flourish in blind conceit of their scope of thought and power of expression, though this all-important word and the idea it represents, are alike unknown among them!

But you grow impatient. I must elucidate a little, or you will jump at once to the conclusion of this paper without giving me a fair reading. Yet, remember, if I reveal to you here the external characteristics of a jumbie, it is on the implied condition that you read fairly through the singular illustration of its spiritual mystery which suggested this sketch.

Did you ever have a doggrel couplet fasten so perversely upon your memory, that it kept gnawing there for days together?

Did you ever have a Jim Crow bar of music rattling in your ear, like a pebble in a calabash, so incessantly, that the remembered strains of Malibran or Pedrotti seemed banished thence for ever, to give full scope to the solo of this jingling intruder?

Did you never, while writing, cast your eye up accidentally upon some trivial object, either in your room, or seen through the window, to which your gaze still recurred involuntarily, till it began to blend its material form with other images passing through your fancy, and ultimately became a source of fretful annoyance?

Did you never, while duck-shooting, in some long interval of a flight of fowl, have the monotonous bobbing up and down of your wooden decoy upon the waves afflict you with a sort of sea-sickness, yet be unable, without leaving the spot, to keep your eyes long away from it?

Did you ever—but once getting out of doors, the instances of eye or ear being thus afflicted crowd

innumerable upon me—a tree toad, when the senses fairly ache in hours of still watching for deer, a single groaning bough when sleeping in the deep and quiet woods, a half-submerged lotus-leaf that flaps its speckled edges ever and anon upon the ripple, where twice already you have thrown your fly for a breaking trout, and which still again you must try;—these, reader, all of these, these and the whole family of such “annoyances of fancy,” as they might be called, in a loose attempt to define them, these are all veritable *jumbies*!

But 'tis very arbitrary, say you, to fix such an outlandish epithet upon those well-known mental phenomena.

Excuse me: the epithet, as you disdainfully call it, is a real word—a word some thousands of years old, probably. It expresses, too, a distinct idea; it has a definite meaning; and thus fulfilling a clear mission of thought, it is to my mind, uncouth as it seems, far more respectable than your generalizing phrase of “mental phenomenon.” At all events, the manner in which I first became acquainted with the full dignity of the term, can never be effaced from my memory.

Many years since I found myself, one dismal autumn day, on the edge of one of the largest prairies of our Northwest Territory, debating with a fellow-traveller the expediency of attempting to cross it so late in the season. The objections were threefold. In the first place, the prairie had been lately burned, and it would be necessary to carry all our provender with us. In the next, the season was so late that there was danger of snow, and there being no islands of timber to shelter us, no means of guidance save a compass, in case of a storm of any violence, we should almost inevitably lose our way, and starve, or perish from exposure to the elements. The third objection was the condition of my own health—for, though my spirits were tolerably good, my strength had been lately much prostrated by an attack of ague, in which my nervous system suffered not a little. Indeed, my acquaintance with the gentleman who was now my companion, commenced in the kind offices I received from him, in permitting his black West India servant to devote his whole care to me, at the miserable cabin where his master had lighted upon me, soon after I was overtaken with indisposition.

The stranger had started originally to make a tour of the prairies, and as crossing the one before us would, by bringing him to a trading post and navigable water, thus complete his intended circuit of the western frontier, it will seem perfectly natural that I would not permit considerations for my comfort to induce him to take “the back track,” and retrace the scenes he had already visited. He had waited for me when unfit for travel; he was still unwilling to leave me,—and I was determined he should make his sweep round to the settlements by the course he had originally laid out for himself. In a word, we started from Fiddler's Grove, the “station” where my friend, as I may venture to call him, had exhausted the single source of amusement it offered, by shooting some hundreds of prairie chickens from the leafless trees with the settler's rifle, whose use he had appropriated to himself, during the tedious days that I was confined to the cabin. We started on a bright, clear November morning, my friend and myself lightly mounted on the long-limbed horses of the country, and his negro man, fitted with one tough Indian pony for himself,

and leading another as a sumpter-horse with our luggage.

Within an hour, we had lost sight of the nearest spurs of woodland. But though nothing save the sky and the monotonous plain before us was visible, we were still, speaking in reference to its size, on the edge of this immense prairie. The sky, too, as is common after a bright morning in November, was overcast and dismal-looking,—threatening no immediate storm, but ungenial and forbidding, a fitting dome for the black and cindery waste beneath it.

My friend, who was even of more mercurial temperament than myself, soon became silent, as if oppressed by the scene: and instead of continuing to ride abreast with me, gradually pushed his horse a little in advance. As he carried the compass, there could be no inconvenience in this, and I found a resource meanwhile in conversing with his simple-minded black servant, about the many grotesque and amusing superstitions of the Caribbee Islands, of which he was a native. Then after a time, when upon referring to my watch I found that I had passed a full hour in the same unsocial mood as my friend, I thought it well to remind him that we would have a still more monotonous day to-morrow. For he already knew, that while it would take three days to cross the prairie, a certain hollow, spring, and thicket, to which we could look forward as a bourne, offering some variety to the fortunes of to-day's travel, would be wholly wanting on the second day, when we must “camp down” upon the level plain. While speaking thus, being still in the rear of my friend, his horse, as he turned around to reply, put one of his fore feet in a gopher-hole, and was thrown upon his knees with a violence which dislodged his rider without injuring him, laming the brute at the same time, not seriously, but enough to make him unpleasant riding.

This incident compelled us to stop, and make a new arrangement; my friend taking the sumpter-pony, and transferring the luggage to the lame horse. While the negro attended to this, we both dismounted. The opportunity seemed a favorable one for refreshment. My companion, after swallowing a glass of old Santa Cruz, which he carried already mixed with water, announced himself decidedly hungry. The cold ham and buffalo-tongue must be got at. To do this conveniently, the horses must be tethered. It would not be safe to trust the negro with holding all four of them, while we were dining. To tether the horses, the stakes we had brought with us must be driven,—a mallet, which had been provided in the entire absence of all stones upon the prairie, being used for that purpose. All this takes time. And time is nowhere more valuable than in the middle of a burned prairie, which it would be wise, in spite of the tendency of all things to the centre, to get away from as quickly as possible. But the sun has come out, the day is closing beautifully, there will be a moon to-night, and my West India friend derides any anxiety to repack our necessaries and get under way as quickly as possible, upon the barren sea of cinders that stretches before us.

I can recall nothing more beautiful than the sunset of that day, more singularly grand—more excitingly *spectacular*,—more like a vision of rare things in some other planet. Sunset at sea seems to mingle the waters with the sky by the reflected glow—sunset among mountains also shares its glory



with the earth, as the golden beams revel around their summits, and linger as if they had no right to rob them of light, even at the last. But sunset upon a burned and blacked prairie, is a creation of the skies only. Earth seems to have no share in it. There is no fusing of tints and colors, no rose-hued paths leading from one to the other. No tissue of rays inwoven so closely with things of touch around, that fancy glides at once from earth to heaven. You stand on the bare black ground, a lonely helpless man, and look as it were right into a paradise, without for an instant forgetting that you are outside of it. You thrill with awe—you do not melt with admiration. In a word, you see two clear and distinct creations before you, and the naked reality of the one seems to stun conviction into you of the vivid actuality of the other.

But now these splendors, so rich, warm, and magnificent, are passing away. The moon has come out. She is near the zenith. The clouds which gave such gorgeous effect to the crimson rays that but now laced them, have sunk below the horizon. Yet prodigal in grandeur, profuse in beauty as was the scene but now, there is even a mightier loveliness, a more complete, intense, and concentrated lavishment of the beautiful, a more majestic *oneness* of sentiment in that clear, calm, radiant dome, whose pearly rim rests upon the black prairie like infinitude in repose. My ideas of physical grandeur have hitherto been all drawn from "cloud-capped mountains," but surely never did I see the earth wear such an aspect of dignity as in this apparent meek yet firm upholding of that magnificent vault.

We had ridden long in silence—a silence that was at first broken only by whispers—and why?—I care not who laughs at the extravagance of the fancy—but, though neither of us cared to define the feeling at the time, I have no question that both my friend and myself unconsciously deemed ourselves gliding over the floor of some vast and solemn temple.

I remember well it was the negro who first spoke,

and his tone of voice was suppressed as if in awe; while it was in an actual whisper, my friend referred to me in replying to his remark. Yet the conversation had nothing to do, either with the grandeur of the scene or the emotions it inspired. The lame horse it seems showed signs of weariness, and the black called our attention to the fact that we ought before that time to have reached the hollow, where we expected to pass the night. It was certainly so. The night was wearing on, yet the shrubbery indicating a marshy swale in the prairie was nowhere visible. The fickle November wind began now to rise, and the clouds which rose like apparitions from the black prairie horizon might soon climb upwards and obscure the moon. Decision is all-important at such a moment. Nothing could be bleaker than the spot where we had halted. But the horses must be fed and cared for; they had drank from a rain-water pool within the last hour; we must abandon our search for the spring to-night, and use whatever light was left to secure them properly.

I slept well that night, as, wet or dry, I always sleep in the open air, whatever may be the consequences of the exposure afterwards: a hint that may be of service to the faculty when want of sleep is the prominent evil with a patient.

"Well, Frank," said his master to the negro, as he jerked him to his feet at daybreak,—"'tis full as well that we didn't find that spring last night, for it will be just the place to breakfast at."

"Better not look for him, massa; dat spring jumbie—prairie jumbie—jumbie all around us."

My friend laughed, and I scarcely noticed the remark, in the hurried preparations for starting which followed. We rode on for hours, discovering not the slightest indication of the spring and thicket, but encountering every few miles one of the shallow rain-water pools which from time to time had broken the perfect monotony of our yesterday's travel—I should not say "*broken the monotony*," for they were so unmarked by any shape or expression, and were all so perfectly alike, that they seemed rather to impress one more strongly with the unvarying sameness of the scene. Near one of these limpid shallows, that like all of them seemed scarcely a hand's-breath in depth, I suggested, as the sun was now several hours high, that we should halt for breakfast.

"Well, Frank," said I to the negro, who eat a little apart from us, while we helped ourselves to the fare that was spread out upon a bison-skin used by way of table-cloth—"Well, Frank, don't you think this pool will answer as well as the spring would, to wash your dishes in?"

"Pool jumbie—jis' as spring jumbie—prairie all jumbie—nebber get away from him."

I was about to ask an explanation of the word—"Pray you, pardon me," cried my friend, laying his hand upon my arm—"Frank, how the deuce do you make out the spring to be a jumbie?"

"Cause Frank tink—tink of him all day long—tink ob him, nebber find him—but still can't help tink ob him. What dat but jumbie spirit trouble Frank so, massa?"

"But this puddle of water," laughed my friend, "you find plenty like it, how is that a jumbie too?"

"No find but one puddle from de fust. He be same old puddle. Come, come, again. Tire nigger wid looking at him, yet he can't help look for some difference dro' he know always turn out de same. What dat but jumbie spirit?"

"And the prairie," cried I, almost screaming with laughter at the grotesque whimsicality of the superstition, then perfectly new to me—"The prairie, Frank, what do you make of that?"

"He be all jumbie—de biggest jumbie of de world—always de same, and you nebber, nebber get rid of him."

Then the poor fellow actually burst into tears, and began to wring his hands most piteously—"Oh, massa, massa, what will become ob de massa and his poor Frank! De little jumbie spirit always bad enough when he get hold of folks—but here we be on de back ob great big jumbie, who keeps sliding from under us all de while we tink ourselves moving, keeping us jes in de same, same spot, for ebber, for ebber. Oh de poor nigger will nebber see de trees, nor de hills, nor de running water of Gorra Mighty's yarth. Nebber see any ting but dis black jumbie-back, nebber, nebber more."

I looked at the face of my friend, and I confess there was a blankness of expression which struck me as arguing some emotion other than concern and sympathy for the agitation of his poor ignorant bondman. Could it be that some pagan foster-nurse, among those of the same complexion as Frank, had so imbued him in childhood with the same superstitious feelings, that they now were re-awakened unpleasantly by the earnest and most painful exhibition of fanciful suffering in the other? Surely I myself could not be affected, save with mirth, by such absurd credulity.

I declare I was not so sure of this when several hours' subsequent travel brought us to a pool which so exactly resembled that seen in the morning, that I could not for the life of me help adding a whistle of wonderment to the woful chorus of ejaculations into which poor Frank broke at the sight of it. Every landmark around us—if I may use that word where landmarks there were none—every feature of the landscape—if the phrase be admissible where the painter's art were a nullity—all, all around us was one dull, dead, unbroken monotony—an interminably dark level—an eye-wearying waste—marked only, but not relieved, by that circular limpid shallow, reflecting an ashen sky; and sky, earth, and pool, all equally motionless, without the faintest shadow or one variety of tint, save the leaden hues of the same sombre color.

We talked but little during that day. About sunset a breeze, which crept over the waste in little whirlwinds, enlivened us somewhat, but I cannot remember that one jest was successful enough to raise a smile from either of us. But, indeed, neither my friend nor myself could restrain our risibles, had we cared to, at one remark of Frank's when we came to camp down for the night. The poor fellow had just lighted a spirit-lamp to make coffee for us, when a blast of wind which suddenly swept the prairie, extinguished the flame.

"What do you sit so stupidly there for, Frank?—why don't you light another match?" said his master.

"No use yet—no use jes now, please, massa. Nigger wait till we hab done slipping."

"Slipping!—why what do you mean now, Frank?"

"Gorra, massa, what make dat great wind but de jumbie-back slipping from under us to put white folks and nigger jes' where we started in de mornin'—what but dat make de wind to blow lamp out?"

The merriment called out by this whimsical idea of the sable physiologist, was not a bad preparation

for cheerful rest. But our anxiety took a new turn in the morning, upon discovering that our horse-feed would not hold out for more than another day. It is true that we had not originally expected it to last longer. But, though steadily following the guidance of the compass, and therefore confident that our course must have been laid truly, yet the single fact of having, in our first day's travel, missed that spring—the one only landmark of our journey—annoyed us not a little, as the incident became colored by the scene and circumstances around us; viewed sometimes, perhaps, unconsciously to ourselves, through the wild superstition of the negro.

The day proved not only mild for the season, but even oppressively warm, and about noontide the lame horse gave out completely. We removed his load, took off the halter, and left the poor brute to his fate, upon that dreary heath, which the next year's summer would alone freshen with a blade of herbage. He followed us for awhile, and we hoped might be yet able to keep us in view; but pain or a feebleness of disposition which from the first had marked his temper, made him stop short at last. I turned once or twice in the saddle to look for him afterwards, but he always stood planted in the same spot, fixed there beneath that glaring noonday sun as immovably as the gnome upon a dial.

I could not help expressing my surprise that Frank, who, with a benevolence common to the negro character, had shown much concern for the horse when he was first hurt, should betray no feeling at this painful abandonment of the poor animal.

"Why Frank be sorry?" said he in reply; "when de jumbie-back slip at night, him as well as oder hoss all come back to de same place, 'cept lame hoss too be turned into jumbie-spirit, and den me see him ebbery day, same, same hoss, see him standing den jes' as now, and always see him de same hour."

We now rode forward rapidly; our horses' feet had become used to the soil, and, notwithstanding the heat of the "Indian summer" weather, had accomplished a very long stage, a full day's journey in fact, while the sun was still several hours high. We ought, we surely ought to be near our destination. I confessed this to my friend, and I am not ashamed to say, that as I did so, and at the same time acknowledged that my prairie experience was utterly at fault in discovering any signs of thicket, grove, or timber-land in the distance, I began to share more or less the superstitious terrors which did unquestionably blanch his cheek. The reader, wholly inexperienced, perhaps, in life in the wilderness, smiles at the weakness. Yet the famous Colonel Crockett, as gallant a bush-ranger as perished among the hardy Texans who fought and fell at the Alamo, has left it upon record, that a man, when first lost in the forest, will almost persuade himself that the sun rises and sets in a different quarter of the heavens than is his wont! and on a prairie—when lost on a prairie—with no one object to fix and determine the use of the external senses, the bewilderment of imagination is far more startling—the vagaries of reason far more eccentric. The lost wanderer is left wholly to his imagination, and he can reason only upon the possibilities which it suggests. For three days, I had gazed only upon limitless monotony; for three days I had heard no sound save those that came from our little cavalcade—yes! I forgot; on the first morning, and soon after we got out of sight of the timber-land, a

solitary raven rose screaming from the carcass of a roasted wolf, who had probably perished while trying to escape the prairie fire a month earlier. But this recollection only served to remind me that if we were again approaching the forest, more of these birds ought to be visible; for the carrion wolves and deer upon which they feed are most often smothered by the smoke of a burning prairie, on the verge of the timber-swamps, to which they are flying for refuge.

"Upon my soul, this is an ugly business," said my friend, after a few moments' painful musing. "Can you see nothing—no one sign in the air or on the earth—nothing to form a conjecture how we may be situated?"

"From the earth, most assuredly nothing; you know as well as I do that there are no running streams on these upland prairies to guide conjecture in any way—and as for the air, the sun, as you have seen, goes down very differently over a prairie from what he does elsewhere; but that Indian summer mist which is now gathering about him makes it impossible to detect any of the peculiarities which mark his setting over a broken country."

"Good God! what will become of us? what shall we do? what can you think of? what suggestion have you? For me, my brain is dizzy with looking ceaselessly upon this changeless monotony—suggesting ever the one same idea of poor Frank's jumble."

We had halted apparently still in the centre of the boundless plain—looking forward, there was nothing to reach—looking back, there were no vestiges of our having accomplished any thing! "Still," I thought, "while there was nothing here to guide one, there is also nothing to mislead. If our course was laid properly in the first instance, we may still clear the waste; if that course was laid wrongly, it is yet in the present extremity most wise to pursue it—we *must* go on—on—and our only hope is in the ability still to keep this straight-forward direction."

I explained this to my friend much in the same language I have used here. He simply nodded significantly, and pressed forward in silence. The whole proposition was so plain to him that it needed no further demonstration. A drizzling rain, which soon after set in, did not prevent us from keeping the saddle, until the vapor became so thick that we could not see twenty yards in advance; when, it

being also now near night, we were compelled to encamp.

Wet, weary, and dispirited, I can conceive few things more disheartening than our present plight. My friend, who was of a fine game spirit, attempted to jest both about our present discomforts, and the almost appalling prospects of the morrow. But the terror of poor Frank, who besought him not to speak with such levity of "Massa Jumbie," soon made him desist; a deep sigh that came from the breast of his master, as he turned away from his supper without touching it, betrayed to me the pardonable affectation of the gallant fellow. My poor friend, I believe, slept little that night, and his nerves must have been much shaken by watching for him to exhibit the spectacle I witnessed in the morning. The sudden cries of Frank had made me start from my sleep; I looked up—my friend had raised himself on one hand, and with pallid features and eyes almost starting from their sockets, was gazing before him.

"Oh, massa, massa—I told um so—here we be—oh Gorra Mighty, hab mercy on us—here we be slipped back, slipped clean, clean back to jes where we started from—we and de hoss—yes, de lame hoss and all—and all got to do the same over again ebbery day—ebbery day till kingdom come."

I looked, and true enough, we were almost under the shadow of a tall wood exactly like that we had left four mornings before. Nay, more, the lame horse stood there on its verge as if he had slipped back as Frank had prophesied.

"It is a jumble, by heaven!" burst at last from the lips of my West India friend. Never shall I forget the expression of honest awe, of desperate conviction, upon his features as he uttered the words; and should his eye chance to fall upon these pages, I know that he will forgive this allusion to its ludicrous effect upon me, with the same frank generosity that he did the uncontrollable merriment with which I made the woods ring on the instant.

The reader has, I know, already solved the mystery, and discovered that we had unconsciously gained the woodlands under cover of the mist of the preceding evening—that we had, in a word, attained the farther bourne of the prairie, in the very hour we nearly despaired of ever reaching it. It was not, however, till we had mounted, penetrated some hundred yards into the forest, and saw the smoke of a settler's cabin curling up among the trees, that poor bewildered Frank could be persuaded he was yet fairly off the *jumble-back*.

STATE'S EVIDENCE.—A good story is told of George White, a notorious thief, in Worcester Co., Mass. He was once arraigned for horse stealing, when it was supposed he was connected with an extensive gang, which was laying contributions upon all the stables round about. Many inducements were held out to White to reveal the names of his associates, but he maintained a dogged silence. An assurance from the court was at last obtained that he should be discharged, upon which he made oath to reveal all he knew of his accomplices. The jury were accordingly suffered to bring in a verdict of "not guilty," when he was called upon for the promised revelations. "I shall be faithful to my word," said he; "understand then that the devil is the only accomplice I ever had—we have been a great while in partnership—you have acquitted me, and you may hang him if you can catch him."

THE GRANDILOQUENT CAPTAIN.—A captain in the U. States Infantry, when serving with Gen. Jackson against the Indians, was put under arrest, and not being brought to a court-martial for a considerable time, he tendered his resignation:—"In leaving the service, I am not abandoning the cause of republicanism, but yet hope to brandish the glittering steel in the field, and carve my way to a name which shall prove my country's neglect; and when this mortal part shall be closed in the dust, and the soul shall wing its flight to the regions above, in passing by the pale moon, I shall hang my hat on brilliant Mars, and make a report to each superlative star! and arriving at the portal of heaven's chancery, shall demand of the attending angel to be ushered into the presence of Washington."



## THE FIRE-HUNT.

BY W. T. THOMPSON. 1844.

SAMUEL SIKES was one of the most inveterate hunters I ever knew. He delighted in no other pursuit or pastime, and though he pretended to cultivate a small spot of ground, yet so large a portion of his time was spent in the pursuit of game, that his agricultural interests suffered much for the want of proper attention. He lived a few miles from town, and as you passed his house, which stood a short distance from the main road, a few acres of corn and a small patch of potatoes might probably attract your notice, as standing greatly in need of the hoe; but the most prominent objects about Sam's domicile pertained to his favorite pursuit. A huge pair of antlers—a trophy of one of his proudest achievements—occupied a conspicuous place on the gable end: some ten or a dozen tall fishing-poles, though modestly stowed behind the chimney, projected far above the roof of the little cabin; and upon its unchinked walls, many a 'coon and deer-skin were undergoing the process of drying. If all these did not convince you that the proprietor was a sportsman, the varied and clamorous music of a score of hungry-looking hounds, as they issued forth in full cry at every passer-by, could not fail to force the conviction.

Sam had early found a companion to share with him his good or ill luck; and though he was yet on the green side of thirty, he was obliged to provide for some five or six little tallow-faced "responsibilities;" so he not only followed the chase from choice, but when his wife—who hated "fisherman's luck" worse than Sam did a "miss" or a "nibble"—took him to account for spending so many broken days, Saturday afternoons, rainy days and odd hours, to say nothing of whole nights, in the woods, without bringing home so much as a cut-squirrel or horney-head, his ready reply was, that he was "bleeged" to do the best he could to get meat for her and the "childer."

The fire hunt was Sam's hobby; and though the legislature had recently passed an act prohibiting that mode of hunting, he continued to indulge, as freely as ever, in his favorite sport, resolutely maintaining that the law was "unconstitootional and agin reason." He had often urged me to accompany him, just to see how "slick" he could shine a buck's eyes; and such were the glowing accounts he had from time to time given me of his achievements in that way, that he had drawn from me a promise to go with him "some of these times."

I was sitting one evening, after tea, upon the steps of the porch, enjoying the cool autumnal breeze, when my friend Sam Sikes suddenly made his appearance. He had come for me to go with him on a fire-hunt, and was mounted on his mule Blaze, with his pan upon one shoulder and his musket on the other. Determined to have every thing in readiness before calling on me, he had gone to the kitchen and lit a few light-wood splinters, which were now blazing in his pan, and which served the double purpose of lighting him through the enclosure, and of demonstrating to me the manner of hunting by night. As he approached the house, his light discovered me where I was sitting.

"Good evenin', major," said he, "I've come out

to see if you've a mind to take a little hunt to-night."

"I believe not, Mr. Sikes," I replied, feeling entirely too well satisfied with my pleasant seat in the cool breeze, to desire to change it for a night-ramble through the woods. "Not to-night, I thank you—it looks like rain."

"Oh, 'shaw, 'taint gwine to rain, no how—and I'm all fixed—come, come along, Major."

As he spoke, he rode close to the porch, and his mule made several efforts to crop the shrubbery that grew by the door, which Sam very promptly opposed.

"How far are you going, Mr. Sikes?" I inquired, endeavoring to shake off the lazy fit which inclined me to keep my seat.

"Only jost up the branch a little bit—not beyant a mile from your fence, at the outside. Look at him!" he exclaimed in a louder tone, as he gave the reins a jerk. "Thar's deer a plenty up at the forks, and we'll have r'al sport. Come, you better go, and—Why, look at him!" giving the reins another jerk, at the same time that he sent a kick to his mule's ribs that might have been heard a hundred yards—"and I'll show you how to shine the eyes of a buck."

As he sat in his saddle persuading me to go, his mule kept frisking and turning in such a manner as to annoy him exceedingly. Upon his left shoulder he bore his blazing pan, and upon his right he held his musket, holding the reins also in his right hand; so that any efforts on his part to restrain the refractory movements of his animal were attended with much difficulty. I had about made up my mind to go, when the mule evinced a more resolute determination to get at the shrubbery.



"Whoa! wha, now!—blast your heart—now, look at him!"—then might be heard a few good lusty kicks. "Come, major, git your gun, and let's— will you hold up yer head, you 'bominable fool?— and let's take a little round—it'll do you good."

"As I only go to satisfy my curiosity, I'll not take a gun. You will be able to shoot all the deer we meet."

"Well, any way you mind, major."

We were about to start, when suddenly the mule gave a loud bray, and when I turned to look, his heels were high in the air, and Sam clinging to his neck, while the fire flew in every direction. The mule wheeled, reared and kicked, and still Sam hung to his neck, shouting—"Look at him!—whoa!—will you mind!—whoa!—whoa, now!"—but all to no purpose, until at length the infuriated animal backed to the low paling fence which enclosed a small flower-garden, over which he tumbled—Sam, pan, gun and all, together!

When Sam had disengaged himself, he discovered that the saddle-blanket was on fire, which had been the cause of the disaster.

"Cus the luck," said he, "I thought I smelt somethin' burnin'." Then addressing himself to the mule in a louder tone, he continued—"That's what comes o' jerkin' yer dratted head about that-a-way. Blast your infernal heart, you've spilt all my fixins—and here's my pan, jest as crooked as a fish-hook!"—then there was a kick or two and a blow with the frying-pan—"take that, you bowdacious fool, and hold yer head still next time, will you? And you've skinned my leg all to flinders, dadfetch your everlastin' picter to dingingation!—take that under your short ribs, now, will you—whoa, I've a great mind to blow yer infernal brains out this very night! And you've broke the major's pelins down, you unnatural cus. Whoa! step over now, if you's satisfied."

By this time Sam had got the mule out of the enclosure, and had gathered up most of his "fixins." The whole scene, after the upsetting of the pan, had transpired in the dark, but from the moment I saw the mule's heels flying and Sam clinging to his neck, it was with the utmost difficulty I restrained my laughter. During his solo in the enclosure, I was absolutely compelled to stuff my handkerchief in my mouth to prevent his hearing me.

"Did you ever see the likes o' that, major?" exclaimed Sam, as I approached the spot where he was engaged in readjusting his saddle, and putting other matters to rights, that had been deranged by the struggles of the mule to free himself from the burning blanket.

"I am very sorry it happened," I replied, "as it will prevent us from taking our hunt."

"No, I'll be dadfetcht if it does, tho'—I aint to be backed out that-a-way, major, not by no means. You know 'a bad beginnin' makes a good endin', as the old woman said. He isn't done sich a monstrous sight o' harm, nohow,—only bent the handle of my pan a little, and raked some skin off one o' my shins—but that's neither here nor thar. So if you'll jest hold Blaze till I go and git a torch, we'll have a shoot at a pair o' eyes yit, to-night."

I took the bridle while Sam procured a torch, and after he had gathered up the fagots which he had brought to burn in his pan, we set off for the branch—Sam upon his mule, with a torch in one hand, while I walked by his side.

It was only necessary for us to go a short distance, before we were at the designated spot.

"Thar," said Sam, as he dismounted, "here's as good a place as any—so I'll jest hitch Blaze here, and light our pan."

Accordingly Blaze was made fast to a stout sapling, and Sam proceeded to kindle a fire in his pan, at the same time explaining to me, in a low voice, the *modus operandi* of the fire-hunt, which he accompanied with sundry precautionary hints and directions for my own special observance on the present occasion.

"Now, major," said he, "you must keep close to me, and you musn't make no racket in the bushes. You see, the way we does to shine the deer's eyes is this—we holds the pan so, on the left shoulder, and carries the gun at a trail in the right hand. Well, when I wants to look for eyes, I turns round slow, and looks right at the edge of my shadder, what's made by the light behind me in the pan, and if ther's a deer in gun-shot of me, his eyes'll shine 'zactly like two balls of fire."

This explanation was as clear as Sam could make it, short of a demonstration, for which purpose we now moved on through the woods. After proceeding a few hundred yards, Sam took a survey as described, but saw no eyes.

"Never mind, major," said he, "we'll find 'em—you see."

We moved on cautiously, and Sam made his observations as before, but with no better success. Thus we travelled on in silence, from place to place, until I began to get weary of the sport.

"Well, Mr. Sikes," I remarked, "I don't see that your bad beginning to-night is likely to insure any better ending."

"Oh, don't git out of patience, major—you'll see."

We moved on again. I had become quite weary, and fell some distance behind. Sam stopped, and when I came up, he said in a low voice—"you better keep pretty close up, major, 'case if I should happen to shine your eyes, you see, I moughtn't know 'em from a deer, and old Betsey here toats fifteen buckshot and a ball, and slings 'em to kill."

I fell behind no more.

We had wandered about for several hours, and the sky, which had not been the clearest in the commencement, now began to assume the appearance of rain. I had more than once suggested the propriety of going home—but Sam was eager to show me how to shine the eyes of a buck, and no argument or persuasion could win him from his purpose. We searched on as before, for another half hour, and I was about to express my determination to go home, when Sam suddenly paused—

"Stop, stop," said he, "thar's eyes, and whappers they is to—now hold still, major."

I raised on tiptoe with eager anticipation—I heard the click of the lock—there was a moment of portentous silence—then the old musket blazed forth with a thundering report, and in the same instant was heard a loud squeal, and the noise like the snapping of bridle reins.

"Thunder and lightnin'!" exclaimed Sam, as he dropped gun, pan and all, and stood fixed to the spot—"I've shot old Blaze!"

So soon as he had recovered from the shock, we hastened to the spot, and, sure enough, there lay the luckless mule, still floundering in the agonies of death. The aim had been but too good, and





poor Blaze was hurt "past all surgery." Sam stood over him in silent agony, and, notwithstanding the bitter maledictions he had so recently heaped upon him, now that he saw the poor animal stretched upon the ground in death, and knew that his "infernal picter" would greet him no more for ever, a flood of tender recollections of past services poured over his repentant heart. He uttered not a word until after the last signs of life were extinct—then, with a heavy sigh, he muttered—

"Pore old cretur!—well, well, I reckon I's done the business now, sure enough. That's what I calls a *pretty* night's work, anyhow!"

"A 'bad beginpning doesn't always make a good ending,' Mr. Sikes," I remarked.

"Cus the luck, it will run so, sometimes," said he in a sullen tone, as he commenced taking the saddle off his deceased donkey. "I'm blamed if I see how I got so turned round."

By this time it had commenced to rain, and we were anxious to get home; but Sam had dropped his gun and pan, as the awful truth rushed upon him, that he had killed the only mule he possessed in the world, and we now found it difficult to recover them. After searching about for near half an hour in the drizzling rain, Sam chanced to come upon the spot from which he had taken the hapless aim, and having regained his gun and pan, we endeavored to strike a fire; all our efforts, however, to produce a light, proved ineffectual, and we essayed to grope our way amid the darkness.

"Hello, major, whar is you?"

"Here!"

"Whar you gwine?"

"Home."

"Well, that aint the way."

"Why, we came this way."

"No, I reckon not."

"I'm sure we didn't come that way."

"Whar, in the devil's name, is the branch?" petulantly inquired Sam. "If I could only see the branch, I could soon find the way."

"It must be down this way," I replied.

"Somehow or other I'm tetotatiously deluded,

to-night," remarked Sam, as he came tearing through the briers with his stirrup-irons dangling about him, his gun in one hand and frying-pan in the other. "If I hadn't a been completely dumfuzzled, I'd never a killed Blaze like I did."

I volunteered to carry his gun, but he was in no humor for the interchange of civilities—"still harping" on his mule, he trudged on, grumbling to himself—

"What," he muttered, "will Polly say now—I'll never hear the last of that critter the longest day I live. That's worse than choppin' the coon-tree across the sittin' hen's nest, and I liked never to hearn the cend o' that."

After groping through the brush and briers, which seemed to grow thicker the farther we proceeded, for some time, Sam stopped—

"I swar, major, this aint the way."

"Well, then, lead the way, and I'll follow you,"

I replied, beginning, myself, to think I was wrong.

Changing our direction, we plodded on, occasionally tumbling over logs and brush, until Sam concluded that all our efforts to find the way were useless.

"Oh, thunderation!" said he, as he tore away from a thick jungle of briers, in which he had been rearing and pitching for more than a minute, "it aint no manner of use for us to try to find the way, major—so let's look out a big tree, and stop under it till morning."

Seeing no alternative, I reluctantly acceded to his proposal.

Accordingly, we nestled down under the shelter of a large oak. For a time neither spoke, and all was still, save the incessant buz of the countless hosts of mosquitoes that now seemed intent upon devouring us. At length I broke silence, by remarking—at the same time that I gave myself a box upon the ear, intended for the mosquito that was biting me—

"I think this will be my last fire-hunt, Mr. Sikes."

"The fact is," replied Sam, "this 'ere aint very

incouragin' to new beginnners, major, that's a fact—but you musn't give it up so. I hope we'll have a better showin' next time."

"My curiosity is satisfied," I remarked. "I wouldn't pass such another night in the woods for all the deer in Georgia."

"Shaw, I wouldn't care a tinker's cus," said Sam, "if I only jest hadn't killed Blaze. That's what sets me back, monstrous."

"That was indeed an unlucky mistake. I should think a few such exploits as that would cure you of your fire-hunting propensity. But I expect you never had such luck, before to-night."

"No, not 'zactly—tho' I've had some monstrous bad luck in my time, too. I reckon you never hear about the time I got among the panthers."

"No—how was that?"

"Why, it was 'bout this time last fall, I and Dudley went out and 'camped on Spirit Creek. Well, he took his pan and went out one way, and I went another. I went shinin' along jest like you seed me to-night, till I got a good bit from the camp, and bimeby, shore enough, I sees eyes not more'n forty yards off. I fothched old Betsey up to my face and cut loose, and the deer drapped right in his tracks, but somehow in my hurrimint I drapt my pan, jest like I did to-night when I heard old Blaze squeel. While I was tryin' to kindle up a light, what should I see but more eyes shinin' way down in the holler. I drapt the fire and loaded up old Betsey as quick as I could, to be ready for the varmint, whatever it was. Well, the eyes kep comin' closer and closer, and gettin' bigger and brighter, and the fust thing I know'd ther was a whole grist of 'em all follerin' right after the fust ones, and dodgin' up and down in the dark like they was so many dancin' devils. Well, I began to feel sort o' jubbous of 'em, so I raised old Betsey and pulled at the nearest eyes, but she snapped—I primed her agin, and she flashed—and when I flashed, sich another squallin' and yellin' you never did hear, and up the trees they went all round me. Thinks I them must be somethin' unnatural, bein' as my gun wouldn't shoot at 'em—so I jest drapt old Betsey, and put out for the camp as hard as I could split. Well, we went back the next mornin', and what do you think them infernal critters had done?—eat the deer up slick and clean, all but the bones and horns, and a little ways off lay old Betsey, with four fingers of buck-shot and bullets, but not a bit of powder in her. Then I know'd they was panthers."

"Why, they might have eaten you too."

"That's a fact. Dudley said he wondered they didn't take hold of me."

The drizzling shower which had already nearly

wet us to the skin, now turned to a drenching storm, which continued for more than an hour without intermission. When the storm abated, we discovered the dawn approaching, and, shortly after, were enabled to ascertain our whereabouts. We were not more than five hundred yards from the clearing, and probably had not been, during the night, at a greater distance than a mile from the house which we had left in the evening.

As we stepped from the wood into the open road, I contemplated, for a moment, the ludicrous appearance of my unfortunate companion. Poor Sam!—daylight, and the prospect of home, brought no joy to him—and as he stood before me, with the saddle and bridle of the deceased Blaze girded about his neck, his musket in one hand, and pan in the other, drenched with rain, his clothes torn, and a countenance that told of the painful conflict within, I could not but regard him as an object of sympathy rather than ridicule.

"Well," said he, with a heavy sigh, and without looking me in the face—"good mornin', major."

"Good morning," I replied, touched with sympathy for his misfortune, and reproaching myself for the mirth I had enjoyed at his expense—"Good morning, Mr. Sikes, I am very sorry for your loss, and hope you will have better luck in future."

"Oh, major," said he, "it aint the vally of the mule that I mind so much—though old Blaze was a monstrous handy cretur on the place. But thar's my wife—what 'll she say when she sees me comin' home in this here fix? Howsomedever, what can't be cured must be endured, as the feller said when the monkey bit him."

"That's the true philosophy," I remarked, seeing that he endeavored to take courage from the train of reasoning into which he had fallen; "and Mrs. Sikes should bear in mind that accidents *will* happen, and be thankful that it's no worse."

"To be sure she ought," replied Sam, "but that aint the way with her—she don't believe in accidents, nohow; and then she's so bowdacious unreasonable when she's raised. But, she better not," he continued, with a stern look as he spoke—"she better not come a cavortin' 'bout me with any of her rantankerous carryin's on this mornin', for I aint in no humor nohow!" and he made a threatening gesture with his head, as much as to say he'd make the fur fly if she did.

We parted at the gate, Sam for his home, and I for my bed—he sorely convinced that "a bad beginning" does not *always* "make a good ending," and I fully resolved that it should be my first and last FIRE-HUNT.

THE "NYMPH ECHO."—I stood in the deep gorge of the cloud-capped mountain, and in the profound stillness of undisturbed and original chaos, brooded over the surrounding scene. There was not a breath to stir the ambient air, not the twinkling of a rill, the twitter of a bird, or the humming pipe of a single individual of the insect tribe. At that moment, sweet girl, I thought of thee; and, under the dear influence, I called aloud: "Oh, my adored one, that thou wert now here!" and Echo answered, "Vel, vot of it?"

COMPARISONS ARE ODIUS.—A robber, condemned to be hanged, refused the assistance of a clergyman, on the ground that he himself had led the life of an apostle, and drew the parallel as follows: "They were wanderers on the earth, without lands or tenements; so was I. They were despised by many, and, at all hazards, unalterably attached to their principles; so was I. They were thrown into jails and prisons, and underwent many hardships; so did I. And as they all came to untimely deaths, I am likely to imitate them in that also."

## A GEORGIAN IN NEW YORK.

FROM "MAJOR JONES'S SKETCHES OF TRAVEL." BY W. T. THOMPSON. 1844.

It was 'bout three o'clock when I got to the Hotel, and after brushin' and scrubbin' a little of the dust off, and gittin' my dinner, I tuck a turn out into the great Broadway, what I've heard so much about, ever sense I was big enuff to read the newspapers, to see if it was what it's cracked up to be. Well, when I got to the door of the Hotel, I thought ther must be a funeral or something else gwine by, and I waited some time, thinkin' they would all git past; but they only seemed to git thicker, and faster, and more of 'em, the longer I waited, till bimeby I begun to discover that they was gwine both ways, and that it was no procession at all, but jest one everlastin' stream of people passin' up and down the street, cumin' from all parts of creation, and gwine Lord only knows whar.

I mix'd in with 'em, but I tell you what, I found it monstrous rough travellin'. The fact is, a chicken-coop mought as well expect to float down the Savannah river in a freshet, and not git knocked to pieces by the drift-wood, as for a person what aint used to it to expect to git along in Broadway without gittin' jostled from one side to tother at every step, and pushed into the street about three times a minit. A body must watch the currents and eddies, and foller 'em and keep up with 'em, if they don't want to git run over by the crowd, or knocked off the sidewalk, to be ground into mince-meat by the everlastin' ominybusses. In the fust place, I undertuck to go up Broadway on the left hand side of the pavement, but I mought jest as well tried to paddle a canoe up the falls of Tallula. In spite of all the dodgin' I could do, sumbody was all the time bumpin' up agin me, so that with the bumps I got from the men, and givin' back for the wimmin, I found I was losin' ground instead of gwine ahead. Then I kep "to the right as the law directs," but here I like to got run over by the crowd of men and wimmin, and children, and niggers, what was all gwine as fast as if ther houses was afire, or they was runnin' for the doctor. And if I happened to stop to look at any thing, the first thing I knowed I was jammed out among the ominybusses, what was dashin' and whirlin' along over the stones like one eternal train of railroad cars, makin' a noise like heaven and yeath was cumin' together. Then ther was the carriages, and hacks, and market-wagons, and milk-carts, rippin' and tearin' along in every direction—the drivers hollerin' and poppin' ther whips—the people talkin' to one another as if ther lungs was made out of sole leather—soldiers marchin' with bands of music, beatin' ther drums, and blowin' and slidin' ther tromboons and trumpets with all ther might—all together makin' noise enuff to drive the very Old Nick himself out of his senses. It was more than I could stand—my dander begun to git up, and I rushed out into the fust street I cum to, to try to git out of the racket before it sot me crazy sure enuff, when what should I meet but a dratted grate big nigger with a bell in his hand, ringin' it rite in my face as hard as he could, and hollerin' something loud enuff to split the hed of a lamp-post. That was too much, and I made a lick at the feller with my cane that would lowered his key if it had hit him, at the same time that I grabbed him by the

collar, and ax'd him what in the name of thunder he meant by such impurence. The feller drapped his bell and shut his catfish mouth, and rollin' up the whites of his eyes, 'thout sayin' a word he broke away from me as hard as he could tear, and I hastened on to find some place less like bedlam than Broadway.

By this time it was most dark, and after walkin' down one street till I cum to a grate big gardin with trees in it, whar it was so still that noises begun to sound natural to me agin, I sot down on the railin's and rested myself awhile, and then sot out for my hotel. I walked and walked for some time, but somehow or other I couldn't find the way. I inquired for the American Hotel two or three times, and got the direction, but the streets twisted about so that it was out of the question for me to foller 'em when they told me, and I begun to think I'd have to take up my lodgin's somewhar else for that night, I was so tired. Bimeby I cum to a street that was very still and quiet, what they called Chambers street, and while I was standin' on the corner, thinkin' which way I should go, 'long cum a pore woman with a bundle under her arm, creepin' along as if she wasn't hardly able to walk. When she seed me she cum up to me and put her hankerchief to her eyes, and ses she:

"Mister, I'm a pore woman, and my husband's so sick he aint able to do any work, and me and my pore little children is almost starvin' for bred. Won't you be good enuff to give me two shillin's?"

I looked at her a bit, and ses I:

"Haint you got no relations nor neighbors that can help you?"

"Oh no, sir; I'm too poor to have relations or neighbors. I was better off once, and then I had plenty of friends."

That's the way of the world, thinks I; we always have friends till we need 'em.

"Oh, sir, if you only know'd how hard I have to work you'd pity me—I know you would."

"What do you do for a livin'?" ses I, for she looked too delicate to do much.

"I do fine washin' and ironin'," ses she; "but I'm sick so much that I can't make enuff to support us;" and then she coffered a real graveyard coffin.

"Why don't you git some of Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup?" ses I.

"Oh, sir," ses she, "I'm too pore to buy medicin', when my pore little children is dyin' for bred."

That touched me—to think sich a delicate young cretur as her should have to struggle so hard, and I tuck out my purse and gin her a dollar.

"Thar," ses I, "that will help you a little."

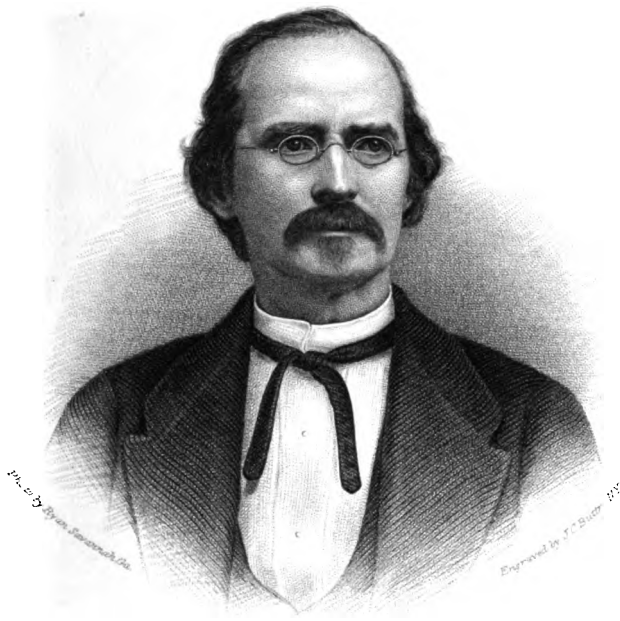
"Oh, bless you, sir, you're so kind. Now I'll buy some medicin' for my pore husband. Will you be good enuff to hold this bundle for me till I step back to that drug-store on the corner? It's so heavy—I'll be back in a minit," ses she.

I felt so sorry for the pore woman that I couldn't refuse her sich a little favor, so I tuck her bundle to hold it for her. She sed she was 'fraid the fine dresses mought git rumpled, and then her customers



Very truly yours  
J. H. Thompson





Very truly yours  
W. F. Thompson





wouldn't pay her; so I tuck 'em in my arms very careful, and she went to the store after the medicine'.

Ther was a good many peeples passin' by, and I walked up from the corner a little ways, so they shouldn't see me standin' thar with the bundle in my arms. I begun to think it was time for the woman to cum back, and the bundle was beginnin' to git pretty heavy, when I thought I felt sumthin' movin' in it. I stopped rite still, and held my breth to hear if it was any thing, when it begun to squirm about more and more, and I heard a noise jest like a tom-cat in the bundle. I never was so surprised in my life, and I cum in an ace of lettin' it drap rite on the pavement. Thinks I, in the name of creation what is it? I walked down to the lamp-post to see what it was, and, Mr. Thompson, would you be-



lieve me, IT WAS A LIVE BABY! I was so completely tuck aback that I staggered up agin the lamp-post, and held on to it, while it kicked and squalled like a young panter, and the sweat jest poured out of me

in a stream. What on yeath to do I didn't know. Thar I was in a strange city, whar nobody didn't know me, out in the street with a little young baby in my arms. I never was so mad at a female woman before in all my life, and I never felt so much like a dratted fool as I did that minit.

I started for the drug-store, with the baby squalin' like rath, and the more I tried to hush it the louder it squalled. The man what kep the store sed he hadn't seed no such woman, and I mustn't bring no babys in thar.

By this time a everlastin' crowd of peeples—men and wimmin—was gathered round, so I couldn't go no whar, all gabblin' and talkin' so I couldn't hardly hear the baby squal.

I told 'em how it was, and told 'em I was a stranger in New York, and ax'd 'em what I should do with the baby. But ther was no gettin' any sense out of 'em, and none of 'em wouldn't touch it no mor'n if it had been so much pisen.

"That won't do," ses one feller. "You can't come that game over this crowd."

"No, indeed," ses another little runty-lookin' feller—"we've got enuff to do to take care of our own babys in these diggin's."

"Take your baby home to its ma," ses another, "and support it like an 'onest man."

I tried to git a chance to explain the bisness to 'em, but drat the word could I git in edgeways.

"Take 'em both to the Tooms," ses one, "and make 'em giv a account of themselves."

With that two or three of 'em cum towards me, and I grabbed my cane in one hand, while I held on to the bundle with the other.

"Gentlemen," ses I—the baby squeelin' all the time like forty cats in a bag—"Gentlemen, I'm not gwine to be used in no sich way—I'll let you know that I'm not gwine to be tuck to no Tooms. I'm a stranger in your city, and I'm not gwine to support none of your babys. My name is Joseph Jones, of Pineville, Georgia, and anybody what wants to know who I am, can find me at the American—"

"Majer Jones," ses a clever-lookin' young man, what pushed his way into the crowd when he heard my name. "Majer, don't be disturbed in the least," ses he, "I'll soon have this matter fixed."

With that he spoke to a man with a lether ribbon on his hat, who tuck the baby, bundle and all, and carried it off to the place what they've got made in New York a purpose to keep sich pore little orfans in.

### TAXES.

A MERRY fellow, whose hard lot

It was, in old Vermont to gather taxes,  
Stopped near a shed where carts, ploughs,  
saws, and axes,

Showed the proprietor some cash had got.

Then, entering, said, "your taxes, if you please."

"What!" quoth the owner, very ill at ease,

"Taxes again! 'tis tarnal hard, I vow;

A man can scarce afford to keep a cow.

I r'ally believe you'll tax my eyes!"

"Sir," quoth the man of law, in great surprise,

"Your railing is unreasonable,

Sure the main comforts of your house and table  
Are never taxed—for instance, sir, your wife—

We ask no tax on her." "You don't, odds life!

No thanks for that!" rejoined the grumbling elf,

"Good reason why! she's tax enough herself!"

A CLERICAL WIT.—A clerical gentleman of Hartford, who once attended the House of Representatives to read prayers, being politely requested to remain seated near the speaker during the debate, he found himself the spectator of an *unmarrying* process, so alien to his own vocation, and so characteristic of the Legislature of Connecticut, that the result was the following:

*Impromptu, addressed by a Priest to the Legislature of Connecticut.*

For cutting all *connections* famed,  
*Connect-i-cut* is fairly named;  
I twain *connect* in one, but you  
*Cut* those whom I *connect* in two;  
Each legislator seems to say  
What you *connect-i-cut* away.

## MY FIRST CALL IN THE SWAMP.

BY MADISON TENNAS. 1845.

"COME quick, Mass' Doctor! ole missus got a fit!" aroused me from my poetical revery, and brought the invocation to Esculapius to an abrupt termination.

I was just apostrophizing "High Heaven" when the voice outspoke; laughing at the ludicrous transition of sounds and ideas, I rolled up my manuscript and turned to take a survey of the speaker.

He presented nothing remarkable in his appearance, being only a negro messenger, belonging to a small planter living at the extremity of what I regarded as my legitimate circuit of practice; from the appearance of the mule he bestrode, he had evidently ridden in great haste.

Perceiving me to be laughing, and not knowing of any thing in his annunciation to create mirth, he thought I had not heard him when he first spoke, and therefore repeated, "Come quick, Mass' Doctor! ole missus got a fit, an' I 'spec is monst'us low, for as I come by de lot, I hear Mass' Bill holler to Mass' Bob, and tell him, arter he got dun knockin' de horns off the young bull, to cum in de house, and see his gran'-mammy die." But still I laughed on—there was such an odd mingling of poetry, Esculapius, missus, fit, Mass' Bob, and knocking the horn off the young bull, as to strike full my bump of the ludicrous, and the negro sitting on his little crop-eared mule, gazed at me in perfect astonishment, as a monument of unfeelingness.

Suddenly the recollection that this was my "first call," came over and sobered me in a second; my profession with all its sober realities and responsibilities, was again triumphant, and I stood a serious "Swamp Doctor."

Ordering a servant to catch my horse, I began to prepare for the ride, by questioning the negro as to the nature of the disease, age of the patient, and other circumstances of the case, that might enable me to carry medicines along suitable to the occasion, as my saddlebags were of limited capacity, and none of the people kept medicines at home, except a few of the simplest nature.

"You say your mistress has fits! Does she have them often?" The object of my inquiries will be apparent to the professional reader.

"Not as I nose on, Mass' Doctor, although I did hearn her say when she lived in Georgy, she was monst'us narvous-like at de full of de moon."

"How old is your mistress? do you know, boy?"

"How ole! why, Mass' Doctor, she's a bobbulushionary suspensioner, an' her hare is grayer dan a 'possum's. Ole missus ole for a fak!"

"Has any thing happened lately that could have given your mistress the fit?"

"Nuffin', Mass' Doctor, as I nose on, 'cept pr'haps day 'fore yisterday night ole missus private jug guv out, an' she tole wun of the boys to go in de smoke-house and draw him full: de fule chile stuck de lite tu nere de baril, de whiskey cotch, an' sich a 'splosh-un never war heard as de old smoke house guvin' up de goast!"

"Your old mistress drinks whiskey, then, and has been without any two days?"

"Yes, Mass' doctor, an' I 'spec it's that what's usen her up, for she'd sorter got 'customed to de 'stranger."

I had learned enough of the case to give me a suspicion of the disease; the verification must be deferred until I saw the patient.

She being very old, nervous, and excitable, accustomed to alcoholic stimulation, suddenly deprived of her usual beverage, and brought under the depressory influences of losing her smoke-house and barrel of whiskey, was sufficient cause to produce a case of disease formed by an amalgamation of *sub-hysteria* and *quasi delirium tremens*; a not very flattering diagnosis, considered in a moral point of view, to the old lady whose acquaintance I was yet to make. Knowing how much depended upon the success with which I treated my first cases, it was unnecessary to give me a serious and reflective air, that I should remember how much people judged from appearances, and that mine were any thing but indicative of the doctor; whiskers or beard had I none, and even when wearing the most sober mask, a smile would lurk at the corner of my mouth, eager to expand into a laugh.

But I must start. Labelling a bottle of brandy "Arkansas Fitifuge," I slipped it in my pocket, and mounting my horse, set off upon the fulfilment of my "first call."

When we reached the house, my horse reeking with sweat, from the haste with which we had traversed the muddy roads, I introduced myself, as I had never seen one of the family before, nor they me—as Doctor Tensas, and required to be shown the patient. I saw from the countenances of the assembly, which was more numerous than I had expected to find, that they were disappointed in the appearance of the new doctor, and that my unstriking and youthful visage was working fatally against me. In fact, as I approached the bed, which was surrounded with women, I heard one old crone remark, "*sotto voce*," "Blessed J—s! is that *thing* a doctor? why, his face's as smooth as an egg-shell, an' my son John 'peers a heap older than him, an' he's only been *pupped* ateen years; grashus nose sich a young lookin' critter as that shouldn't gin me doctor's truck; he can't have 'sperience, but sens he's here we'll have to let him go on; half a 'pology is better, 'an no commiseration is an aggravated insult."

Paying no attention to her depreciatory remarks, but determined to show them that I knew a thing or two, I commenced examining the patient.

Had I not been prepared by the negro's description, I would have been surprised at the example of longevity in that insalubrious country which the invalid presented. Judging from external appearances, she must have had the opportunity of doing an immensity of talking in her time; her hair was whiter than the inside of a persimmon seed, and the skin upon her face resembled a piece of corrugated and smoky parchment, more than human cuticle; it clove tightly to the bones, bringing out all their prominences, and showing the course of the arteries and veins beneath; her mouth was partly open, and on looking in I saw not the vestige of a tooth: the great dentist Time had succeeded in extracting the last. She would lie very quietly in a dull comatose condition for a few moments, and then giving a loud speech, attempt to rub her

stomach against the rafters of the cabin, mumbling out something about "Whiskey spilt—smoke-house ruined—and General Jackson fit the Injuns—and she haddent the histericks!" requiring the united strength of several of the women to keep her on the bed.

The examination verified my suspicion as to the nature of the disease, but I had too much knowledge of human nature to give the least intimation to the females of my real opinion. I had been told by an old practitioner of medicine, "if you wish to ruin yourself in the estimation of your female patients, hint that the disease they are laboring under is connected with hysterics;" what little knowledge I had acquired of the sex during my student life went to confirm his observations. But if the mere intimation of hysteria produced such an effect, what would the positive pronouncing that it was not only hysterics but a touch of drunken mania? I had not courage to calculate upon such a subject, but hastily dismissed it. Pronouncing that she had *fits*, sure enough, I commenced the treatment. Brandy and opium were the remedies indicated; I administered them freely at half-hour intervals, with marked benefit, and towards midnight she fell into a gentle slumber. As I heard her quiet breathing, and saw the rise and fall of her bosom in regular succession, indicating that the disease was yielding to my remedies, a gleam of pleasure shot over my face, and I felt happier by the bedside of that old drunken woman, in that lowly cabin, in that obscure swamp, than if the many voices of the city were shouting "laus" unto my name. I was taking the first round in the race between medicine and disease, and so far was leading my competitor.

It was now past midnight: up to this time I had kept my place by the bedside of the patient, and began to get wearied. I could with safety transfer her care now to one of the old dames, and I determined to do so, and try and obtain some sleep. The house consisted of a double log-cabin, of small dimensions, a passage, the full depth of the house, running between the "pens." As sleep was absolutely required for the preservation of the patient, and the old dames who were gathered around the fire, discoursing of the marvels of their individual experience, bid fair to step over the bounds of proper modulation in their garrulity, I proposed, in such a way that there was no withstanding the appeal, that we should all, except the one nursing, adjourn to the other room. The old ladies acquiesced without a single demurrer, as they were all dying to have a talk with the "young doctor," who hitherto absorbed in his patient, had shown but little communicativeness.

The male portion of the family had adjourned to the fodder-house to pass the night, so my once fair companions and myself had the whole of the apartment to ourselves. Ascertaining by actual experiment that it was not sufficiently removed by the passage to prevent ordinary conversation from being audible at the bed-side of the invalid, the old ladies, in despite of my hints of "being very tired," "really I am very sleepy," and "I wish I hadn't such a long ride to take to-morrow," commenced their attack in earnest, by opening a tremendous battery of small talk and queries upon me. The terrible breaches that it made, had the effect of keeping *mine* on, and I surrendered at discretion to the ladies, almost wishing, I must

confess, that they were a bevy of young damsels, instead of a set so antiquated that their only knowledge of love was in seeing their grand-children. Besides, they were only exacting from me the performance of one of the prescribed duties of the country physician, performed by him from time immemorial; and why should they not exact it of me? The doctor of a country settlement was then—they have become so common now as to place it in the power of nearly every planter to own a physician, and consequently they attract little regard—a very important character in the community. Travelling about from house to house, he became the repository of all the news, scandal, and secrets of the neighborhood, which he was expected to retail out as required for the moral edification of the females of his "beat;" consequently, his coming was an event of great and exciting interest to the womenkind generally.

It is a trite observation "that when you have rendered yourself popular with the wife, you are insured of the patronage of the husband;" apply it to the whole sex of women, and it still holds good—married or single they hold the men up, and without their support, no physician can succeed. I had imagined, in my youthful simplicity, that when I entered the swamp, I had left female curiosity—regarding it as the offspring of polished society—behind; but I found out my mistake, and though I was very sleepy, I loved my profession too well not to desire to perfect myself in all the duties of the calling. I have often had a quiet laugh to myself, when I reflect upon the incidents of that night, and what a ludicrous appearance I must have presented to a non-participant, when, on a raw-hide-bottomed chair, I sat in that log cabin, directly in front of a cheerful fire—for though spring, the nights were sufficiently cool to render a fire pleasant—the apex of a pyramid of old women, who stretched in two rows, three on each side, down to the jambs of the chimney.

There was *Miss* Pechum, and *Miss* Stivers, and *Miss* Linsey, on one side, and *Miss* Dims, who unfortunately, as she informed me, had had her nose bit off by a wild hog, and *Miss* Ripson, and *Miss* Tillot, on the other. Six old women, with case-hardened tongues, and only *one* poor humble "Swamp Doctor," whom the verdict of one, at first sight, had pronounced a *thing*, to talk to them all! Fearful odds I saw, and seeing trembled; for the fate of the adventurous Frenchman came fresh to my mind, who proposed for a wager to talk twelve hours with an old widow, and who at the expiration of the time was found dead, with the old lady whispering vainly "frog soup" in his ear. There it was one against one, here it was six versus one, and a small talker at that; but the moments were flying, no time was to be lost, and we commenced. What marvellous stories I told them about things I had seen, and what wonderful recitals they gave me in return! How first, I addressed my attention to one side of the pyramid, and then bestowed a commensurate intensity upon the other! How learnedly we discoursed upon "yarbs," and "kumfrey tea," and "sweet gum saw!" How readily we all acquiesced in the general correctness of the broken-nose lady's remark, "Bless Jesus! we must all die when our time kums;" and what a general smile—which I am certain had it not been for the propinquity of the invalid, would have amounted to a laugh—went round the pyramid, when *Miss* Pechum, who talked



through her nose, snuffled out a witticism of her youngest son, when he was a babe, in which the point of the joke lay in *bite*, or *right*, or *fight*, or some word of some such sound, but which the imperfection of her pronunciation somewhat obscured! How intently we all listened to Miss Stiver's ghost-story! what upholding of hands and lap-dropping of knitting, and exclamations of fear and horror and admiration, and "Blessed Master!" and "Lordy Grashus!" and "Well, did you ever!" and "You don't say so!" and "Dear heart do tell!" and what a universal sigh was heaved when the beautiful maid that was haunted by the ghost was found drowned in a large churn of buttermilk that her mother had set away for market next day! How profuse in my expressions of astonishment and admiration I was when after a long comparison of the relative sufferings of the two sexes, Miss Stivers—the lady who talked through her nose, in reply to Miss Dims, the lady who had no nose at all—declared that "Blessed Master permittin', arter all their talk 'bout women's sufferings, she must say that she thought men had the hardest time of it, for grashus knows she'd rather have a child every nine months than scour a skillet, and she ought to know!" How we debated "whether the 'hives' were catchin' or not?" and were perfectly unanimous in the conclusion that "Sheep saferr" were wonderful "truck!"

Suddenly one of those small screech, or horned owls, so common in the South and West, gave forth his discordant cry from a small tree, distant only a few feet from the house; instantaneously every voice was hushed, all the lower jaws of the old women dropped, every eye was dilated to its utmost capacity, till the whites looked like a circle of cream around a black bean, every forefinger was raised to command attention, and every head gave a commiserative shake, moderating gradually to a solemn settling. After a considerable pause, Miss Ripson broke the silence. "Poor creetur! she's gone, doctor, the Fitifuge can't cure her, she's

knit her last pair of socks! Blessed Master! the screech owl is hollered, and she's bound to die, certin!" "Certin!" every voice belonging to the females responded, and every head, besides, nodded a mournful acquiescence to the melancholy decision.

Not thoroughly versed in the superstitions of the backwoods, I could not see what possible connexion there could be between the screech of the owl, and the fate of the patient. Desirous of information upon the subject, I broke my usual rule, never to acknowledge ignorance upon any matter to ladies—from the first eruption of Vesuvius to the composition of a plumptudinizer—and therefore, asked Miss Ripson to enlighten me.

I shall never forget the mingled look of astonishment and contempt that the old lady to whom the query was propounded, cast upon me as she replied:—

"How dus screech owls hollerin' make sick people die? Blessed Master! you a doctor, and ax sich a question! How is enny thing fotch 'bout 'cept by sines an' awgresse, an' simbles, an' figurashuns, an' birangliptix, and sich like vareus wase that the Creator works out his design to man's intimashun and expoundin'. Don't spose there's conjurashun an' majestix in the matter, for them's agin scriptur; but this much I do no—I never sot up with a sick body, and heard a screech owl holler, or a dog howl, or a scratchin' agin the waul, but what they dide; ef they diddent then, they did 'fore long, which proves that the sine war true; Blessed Master! what weke creetur's we is, sure enuf! I reculleck when I lived down to Bunkum County, North Carliny—Miss Dims you node Miss Plyser, what lived down to Zion Spring?" —(Miss Dims being the noseless lady, snuffled out, that she did as well as one of her own children, as the families were monstrous familiar, and seed a heap of one another.) "Well, Miss Plyser war takin awfil sick arter etin a bate of cold fride collards—I alwase told her cold fride collards warn't 'dapted to the delicacies of her constytushun, but the poor crittur war indoost to them, and wudden't take my device; an' it wood have been a great dele better for her, ef she had, as the skil will pruve; poor creetur! ef she onaly had, she mout bin a settin' here to-nite, for her husband shortly arter sed ef sarkumstancis haddent altired his 'tarmynashun he didn't know but wat he wood like to take a look at them Luzanny botums, wair all you had to do to clar the land, war to cut down all the trese and wate for the next overflow to wash them off; but pr'aps she wudden't nethur, for arter all he dident cum, an' you no she cudd'nt kum 'cept with him 'cept in' she dun like Lizzy Johnson's middle darter, Prinsanna, who left her husband in the State of Georgy, and kum to Luzanny an' got married to another man, the pisen varmint, to do sich as that and her own laful husband, for I no that he borrrerd a dollar of my sister Janes's sister to pay for the license and eatables for the crowd—but Blessed Master, where is I talking to!—well, as I sed, Miss Plyser made herself monstrous sick etin cold fride collards; wen I got where she was they had sent for the doctor, an' shortly arter I kum he cum, an' the fust thing he axed for arter he got in the house war for a handful of red-pepper pods—it war a monstrous fine time for pepper and other gardin truck that sesun—an' wen he got them he took a handful of lobely an' mixt the pepper-pods with it, an' then he poured hot bilin' water over it, and made a strong

decockshun. Jes as it was got reddy for 'ministering, but before it was giv, I heerd a screech owl holler on the gable end of the cabin. I sed then as I say now in the present case, that it was a sine and a forerunner that she was gwine to die, but the doctor in spite of my 'swadements, gin her a tin cup of the pepper and lobely, but I nude it war no use—the screech owl had hollered, and she war called fur; an' jes to think of a nice young 'ooman like her, with the purtiest pair of twins in the world, and as much alike as two pese, only one had black hare and lite ise, an' the other had black eyes and lite hare—bein' carrid to a grave by cold fride collards apeered a hard case, but the Lord is the Heavens an' he nose! Well, the first dose that he gin her didn't 'fect much, so he gin her another pint, an' then commenst stemin' her, when the pirsuration began to kum out, she sunk rite down, an' begun to siken awful; the cold fride collards began to kum up in gobs, but Blessed Master! it war too late, the screech owl had hollered, an' she flung up cold fride collards till she dide, poor creetur! the Lord be marsyfull to her poor soul! But I sed from the fust she wood die. Doctor, weed better see how Miss Jimsey is; it's no use to waste the 'Futifuge' on her, the screech owl has hollered, and she must go though all the doctors of a king war here; poor creetur! she has lived a long time, an' I 'speck her Lord and Master wants her."

And thus saying, the old lady preceded the way to the sick-room, myself and the five other old women bringing up the rear.

Somewhat, I thought, to the disappointment of the superstitious dames, we found the invalid still buried in a profound slumber, her regular placid breathing indicating that the proper functions of the system were being restored. I softly felt her pulse, and it, too, showed improvement. Leaving the room, we returned to the other cabin. I informed the family that she was much better, and if she did not have a return of the spasms by morning, and rested undisturbed in the mean time, that she would get well. But I saw that superstition had too deep a hold on their minds for my flattering opinion to receive their sanction. An incredulous shake of the head was nearly my only reply, except from the owl enthusiast.

"Doctor, you're mistaken, certin. The screech-owl has hollered, and she is boun to die—it's a sure sign, and can't fail!"

I saw the uselessness of argument, and therefore did not attempt to show them how ridiculous, nay irreligious, it was to entertain such notions, willing that the termination of the case should be the reply.

It would require a ponderous tome to contain all that passed in conversation during our vigils that night. Morning broke, and I went softly in to see if my patient still slept. The noise I made in crossing the rough floor aroused, and as I reached the bed-side, she half-raised herself up, and to my great delight accosted me in her perfect senses.

"I s'pose young man, you're a doctor, aint you?"

I assured her that her surmise was correct, and pressed her to cease talking and compose herself. She would not do it, however, but demanded to see the medicine I was giving her. I produced the

Arkansas Fitifuge, and as it was near the time that she should take a dose, I poured one out and gave it to her. Receiving it at first with evident disgust, with great reluctance she forced herself to drink a small quantity. I saw pleasure and surprise lighting up her countenance; she drank a little more—looked at me—took another sip—and then, as if to test it by the other senses, applied it to her nose; all the results were satisfactory, and she drank it to the dregs without a murmur.

"Doctor," said she, "ef you're a mineral fissishun, and this truck has got calomy in it, you needn't be afeard of salavat in me, and stop givin' it, for I won't git mad, ef my gums is a leetle touched!"

I assured her that the "Fitifuge" was perfectly harmless.

"It's monstrous pleasant truck, ennyhow! What did you say was the name of it?"

"Arkansas Fitifuge, madam, one of the best medicaments for spasmodic diseases that I have ever used. You were in fits last night when I arrived; but you see the medicine is effecting a cure, and you are now out of danger, although extreme quietude is highly necessary."

"Doctor, will you give me a leetle more of the truck? I declare it's monstrous pleasant. Doctor, I'm mity narvous, ginerally; don't you think I'd better take it pretty often through the day? Ef they'd sent for you sooner I wouldn't bin half as bad off. But, thank the Lord, you has proved a kapable fissishun, sent to me in the hour of need, an' I wont complane, but trust in a marsyful Save-yur!"

"How do you feel now, sister Jimsey? do you think you're looking up this mornin'?" was now asked by the lady of screech-owl memory.

"Oh, sister Ripson, thank the Lord, I do feel a power better this mornin', an' I think in the course of a day or two I will be able to get about agen."

"Well, marsyful Master, wonders will never stop! last nite I thot sure you cudent stand it till mornin', speshully arter I heerd the screech-owl holler! 'tis a mirrykul, sure, or else this is the wonderfulest doctor in creashun!"

"Did the screech-owl holler mor'n wunst, sister Ripson?"

"No, he only screeched wunst! Ef he'd hollered the second time, I'd defide all the doctors in the created wurd to 'ad cured you; the thing would have bin unpossible!"

Now as the aforesaid screech-owl had actually screeched twice, I must have effected an impossibility in making the cure; but I was unwilling to disturb the old lady in her delusion, and therefore, did not inform her of that, which she would have heard herself had she not been highly alarmed.

I directed the "Fitifuge" to be given at regular intervals through the day; and then amidst the blessings of the patient, the congratulations of the family for the wonderful cure I had effected, and their assurances of future patronage, took my departure for home, hearing as I left the house the same old lady who had underrated me at my entrance ejaculate, "Well, bless the Lord I didn't die last year of the yaller janders, or I'd never lived to see with my own eyes a doctor who could cure a body arter the screech-owl hollered!"

A Jew was observed noticing very intently at that ham, Mr. Jacobs." "I was saying to it, 'thou almost persuadest me to be a Christian.'"

## ANECDOTES OF WESTERN TRAVEL.

ANON. 184-.

AFTER a long and fatiguing day's ride over the prairies of Wisconsin, in the summer of 184-, Judge D\*\*\*, upon his semi-annual circuit through the territory, arrived at a farm house upon the borders of a large prairie, where he proposed passing the night. The proprietor of the establishment was absent, and his worthy spouse was left to do the honors of the house to such travellers as were occasionally forced to put up with the scanty accommodation she could offer.

Settlers were far apart in those days, and she was certain to get a call from all whom night happened to overtake in her vicinity. Mammy R\*\*\*\* was a native of the "Sucker State," and inherited many of the peculiarities of the primitive settlers. She scorned the luxuries and superfluities of the pampered matrons of the older states. Her domestic arrangements were such as to require the least amount of labor or care from her. There were no sofas, carpets, or other useless trumpery about her premises. Her wants were few and easily satisfied. She cared not what was the latest style of hat or dress; and as for shoes and stockings, they were regarded by her with the most "lofty despise." She had never cramped her understanding with any such effeminate finery. She stood five feet eleven, without shoes and stockings; her hair, which was the color of a red fox (in the spring), was allowed to fall loosely about her brown shoulders, very much to the annoyance of her guests, who often fancied they saw the ends of her locks making fantastic gyrations in the dish intended for their repast. The old woman was purely democratic in her domestic economy. She permitted her pigs, chickens, and all other live stock, to have free ingress to her house, and it was sometimes difficult, in a general *mêlée* of pigs, calves, and half-naked children, to distinguish one from the other. All appeared to possess an equal share in her good graces. She was assisted in her *ménage* by a lank, half-starved sucker, who officiated, in the absence of her lord, as major-domo, barkeeper, and hostler.

As the Judge drove up to the door, the old woman came out and said—

"Strang-ger, will ye tell me whar yer mought be gowin to put up, or prehaps you moughtn't?"

"Yes, my dear madam, I fear we shall be under the necessity of throwing ourselves upon your hospitality for the night. I trust you will not put yourself to any inconvenience on our account, as any little spare corner you may be so kind as to allow us, will suffice to make us perfectly snug and comfortable. I hope, madam, your health has been very good, since I had the pleasure of seeing you last; and how are all the little ones? Ah, I see they are looking superbly! Come here, my little man, and give me a kiss."

The mammy twisted her face into what she intended for a smile, at this gracious salutation; but she looked more as if she was attempting Davy Crockett's feat of grinning the bark off a white oak, while she replied—"Wal, old hoss, trot along into the cabin, and I'll yell for Sucker to tote your animals to the crib."

At this, she set up a scream that would not have disgraced the lungs of a Sioux warrior.

Sucker soon made his appearance, and assisted

the Judge's servant to attend to the horses. Upon entering the cabin, and inquiring if they could have supper, he was told that such a luxury as meat had not been seen in their larder for several weeks; that corn dodgers and milk were the best fixings the house afforded, and these were very scarce. Fortunately for the Judge, he had provided himself with a ham, to meet such contingencies, before he left home. This was soon drawn from his pannier, and placed in the hands of mammy, to be cooked for supper.

A very savory odor, issuing from the frying pan, soon diffused itself throughout the cabin, and found its way through the chinks of the logs to the olfactories of the Sucker at the stables, and made known to him the fact that a different kind of food was preparing, from what he had seen for a long time. He soon found himself seated near the fire, and cast very significant and approving glances at the meat, as it hissed and burned, over the hot coals of the mammy's fire.

Supper was, in due course of time, upon the table, and the old woman announced the welcome intelligence by saying—"Men, haul up!"

Before the Judge clearly comprehended this singular summons, the sucker was seated near the plate of ham, had commenced operations on the largest slice, and as the Judge drew his chair to the table, he said—

"Stranger, if that thar bacon aint some, may I be choked to death with a raw corn dodger. Don't be bashful, hoss, make a dash and go ahead; don't be backward 'bout goin far'ard!"

The Judge was so much astonished at the impudence of the fellow, that he could say nothing, but looked on in amazement. The sucker laid in lustily—slice after slice disappeared through his voracious jaws, until only one piece remained upon the platter. As bacon was rather scarce at this time of year, he concluded he would, upon this particular occasion, infringe a little upon the rules of etiquette, and made a thrust with his fork at the remaining slice. The Judge, who had been watching his operations in mute astonishment, had hardly commenced. As every slice disappeared from the platter, the chances of going to bed supperless continued to increase; this, together with the fact that his servant had not supp'd, threw him completely off his balance when the last piece was about to be taken. He thereupon seized a fork in both hands, raised it perpendicularly over the meat, and thrust it with tremendous force, just as the sucker was in the act of raising it from the platter, and leaning over the table towards him at the same time, he said—

"Are you aware, sir, that this meat is mine, and that I do not intend you shall have any more?"

"I war not aware of that, hoss, but a ham, like a turkey, are a monstrous inconvenient bird—a little too much for one, and not quite enough for two. I'm done—I'll absquatulate."

He then retired from the table, and left the Judge to finish his supper. This over, they collected around the fire, and passed off the evening in listening to several amusing anecdotes from the Judge. One of them I venture to relate, although it will appear in print but weak and feeble, when compared

to the rich, racy, quaint, and humorous style in which it came from his lips:—

When I came to the Western country, I took the route by New Orleans, and then embarked on a steamboat for St. Louis. Boats were much longer in making the trip then than they are at present, and passengers were compelled to resort to every expedient to while away the dull monotony of the voyage. We had on board a heterogeneous mass of humanity, from all parts of the United States. There was the backwoodsman and the Yankee, whose manners presented a very striking contrast, although originally coming from the same primitive stock. Yet the force of habit, association, and necessity, have made them antipodes. The latter of my countrymen has the reputation for being very inquisitive, yet as far as my experience goes, I must confess the Western man manifests as great a desire to obtain personal information, as his countrymen farther East. For example, I met with one man who approached me, and without any preliminaries, said—

“Wal, steamboat, whar ar you from?”

Knowing from his enunciation that he was a Western man, and might be prejudiced against a Yankee, I replied, “I’m from Virginia.”

“What part of Virginia?”

“Let me see—I’m from Norfolk.”

“Ah! I know a heap of folks in Norfolk. You know Mike Trotter?”

“No.”

“Know Jake Johnson?”

“No, I believe not.”

“Don’t know Jake? I thought everybody knew Jake. I suppose you know Billy Bennet?”

“I believe I——that is, I presume I do.”

“Presume! of course you do, if you war raised in Norfolk. How did Billy get out of that scrape with Sam Smith?”

“Well, I declare I’ve almost forgotten; but it strikes me that he settled it by arbitration, or something of that sort.”

“Settled the devil! Look here, steamboat, I

b’lieve you’re a d—d tight more of a Yankee than a Virginian!”

It was not long before another son of the West walked up to me, and said—

“Wal, hoss, I reckon thar’s no harm in asking whar you war raised?”

Having a compunctious streak pass over me about this time, I concluded that I would set at defiance local prejudices, and tell the truth; I replied—“Me? I’m from Connecticut, sir.”

“Connecticut! Connecticut! Con-net-ti-cut!” Closing up his left eye, and turning up the right towards the hearers—“I never hearn of that place afore, if I did d—n me.”

Among the passengers who came aboard at New Orleans was a “split me” young buck from New York, on a tour of pleasure through the Western States. He had never before been far from Broadway, and he regarded the time spent away from that fashionable resort, as so much time thrown away; it was a blank in his existence that could never be filled up. He had been but a few weeks absent, and was already becoming disgusted with the country, and longed to return to the gayeties of the city. His peculiarities were new to the backwoodsmen, and he was looked upon by them as an original, as belonging to a genius of the race biped, of which they had before no conception. He had brought with him from the city, all the paraphernalia of the wardrobe and toilet, and among other things, a very beautiful rose-wood dressing case, one of Tiffany’s latest importations. It stood in a conspicuous place in the gents’ cabin, and soon attracted the observation of the backwoodsmen.

Their curiosity was raised, and there were numerous speculations as to its use. One thought it a money-box, one a gun-case, and others, and the most knowing ones, thought that it was a Faro-box. The latter opinion, after a good deal of discussion, prevailed, and they arrived at the unanimous conclusion that the Broadway gent was a travelling “Leg” in disguise.

Thereupon they resolved to give him an invitation to “open,” and collecting together in the forward cabin, they appointed one of their number to intimate to the gentleman that his presence there with the necessary “tools,” would be agreeable to them.

The messenger was a double-fisted Mississippian, who soon found the exquisite, and approaching him, with the right side





of his face screwed up until the eye on that side closed, (intending it for a sly wink,) and beckoning with his finger towards him at the same time, said in a low tone of voice—

"It's all right, my boy; get out your old 'sody box' and come along, and give us a 'turn.'"

The dandy looked in perfect amazement as he said—"Ah—ah—ah!—what do you mean, fellow?"

"I say it's all O. K. down there"—pointing with his finger over his left shoulder—"thar's three or four of us down river boys ready to start the fires with a small pile o' 'chips.' You understand, now, so come along—come along."

"Dem you, sa, what do you mean? I declare I don't comprehend you, fellar."

"Oh, come along, we'll put 'er through straight from the mark, and pile on the chips until we bust you, or get bust ourselves; so don't try to play 'possum on this child. I say it aint no use."

At this, the dandy walked off in a furious passion, considering himself most grossly insulted, saying—"Ah, Captain, I believe—pon me honor I do—that the savage fellar means to blow up the boat!"

The sporting gents could not understand this, and they watched his motions all day, following him from one place to another. Go where he would they were sure to keep him in sight. Having occasion to go to his dressing case before night, they all collected around him, and looked over his shoulder while he was unlocking it. On raising the lid, the first article that presented itself was a pair of boot-hooks. When they saw this, one of them turned away with an air of disgust, saying to the others—"Why, he's one of them d—d dentistry chaps, after all."

Finding that they were not likely to get up a game, they were forced to resort to other expedients to while away the dull monotony of the voyage; and as the New Yorker was very credulous, some of them amused themselves at his expense, by relating to him the most improbable tales of backwoods adventures, hair-breadth escapes from savage wild beasts, the dangers of navigating Western rivers, blowing up of steamboats, running foul of snags, etc. etc. He swallowed them all, and they had such an effect upon his imagination, that he was afraid to venture out of sight of the boat when it stopped to take in wood, for fear, as he said, of "encountering a bear, or some other howible creature." He was constantly on the *qui vive* at night, expecting some accident to the boat, and would pace the deck for hours together, trembling at every pull of the engine, as if he expected the next to send him to the bottom. Seeing the captain come on deck one night, he approached him, when the following dialogue ensued:

"Ah—ah—ah, capting, do you really have any serious accidents on this howible river?"

"Accidents! my dear fellow! as a matter of course we do."

"Ah! and pray, capting! what is the nature of them?"

"Oh, sometimes we run foul of a snag, or sawyer; then again, we occasionally collapse a boiler, and blow up sky high."

"The devwal you do! you don't say so! does anybody ever get killed, capting?"

"Nothing is more common, my good fellow; but we soon get used to such little things, and don't mind them. If we get up to St. Louis without an accident, we may consider ourselves extremely fortunate."

The dandy looked perfectly aghast, and turned blue at this announcement.

"How perfectly howible, capting! I wish I was back in Bwoadway again, by quist I do."

By the time the Judge had finished this story, it was bedtime, and the mammy made up a field couch upon the floor in front of the fire, to which she consigned all her guests: the Judge took the soft side of a pine puncheon, and ensconcing himself as comfortably as possible, was soon courting the embraces of Morpheus. The family disappeared one by one, until finally none remained. Every thing had become perfectly still and quiet, except the measured and sonorous breathing of the sucker, upon whom the ham appeared to operate as a powerful opiate. The Judge had fallen into a restless doze, and was dreaming of hungry suckers and cannibals. He fancied himself upon a boundless prairie, pursued by a pack of suckers on all fours, following him with the speed of race-horses, and giving tongue at every jump like so many blood-hounds; but instead of unmeaning howls, their enunciation was distinct and audible, every note of which fell upon his ears like a death-knell—it seemed to say "h-a-m! h-a-m! h-a-a-m!" He exerted himself to the utmost to escape his savage pursuers, but notwithstanding all his efforts, they appeared to gain on him.

And on, on, on! no stop, no stay!  
Up hill, down dale, and far away!

He occasionally cast his eyes back to see if they did not begin to tire, but no; the further they went the faster they came. They bounded over hill and valley, with the constant cry of h-a-m, h-a-m, h-a-m! until finally, the Judge, becoming weak and exhausted, sank down upon the prairie, and awaited the coming of the foremost sucker, who, foaming at the mouth, and snapping his teeth like a hungry wolf, seized him by the thigh with his teeth, and threw him over his head. Turning around, he seized him again, and repeated the operation, until the Judge fancied the features of his face became changed into those of a hog. He ventured to put out his hand to ascertain if it was tangible, when a sensation of cold ran through his frame, and a tremendous punch in the ribs, accompanied with an ugh—ugh—ugh—awoke him.

He found to his great astonishment that his hand was holding a hog by the snout, that had taken possession of the side of his bed nearest the door, and was manifesting his displeasure at the familiarity of the Judge by the savage grunts that had awakened him. Being an old voyager, he did not let this little mishap disturb him in the least, but very quietly and deliberately raised a puncheon which he found loose under his bed, and thrusting down mister hog, he closed the hole, and slept quietly until morning.

The next morning he arose early and resumed his journey, leaving the sucker and the mammy in great distress at the supposed loss of their pig.

"DEAR SON, come home. A rolling stone gathers no moss. Your affectionate mother, till death."

"DEAR MOTHER, I won't come home. A sitting hen never gets fat. Your obedient son."

## JOHNNY BEEDLE'S COURTSHIP.

BY J. W. M'CLINTOCK. 184—.

AFTER my sleigh-ride last winter, and the slippery tricks I was served by Patty Bean, nobody would suspect me of hankering after the women again in a hurry. To hear me rave and take on, and rail out against the whole feminine gender, you would have taken it for granted that I should never so much as look at one again, to all eternity. Oh, but I was wicked! "Darn their 'ceitful eyes," says I; "blame their skins, torment their hearts, and drot them to darnation!"

Finally, I took an oath, and swore that if I ever meddled, or had any dealings with them again—in the sparking line, I mean—I wish I might be hung and choked. But swearing off from women, and then going into a meeting-house chockfull of gals, all shining and glistening in their Sunday clothes and clean faces, is like swearing off from liquor and going into a grog-shop—it's all smoke.

I held out, and kept firm to my oath for three whole Sundays, forenoons, a'ternoons, and intermissions, complete; on the fourth, there were strong symptoms of a change of weather. A chap, about my size, was seen on the way to the meeting-house, with a new patent hat on, his head hung by the ears upon a shirt-collar, his cravat had a pudding in it, and branched out in front into a double-bow-knot. He carried a straight back, and a stiff neck, as a man ought to when he has his best clothes on, and every time he spit, he sprung his body forward like a jack-knife, in order to shoot clear of the ruffles.

Squire Jones' pew is next but two to mine; and when I stand up to prayers and take my coat-tail under my arm, and turn my back to the minister, I naturally look quite straight at Sally Jones.

Now Sally has got a face not to be grinned at in a fog. Indeed, as regards beauty, some folks think she can pull an even yoke with Patty Bean. For my part, I think there is not much boot between them. Anyhow, they are so well matched that they have hated and despised each other like rank poison, ever since they were school-girls.

Squire Jones had got his evening fire on, and set himself down to read the great Bible, when he heard a rap at his door.

"Walk in." Well, John, how der do? Git out, Pompey!"

"Pretty well, I thank you, Squire; and how do you do?"

"Why, so as to be crawling. Ye ugly beast, will ye hold yer yop! Haul up a chair, and sit down, John."

"How do you do, Mrs. Jones?"

"Oh, middlin'. How's yer marm?"

"Don't forget the mat there, Mr. Beedle."

This put me in mind that I had been off soundings several times in the long muddy lane, and my boots were in a sweet pickle.

It was now old Captain Jones' turn, the grandfather; being roused from a doze by the bustle and rattle, he opened both his eyes, at first with wonder and astonishment. At last, he began to halloo so loud that you might hear him a mile; for he takes it for granted that every body is just exactly as deaf as he is.

"Who is it, I say? Who in the world is it?"

Mrs. Jones going close to his ear, screamed out, "It's Johnny Beedle!"

"Ho, Johnny Beedle! I remember he was one summer at the siege of Boston."

"No, no, father; bless your heart, that was his grandfather, that's been dead and gone this twenty years!"

"Ho! But where does he come from?"

"Daown taown."

"Ho! And what does he foller for a livin'?"

And he did not stop asking questions after this sort, till all the particulars of the Beedle family were published and proclaimed in Mrs. Jones' last screech. He then sunk back into his doze again.

The dog stretched himself before one andiron, the cat squat down before the other. Silence came on by degrees, like a calm snow-storm, till nothing was heard but a cricket under the hearth, keeping time with a sappy, yellow-birch forestick. Sally sat up prim as if she were pinned to the chair-back, her hands crossed genteelly upon her lap, and her eyes looking straight into the fire. Mammy Jones tried to straighten herself too, and laid her hands across her lap; but they would not lay still. It was full twenty-fours since they had done any work, and they were out of all patience with keeping Sunday. Do what she would to keep them quiet, they would bounce up now and then, and go through the motions, in spite of the Fourth Commandment.

For my part, I sat looking very much like a fool. The more I tried to say something, the more my tongue stuck fast. I put my right leg over the left, and said, "Hem!" Then I changed, and put the left over the right. It was no use, the silence kept coming on thicker and thicker. The drops of sweat began to crawl all over me. I got my eye upon my hat, hanging on a peg on the road to the door, and then I eyed the door. At this moment, the old Captain all at once sung out:

"Johnny Beedle!"

It sounded like a clap of thunder, and I started right up an eend.

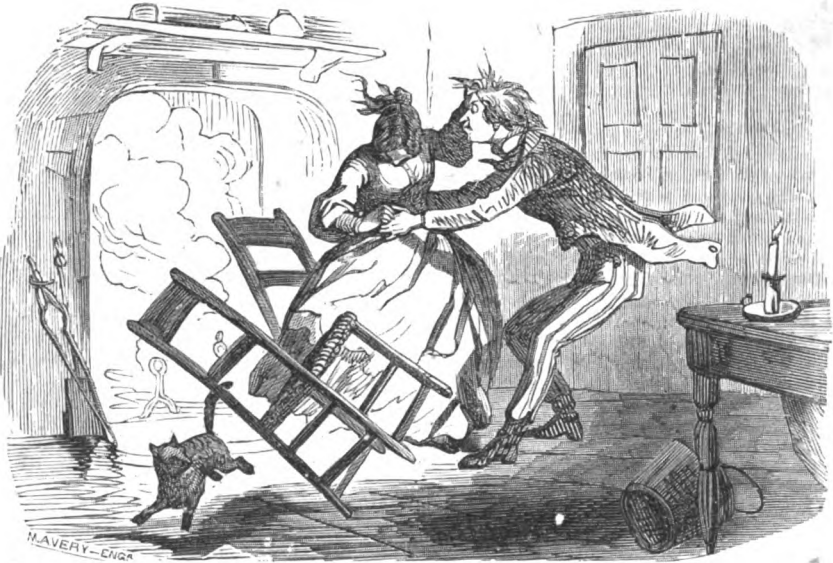
"Johnny Beedle, you'll never handle sich a drumstick as your father did, if you live to the age of Methuseler. He would toss up his drumsticks, and while it was wheelin' in the air, take off a gill er rum, and then ketch it as it come down, without losin' a stroke in the tune. What d'ye think of that, ha? But scull your chair round close alongside er me, so you can hear. Now what have you come arter?"

"I arter? Oh, jist takin' a walk. Pleasant walkin'. I guess I mean, jist to see how ye all do."

"Ho, that's another lie! You've come a courtin', Johnny Beedle, and you're a'ter our Sal. Say, now, do you want to marry, or only to court?"

This is what I call a choker. Poor Sally made but one jump, and landed in the middle of the kitchen; and then she skulked in the dark corner, till the old man, after laughing himself into a whooping-cough, was put to bed.

Then came apples and cider, and the ice being broke, plenty of chat with Mammy Jones about the minister and the "sarmon." I agreed with her to a nicety upon all the points of doctrine, but I had



forgot the text and all the heads of the discourse but six.

Then she teased and tormented me to tell who I accounted the best singer in the gallery that day. But, mum! there was no getting that out of me.

"Praise to the face, is open disgrace," says I, throwing a sly squint at Sally.

At last, Mrs. Jones lighted t'other candle, and after charging Sally to look well to the fire, she led the way to bed, and the Squire gathered up his shoes and stockings and followed.

Sally and I were left sitting a good yard apart, honest measure. For fear of getting tongue-tied again, I set right in with a steady stream of talk. I told her all the particulars about the weather that was past, and also made some pretty 'cute guesses at what it was like to be in future. At first, I gave a hitch up with my chair at every full stop; then, growing saucy, I repeated it at every comma and semicolon; and at last, it was hitch, hitch, litch, and I planted myself fast by the side of her.

"I swow, Sally, you looked so plaguy handsome to-day, that I wanted to eat you up!"

"Pshaw! get along you," said she.

My hand had crept along, somehow, upon its fingers, and begun to scrape acquaintance with hers. She sent it home again with a desperate jerk. Try it again—no better luck.

"Why, Miss Jones, you're gettin' upstropelous; a little old maidish, I guess."

"Hands off is fair play, Mr. Beedle."

It is a good sign to find a girl sulky. I knew where the shoe pinched—it was that are Patty Bean business. So I went to work to persuade her that I had never had any notion after Patty, and to prove it, I fell to running her down at a great rate. Sally could not help chiming in with me; and I rather guess Miss Patty suffered a few. I now not only got hold of her hand without opposition, but managed to slip my arm round her waist. But there was no satisfying me; so I must go to poking out my lips after a kiss. I guess I rued it. She fetched me a slap in the face, that made me see stars, and my ears rung like a brass kettle, for a quarter of an hour. I was forced to laugh at the

joke, though out of the wrong side of my mouth, which gave my face something the look of a grid-iron. The battle now began in the regular way.

"Ah, Sally, give me a kiss, and ha' done with it, now?"

"I won't, so there, nor tech to—"

"I'll take it, whether or no."

"Do it, if you dare!"

And at it we went, rough and tumble. An odd destruction of starch now commenced; the bow of my cravat was squat up in half a shake. At the next bout, smash went shirt-collar; and at the same time some of the head fastenings gave way, and down come Sally's hair in a flood, like a mill-dam let loose, carrying away half a dozen combs. One dig of Sally's elbow, and my blooming ruffles wilted down to a dish-cloth. But she had no time to boast. Soth her neck tackling began to shiver; it parted at the throat, and whorah came a whole shule of blue and white beads, scampering and running races every which way about the floor.

By the hookey, if Sally Jones is not real grit, there's no snakes. She fought fair, however, I must own, and neither tried to bite or scratch; and when she could fight no longer, she yielded handsomely. Her arms fell down by her sides, her head back over her chair, her eyes closed, and there lay her little plump mouth, all in the air. Lord, did ye ever see a hawk pounce upon a young robin, or a bumble-bee upon a clover top? I say nothing.

Consarn it, how a buss will crack of a still, frosty night! Mrs. Jones was about half way between asleep and awake.

"There goes my yeast bottle," says she to herself, "burst into twenty hundred pieces; and my bread is all dough again."

The upshot of the matter is, I fell in love with Sally Jones, head over ears. Every Sunday night, rain or shine, finds me rapping at Squire Jones's door; and twenty times have I been within a hair's breadth of popping the question. But now I have made a final resolve, and if I live till next Sunday right, and I don't get choked in the trial, Sally Jones will hear thunder.





Portrait of John Smith, 1850s.

John Smith

John Smith, 1850s.

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## REFERENCES

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The first of these is the fact that the film is a
 masterpiece of technical achievement. The
 cinematography is superb, and the editing is
 flawless. The sound is also excellent, and the
 music is a masterpiece in itself. The film is
 a true work of art, and it is a pleasure to
 watch it.

Agent of the State once told me that he had asked Mr. Taylor's opinion of his action in the case of Maria. Taylor had replied, "I have no objection," and Booth had acknowledged *his* *self* *heard*.

ONE MAN UP HIS TIGHT PLAYS MANY PARTS.

We had seven but four men and two ladies, and, with children, we paid "eleven." To those accustomed with *campesinos*, the cost was excessive. (p. 204)

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## ANECDOTES OF ACTORS.

FROM "THE THEATRICAL APPRENTICESHIP AND JOURNEYNWORK OF SOL. SMITH." 1845.

## BEHIND THE SCENES

THE memoirs of the company were all strangers to me; consequently my free admission did not continue; and as my brothers did not allow me funds for the purpose, I had considerable difficulty in procuring admission. For hours together I have concealed myself behind old pieces of scenery in the carpenter's gallery, waiting for an opportunity to slip into the front of the house, satisfied with what I could hear of the dialogue going on below. At length, of even this poor privilege I was deprived; for the carpenters having discovered my retreat, I was ordered, with awful threatenings, to leave the premises, and never to make my appearance in that part of the house again. I was literally "turned out." But would I *stay* turned out? Not by any manner of means. "Richard the Third" was advertised for performance—Richard, by Mr. Somebody—I forget who, now—but it was some great man. I could not resist the attraction—go I must, and go I did.

About four o'clock, P. M. I entered the back-door, which happened to be unguarded at the time, and went up to my old quarters in the carpenter's gallery. I felt my way in the dark until I found something which appeared to be a large box, into which I popped without the least hesitation, and closed the lid. For more than two hours I lay concealed, safe, as I thought, from discovery. At length the bustle of the carpenters, and tuning of instruments in the orchestra, announced that the operations of the evening were about to commence. The curtain rose, and I ventured to peep down upon the stage. I was delighted; I could see all that was going on—myself unseen. The second act was about to begin, and I was luxuriating on the pleasure I should derive from the "courtship scene" of Richard and Lady Anne, when I heard four or five men making their way directly to my hiding-place. I had barely time to enter my box, and close the door, (or lid,) when I found to my utter dismay, that the box was the object of their search; in short, as you will already have anticipated, *I was shut up in King Henry's coffin!* Here was a situation for a stage-struck hero! The coffin was taken up, the men remarking "it was devilish heavy," and I felt myself conveyed downstairs, and placed upon the bier. Since I had been carried so far, I made up my mind to carry the joke a little further. So I laid quiet as the "injured king" would have lain, had he been in my place, and was carried by four strong supernumeraries on the stage, followed by the weeping Lady Anne and all the court. Little did the lady imagine she was weeping over a living corpse! For my part, I perspired most profusely, and longed for an opportunity to escape. When I was carried off "to Whitefriars" to be interred, that is to say, in stage parlance, when the procession moved off, "L. H. U. E." the supers were desired to replace the coffin in the carpenter's gallery. Being awkward, (did you ever see supernumeraries who were not?) and finding their load rather heavy, they turned and tumbled it about in such a way, that I could not bear it any longer, and was obliged to call out. The men

dropped their precious burden, and ran away in affright, which gave me an opportunity to make my escape from the coffin, and exit through the back-door. I afterwards heard that the affair had made a great noise in the theatre at the time of its occurrence; the four men declaring that a hollow voice had issued from the coffin, bidding them to "put it down and be d—d to them!" and the carpenters affirming, on the contrary, that when they opened the coffin, they had found it empty.

The four supernumerary gentlemen never visited the playhouse again, but immediately joined the church. One of them, I believe, has become a notorious preacher, and never spares the theatre or theatrical people in his sermons, telling his hearers that he had a most mysterious warning when he was a young man!

## AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

I never knew any good to come from Thespian societies; and I have known them to be productive of much harm. Performing plays with success (and Thespians are always successful) inevitably begets, in the performer, a desire for an enlarged sphere of action. If he can please his townsmen and friends, why should he not delight a metropolitan audience? He becomes dissatisfied with his profession or business, whatever it may be; applies to a manager for a first appearance in a regular theatre—appears—fails—takes to drink, and is ruined. Then to see the inordinate vanity of those amateurs who occasionally "volunteer" for some charitable purpose; the airs of consequence they give themselves; the ignorance they betray of a profession which they degrade by adopting even for a single night. The consummate impudence with which they strut before the public in the highest characters! Not a shadow of fright about them—Oh no! Their friends are in the house to applaud them, whether they deserve applause or not. Their success is not doubtful—the thing is settled—they *must* succeed—and they generally *do*; for applause is bountifully and indiscriminately showered upon them, and they are, in their own minds, immensely great actors before they have the slightest knowledge of the first rudiments of the profession.

A gentleman actor once told me that he had asked Mr. Booth's opinion of his acting in the character of Richard, and that Booth had acknowledged *himself beat*.

## ONE MAN IN HIS TIME PLAYS MANY PARTS.

We had now but four men and two ladies, and, with this number, we played "Pizarro." To those unacquainted with *country theatricals*, the cast will be a curiosity: (1820.)

Pizarro, the Spanish general	}	Mr. S. Drake.
Ataliba, king of Quito,		
Rolla, the Peruvian leader,	}	Mr. Fisher.
Las Casas, a Spanish priest,		
Alonzo, joined with the Peruvians,	}	Mr. A. Drake.
Orozembo, an old cacique,		

High Priest of the Sun,	}	. Mr. Sol. Smith.
Almagro, a Spanish officer,		
Blind man,		
Sentinel,		
Valverde, secretary,		
Guards,	}	. Miss Fisher.
Peruvian boy,		
Elvira,		
Priestess of the Sun,		
Cora,		
Child,	}	. Mrs. Fisher.
		. Mrs. Mongin.
		. Miss A. Fisher.

Thus, Sam Drake, (as Pizarro,) after planning an attack on the unoffending Peruvians while engaged in worship "at their ungodly altars," and assigning his generals (*me*) their "several posts," in the next act is seen (as Ataliba) leading the Indian warriors to battle, declaring that "straight forward will he march, until he sees his people free, or they behold their monarch fall!" He is victorious; and goes to offer up thanks to the gods therefor,—when, presto! on comes the same man again (as Pizarro) smarting under the stings of defeat!

Fisher (as Las Casas) calls down a curse on the heads of the Spaniards—throws off his cloak; drops his cross; doffs his gray wig, and appears in the next scene as the gallant Rolla, inciting his "brave associates" to deeds of valor! Alexander Drake, as Orozembo, in the first scene gives an excellent character of the youth Alonzo, pronouncing him to be a "nation's benefactor"—he is then stuck under the fifth rib by a Spanish soldier, (that's me again,) and is carried off by his murderer;—he then slips off his shirt and scull-cap, claps on a touch of red paint, and behold! he is the blooming Alonzo, and engaged in a quiet *tête-à-tête* with his Indian spouse!

For my own part, I was the Spanish army entire! but my services were not confined to that party.—Between whiles I had to officiate as High Priest of the Sun—then lose both of my eyes, and feel my way, guided by a little boy, through the heat of the battle, to tell the audience what was going on behind the scenes; afterwards, my sight being restored, and my black cloak dropped, I was placed as a sentinel over Alonzo! Besides, I was obliged to find the sleeping child; fight a blow or two with Rolla; fire off three guns at him while crossing the bridge; beat the alarm drum, and do at least two-thirds of the shouting! Some may think my situation was no sinecure; but being a novice, all my exertions were nothing in comparison with those of the Drakes—particularly Sam, who frequently played two or three parts in one play, and after being killed in the last scene, was obliged to *fall far enough off the stage to play slow music as the curtain descended!*

Our stage was ten feet wide, and eight feet deep. When we played pieces that required bridges and mountains, we had not much room to spare; indeed I might say we were somewhat crowded.

#### AN ACCIDENTAL APPEARANCE.

On the first night of Cooper's engagement the following whimsical incident occurred—Othello was the play: (Cincinnati.)

The fame of the great tragedian had drawn a crowded audience, composed of every description of persons, and among the rest a country lass of sixteen, whom (not knowing her real name) we will call Peggy. Peggy had never before seen the in-

side of a playhouse. She entered at the time Othello was making his defence before the duke and senators; the audience were unusually attentive to the play, and Peggy was permitted to walk in the lobby, until she arrived at the door of the stage box, when a gentleman handed her in, without withdrawing his eyes from the celebrated performer, and her beau, a country boy, was obliged to remain in the lobby. Miss Peggy stared about for a moment, as if doubting whether she was in her proper place, till, casting her eyes on the stage, she observed several chairs unoccupied. It is probable this circumstance alone would not have induced her to take the *step* she did—but she observed the people on the stage appeared more at their ease than those among whom she was standing, and with all much more sociable—and, as fate would have it, just at the moment, Othello looking nearly towards the place where she was situated, exclaimed: "Here comes the lady."



The senators half rose, in expectation of seeing the gentle Desdemona, when lo! the maiden from the country, stepped from the box plump on the stage and advanced towards the expecting Moor! It is impossible to give any idea of the confusion that followed; the audience clapped and cheered—the duke and senators forgot their dignity—the girl was ready to sink with consternation—even Cooper himself, could not help joining in the general mirth; the uproar lasted for several minutes, until the gentleman who had handed her in the box, helped the blushing girl out of her unpleasant situation. It was agreed by all present that a lady never made her debut on any stage with more eclat than Miss Peggy.

#### THE MANAGER IN DISTRESS.

On our way from Wheeling to Steubenville, we passed through the small village of Wellsburgh, Va. Being urged by the inhabitants to perform one night, and hoping to raise a sufficient sum to pay our carriage-hire, we consented. A room was soon

fitted up, and bills were issued. The time fixed upon for the curtain to rise was "eight o'clock precisely," as the bills have it. "Eight o'clock precisely" came precisely at eight o'clock; but there came not one living being in the shape of an auditor! "Not one by Heavens." On inquiry, our landlord informed us that the price of admission was too high, and the Wellsburghers were unanimously determined that we should come down with our price of tickets before they would come up to our room. There was no alternative—the price of tickets was reduced to "fifty cents each, children half price," and the Virginians "came at last to comfort us," to the number of full thirty. Between the play and after-piece (the *play* was the "Blue Devils," and the afterpiece the "Poor Soldier") the landlord, who acted as our doorkeeper for the time, informed me the sheriff wished to see me for the purpose of serving a writ, a complaint having been entered that we were *showing* without license. Our receipts were fifteen dollars—the penalty we had unwittingly incurred was forty. *Paying* it was out of the question. I could not think of going to prison. Outwitting the sheriff was my only chance. It was Saturday night. I directed the doorkeeper to invite Mr. Sheriff to take a seat among the auditors, and I would attend him as soon as our performance should conclude. This was satisfactory to the officer. He seated himself, and enjoyed the entertainment very much. By introducing a few additional songs, I contrived that the curtain should not fall until after twelve o'clock. The good-natured sheriff was then invited behind the scenes, and he proceeded to execute the writ, apologizing for the necessity which compelled him to perform the disagreeable duty. "My dear sir," said I, leisurely proceeding with my undressing arrangements, "don't apologize—these things must be done, but why did you not serve your writ some minutes ago? You are now too late." "Too late! How so?"—"Why, my dear sir, it is *Sunday*, and I make it a rule never to transact business, particularly *law* business, on the Sabbath." The sheriff here consulted his watch, and found he had been overreached. "Sure enough, it is past twelve, I do believe, and I don't think I can touch you. Well, curse me if I can be angry with you, Mr. Darby. Come all hands, and take a drink." On Monday morning we were in Ohio, where old Virginia could not reach us.

#### THE LIVE WAX WORK.

A few years since, a Mr. Langton and two or three other "undone devils," had recourse to the following expedient to raise the wind: They engaged themselves to the proprietor of a museum, to dress and stand up in the show cases for *wax figures*! Langton personated the effigy of General Jackson, and was much admired for his *natural* appearance. He has since told me that he never "went on" for a character which proved so difficult to personate as the Old Hero.—He was about "throwing up the part" several times, but the prospect of his dollar and a half restrained him; so he stood out his three hours, and got his money—though he says, "by the eternal," he would not do it again for twice the sum!

We next proceeded to Paris, (Ky.) and opened with the "Honey Moon." I observed that a countryman entered the theatre before the candles were

lit, and seated himself on the centre of the front bench; presently, as the audience began to congregate, he became surrounded by ladies, who seated themselves each side of and behind him. He did not turn his eyes to the right or to the left, but kept them fixed on the performers. When I came on as the *Mock Duke*, I observed him sitting in the manner described, with his face leaning on both his hands. As I seated myself to hear the complaint of Juliana against her husband, he and I were not more than five feet apart, facing each other. He leaned further forward than usual, straining his eyes to take a still closer view of my features. All of a sudden, as if he had been convinced of some very important fact, he jumped up, and striking his hands together with great force, exclaimed aloud, "*I'll be d—d if it's wax!*" The uproar this occasioned among the audience caused the gentleman to look round; he seemed to be sensible, for the first time, where he was; his ludicrous appearance on making this discovery, caused a still louder laugh, which presently increased into a real *Kentucky yell*; and the uproar did not subside until the cause of all this mirth had made a retreat.

#### GENUINE APPRECIATION OF THE DRAMA.

In Nicolesville, we were performing the farce of "*Lovers' Quarrels*." The theatre was in the ballroom, and the landlord was in the habit of going *behind the scenes* to witness the performance. On account of his *belonging to the church*, he did not wish to be *seen in front*. In the first scene, when "Carlos" was making a present of his watch, purse, etc., to Jacinta for her good news, I (as "Sancho") advised him to save something with which to pay his board. At this moment our religious landlord popped his head on the stage and said, "Mr. Smith, don't mind your board, go on with your play just as you would—if you hav'n't the money at the end of the week, I'll wait." He was honored with a thundering round of applause, and he *backed out*.

While performing the "Stranger" at Clarkesville, one of our auditors became so interested in the last scene, that he got up and addressed my brother as follows:—"Come, Smith, look over what's past and take back your wife, for I'll be d—d if you'll get such another in a hurry!"

This reminds me of a similar effect produced by the performance of the "Gambler's Fate" in Huntsville, several years afterwards. During the last scene of that most thrilling drama, where Albert Germaine and his family are represented in a state of actual starvation, a country gentleman in one of the side boxes, suddenly rose up,—"I cannot stand this," said he, in a voice loud enough to be heard all over the house. "Gentlemen, I propose we make up something for this woman." He was here admonished by certain "hushes," "sit-downs," and "orders," that his proposition did not meet with much favor—on the contrary it was received with considerable laughter, while a whispered intimation came to his ear from a friend at his elbow, that the distress of the family was all *sham*! "Gentlemen," continued the charitable country auditor, "you may 'hush' and 'order' as much as you please—for my part, I don't see any thing to laugh at; you see the woman hasn't any thing to eat; and that poor little child of hers seems almost famished: now I wouldn't give the rascal, her husband, the first red cent; he doesn't deserve any pity; but really the woman hasn't deserved this distress; she has rolloved her

husband through all his wanderings; and left her friends, where she was comfortable, to follow this scamp. Gentlemen, you may laugh, but here goes my V!" And sure enough, he threw a pocket-book. "There, my good woman—Mrs. Germaine, or whatever your name may be, take that! Send for something to eat, and make yourself comfortable; but let me advise you not to let your husband know anything about it; or he'll lose it at the first faro-bank he meets with, as sure as h—ll! and now," continued the philanthropist, settling himself in his seat, "now go on with the play."

#### TOM, THE MAN AT THE CURTAIN.

TOM is a character. I remember him when he was a chubby little red-haired boy: he is now a very large freckle-faced man. I cannot call to mind my first acquaintance with him; indeed I don't believe, when I come to think of it, that I have any acquaintance with him. All I know of him is, ever since I can remember *he has been within call*, and has obeyed every order given, with the most scrupulous exactness, and at every hazard! Tom is always about the theatre. By some chance or other, he was placed, ten or fifteen years ago, "at the curtain," in St. Louis; that is to say, he was required on some emergency to turn the wheel which draws up the curtain; and he has stuck to that wheel ever since! When I say that wheel, I do not mean the veritable wheel that he was first placed at—no;—he has followed the company to every place and to all places, and has turned every wheel of every curtain that has been drawn up by order and by the direction of the time-honored firm of Ludlow and Smith, through all the turnings of fortune's wheel during a series of eventful years! The old theatre on Second street, commonly called the "Salt House," was probably the first scene of Tom's official duties. There he was, for years, perched upon a platform, about six feet above the prompter's head, grinning at the plays, and ready, without warning, to obey the bell. He was a fixture—always there, and never out of the way when wanted. This was not all. At an early age, I remember he was very watchful of the other officials behind the scenes, and every neglect of duty was duly noticed by Tom, and a juvenile cursing was duly administered to every delinquent. All bore with him—all liked Tom.

A new theatre was built in Mobile, in 1835. In the hurry of business, we neglected to employ a man to raise the curtain; nevertheless, at the ringing of the bell, the curtain went up—Tom was there. I do not know to this day how Tom in those days obtained his bread. He *slept* in the theatre—up by the curtain wheel.

The new St. Louis theatre was erected in 1837—Tom obeyed the bell, and has taken his station at the wheel, and drawn up the curtain every night of every season since. In 1840, another new theatre was built in Mobile. Mr. Ludlow, before the arrival of the company, unthinkingly engaged a man to raise the curtain. On the first night of performance, while the overture was being played, I heard a slight bustle above my head, and was about inquiring into the cause of the disturbance, when a human body fell at my feet, nearly senseless—it was the new curtain man! I looked up, and behold! Tom's face was peeping out from among the pulleys and ropes, like a large pumpkin from its own vines.

"Hollo, above there!" I hailed.

"Ay, ay, sir!" answered Tom.

"What's the meaning of this?" I inquired.

"The meaning is, sir," replied Tom—"that the fellow who lies there was interloping, sir—pretended he was engaged in *my place*! Ho! ho! ho!"

I pacified the knocked-down individual, and sent him away, leaving Tom in quiet and undisputed possession of his elevated post.

How did Tom travel? He was always on the boats that I travelled on—always looking out for the freight—always seeing to its embarkation and debarkation—and always cursing those who neglected their duty. He was the last to leave the theatre at the closing of a season, and the first to enter it on commencing a campaign. If any one was at a loss for a key—"where's Tom?" was the first inquiry, Tom could tell all about the keys—Tom could open every door.

After a number of years' close attention to business, Tom hinted that he was now "big enough" to receive a salary—so Tom's salary for raising the curtain was fixed at three dollars per week—but he earned something more by carrying to and from the theatre the bundles and boxes of the performers.

In latter years, Tom has been doing a pretty good business. He has earned, on an average, besides his salary for turning the wheel, about four dollars per week. Without orders, he takes the place of any one who happens to be absent, either from sickness or other cause.

On salary days, Tom's face is seen at twelve o'clock, peeping through the banisters, of the stairs leading to the director's room.

"Well, Tom, what do we owe you this week?"

"Why, sir," replies Tom—"I have been property man two days, that's three dollars—second carpenter four nights, eight dollars—paint-grinder half a day, fifty cents—back-doorkeeper one night, one dollar—and gas-man two nights and part of another, four dollars—in all, sixteen dollars and fifty cents—my salary added, makes nineteen dollars and fifty cents, sir."

"Very well, Tom, there it is."

"Thank you, sir!" Exit Tom, who is immediately after heard down in the vestibule—"Look here, you loafers! See how a *gentleman* is paid for his services. Ho! ho! ho!—But I'll be liberal—come down with me to the Shades, and I'll treat you all."

To while away the time on board of steamboats, we have frequently established "Courts of Un-Common Pleas." The mandates of these courts are generally obeyed with alacrity by the passengers; but once in a while a contumacious individual is found who cannot enjoy a joke, and who objects to be "fooled with." Whenever it has been my fortune to be appointed judge, I have stipulated that the sheriff should appoint Tom one of his deputies; and wo to the man who attempted to resist him. A word from me was enough for Tom—"Bring Such-a-one before the court!" "Ay, ay, sir," Tom would answer,—and a "return forthwith" would be made of the corpus required—sometimes minus a coat, which would be sacrificed in the useless struggle. I verily believe if I should command Tom to throw a man overboard, he would not hesitate a moment to obey me!

Tom can speak French as well as English, and can read and write very well in both languages—though where he *learned* to do any thing, except wind up curtains, I cannot tell.

Tom's appearance is very much like what we may suppose was that of the "Douglass creature," in Scott's *Rob Roy*.

A couple of years ago, Tom had some money left him by a relative—no one knew till then that Tom ever *had* a relative—and after dressing himself in



the best suit that could be had at Martin's, he spent the whole legacy in *hiring horses*!—taking especial care, however, to be at his post in time to wind up the curtain each night.

In the summer of 1843, there occurred a long vacation. On reopening, the bell was rung as usual, and (of course) the curtain rose—but it rose slowly—very slowly! "What can this mean?" I asked the master carpenter. "I believe, sir," replied Ellsworth, "Tom is not well—he got in late—he appears hurt." I ascended the winding stairs to the wheel, and there lay poor Tom, holding on to the crank,—which he had not been able to make fast—pale and haggard, and his skin hanging about his bones like—like—I can't think of a simile; but his appearance bore about as much resemblance to his former self as a *raisin* bears to a *ripe grape*. "Why, what's the matter with you, Tom?" I asked, soothingly, after relieving him of the crank; "What is the matter with you?"

Tom looked up gratefully into my face, and replied, "Ah, sir! they've played the d—l with my innards—stabbed me in eleven places!"

"Who have played the d—l with you?—who have stabbed you?" "Those cursed Mexicans, sir—the traders. I started with 'em for Santa Fe, just to fill up the vacation; but I hadn't gone more than seven hundred miles beyond Independence, when the infernal dark-skinned rascals picked a quarrel with me, because I wouldn't worship the Virgin every morning, and all stuck their knives into me."

Poor Tom!

"And didn't you wound any of them?" I asked.

"Wound any of 'em?" echoed Tom—"well, I believe you! I wound THREE OF THEM UP! They'll

never worship any more Virgins, in this world, I believe," he answered.

Tom recovered—and he continues to wind up the curtain nightly!

#### PIZARRO—AN UNREHEARSED STAGE EFFECT.

"Pizarro" was one of our most popular stock plays. My brother Lem's *Rolla* was his best tragic character; when dressed for the part, he *looked* every inch an Indian chief. At Columbus, Ga., we produced this tragedy *with real Indians for the Peruvian army*. The effect was very *striking*, but there were some unrehearsed effects not set down in the bills. I had bargained with a chief for twenty-four Creek Indians, (to furnish their own bows, arrows, and tomahawks,) at 50 cents each, and a glass of whiskey. Unfortunately for the entire success of the performance, the whiskey was paid, and drank, in advance, causing a great degree of exhilaration among our new *supes*. They were ranged at the back of the theatre building in an open lot, during the performance of the first act; and on the commencement of the second, they were marshalled into the back door, and posted upon the stage behind the scenes. The entrance of *Rolla* was the signal for a "shout" by the company, carpenters, and scene-shifters—the Indians, supposing *their time had come*, raised such a yell as I am sure had never before been heard inside a theatre. This outburst being *que'ed*, the scene between Alonzo, Cora, and the Peruvian chief was permitted to proceed to its termination uninterrupted; but when the scene changed to the "Temple of the Sun," disclosing the troops of *Rolla* (his "brave associates, partners of his toil, his feelings, and his fame,") drawn up on each side of the stage in battle array, the plaudits of the audience were answered by whoops and yells that might be, and no doubt were, heard a mile off. Order being partially restored, *Rolla* addressed his army, and was greeted with another series of shouts and yells, even louder than those which had preceded. Now came *my* turn to take part in the unique performance. As *High Priest of the Sun*, and followed by half a dozen virgins, and as many priests, with measured step, timed to slow music, I emerged from behind the scenes, and "with solemn march" perambulated the stage, in dumb show called down a blessing on the swords of King Ataliba and General *Rolla*, and in the usual impressive style, looking up into the front gallery, commenced the INVOCATION TO THE SUN. Before the time for the joining in of the chorus, I found I was not entirely alone in my singing. A humming sound, at first low and mournful, and rising gradually to "*forte*," greeted my ear; and when our chorus *did* join in the strain, it was quite overpowered by the rising storm of "*fortissimo*" sounds which were issuing from the stentorian lungs of the savages; in short, *the Indians were preparing for battle*, by executing in their most approved style, the Creek WAR-SONG and DANCE! To attempt stopping them, we found would be a vain task; so that after a moment or two of hesitation, the virgins made a precipitate retreat to their dressing rooms, where they carefully locked themselves in. The King, *Rolla*, and Orano stood their ground and were compelled to submit to the new order of things. The Indians kept up their song and war-dance for full half an hour, performing the most extraordinary feats ever exhibited on a stage, in their excitement scalping King Ataliba,

(taking off his wig,) demolishing the altar, and burning up the Sun! As for Lem and I, (Rolla and the High Priest,) we joined in with them, and danced until the perspiration fairly rolled from our bodies in large streams, the savages all the time flourishing their tomahawks and knives around our heads, and performing other little playful antics not by any means agreeable or desirable. At last, to put an end to a scene which was becoming more and more tiresome as it proceeded, an order was given to *drop the curtain*. This stroke of policy did not stop the ceremonies, which proceeded without intermission until the savages had finished their song and dance, when, each receiving his promised half-dollar, they consented to leave the house, and our play proceeded without them. Next night the same troupe came to the theatre and wanted to "*assist*" in the performance of "*Macbeth*," but I most positively declined their "*valuable aid*."

#### CURIOUS EFFECT OF MAGNESIA.

The barber who shaved me in this village, (Madison, Ga.), a very black negro, had a light mulatto wife. They had several children of the proper shade of color, and one, the youngest, almost *white*. Being asked the reason of the last child's being so much whiter than the others, the barber very innocently answered that it was all owing to his wife having followed the advice of a white lady during her pregnancy, and *taken a great deal of magnesia and chalk to cure the dyspepsia*.

#### NEW ARTICLE OF MERCHANDISE.

There lived in Macon, a dandified individual, whom we will call *JENKS*. This individual had a tolerably favorable opinion of his personal appearance. His fingers were hooped with rings, and his shirt-bosom was decked with a magnificent breast-pin; coat, hat, vest, and boots were made exactly to fit; he wore kid-gloves of remarkable whiteness; his hair was oiled and dressed in the latest and best style; and, to complete his killing appearance, he sported an enormous pair of *REAL WHISKERS*! Of these whiskers, *Jenks* was as proud as a young cat is of her tail when she first discovers she has one.

I was sitting one day in a broker's office, when *Jenks* came in to inquire the price of exchange on New York. He was invited to sit down, and a cigar was offered him. Conversation turning on the subject of buying and selling stocks, a remark was made by a gentleman present, that he thought no person should sell out stock in such-and-such a bank at that time, as it *must* get better in a few days.

"I will sell *any* thing I've got, if I can make any thing on it," replied *Jenks*.

"Oh, no," replied one, "*not any* thing; you wouldn't sell your *WHISKERS*!"

A loud laugh followed this chance remark. *Jenks* immediately answered: "I would—but who would *want* them? Any person making the purchase would lose money by the operation, I'm thinking."

"Well," I observed, "I would be willing to take the speculation, if the price could be made reasonable."

"Oh, I'll sell 'em cheap," answered *Jenks*, winking at the gentlemen present.

"What do you call cheap?" I inquired.

"I'll sell 'em for fifty dollars," *Jenks* answered, puffing forth a cloud of smoke across the counter, and repeating the *wink*.

"Well, that *is* cheap; and you'll sell your whiskers for fifty dollars?"

"I will."

"Both of them?"

"Both of them."

"*I'll take them!* When can I have them?"

"Any time you choose to call for them."

"Very well—they're mine. I think I shall double my money on them, at least."

I took a bill of sale as follows:

"Received of Sol. Smith, *Fifty Dollars* in full for my crop of whiskers, to be worn, and taken care of by me, and delivered to him when called for. J. JENKS."

The sum of fifty dollars was paid, and *Jenks* left the broker's office in high glee, flourishing five Central Bank X's, and telling all his acquaintances of the great bargain he had made in the sale of his whiskers.

The broker and his friends laughed at me for being taken in so nicely. "Never mind," said I, "let those laugh that win; I'll make a profit out of those whiskers, depend on it."

For a week after this, whenever I met *Jenks*, he asked me when I intended to call for my whiskers.

"I'll let you know when I want them," was always my answer. "Take good care of them—oil them occasionally; I shall call for them one of these days."

A splendid ball was to be given. I ascertained that *Jenks* was to be one of the managers—he being a great ladies' man, (on account of his whiskers I suppose,) and it occurred to me that before the ball took place, I might as well call for my whiskers.

One morning, I met *Jenks* in a barber's shop. He was adonizing before a large mirror, and combing up my whiskers at a devil of a rate.

"Ah! there you are, old fellow," said he, speaking to my reflection through the glass. "Come for your whiskers, I suppose?"

"Oh, no hurry," I replied, as I sat down for a shave.

"Always ready, you know," he answered, giving a final tie to his cravat.

"Come to think of it," I said, musingly, as the barber began to put the lather on my face, "perhaps now would be as good a time as another; you *may* sit down, and let the barber try his hand at the whiskers."

"You couldn't wait until to-morrow, could you?" he asked hesitatingly. "There's a *ball* to-night, you know—"

"To be sure there is, and I think you ought to go with a clean face; at all events, I don't see any reason why you should expect to wear *my* whiskers to that ball; so sit down."

He rather sulkily obeyed, and in a few moments his cheeks were in a perfect foam of lather. The barber flourished his razor, and was about to commence operations when I suddenly *changed my mind*.

"Stop, Mr. Barber," I said: "you needn't shave off those whiskers just yet." So he quietly put up his razor, while *Jenks* started up from the chair in something very much resembling a passion.

"This is trifling!" he exclaimed. "You have claimed your whiskers—take them."

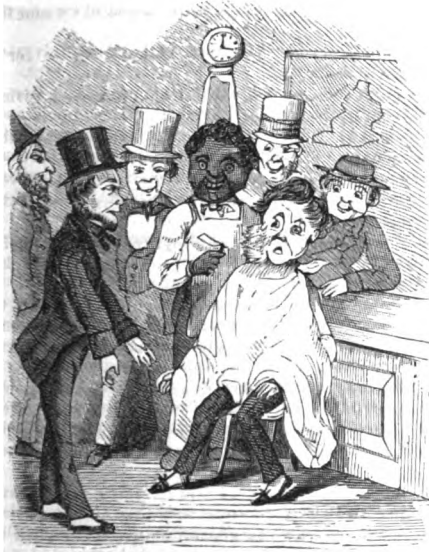
"I believe a man has a right to do as he pleases with his own property," I remarked, and left *Jenks* washing his face.

At dinner that day, the conversation turned upon the whisker affair. It seems, the whole town had got wind of it, and Jenks could not walk the streets without the remark being continually made by the boys—"There goes the man with old Sol's whiskers!" And they had grown to an immense size, for he dared not trim them. In short I became convinced Jenks was waiting very impatiently for me to assert my rights in the property. It happened that several of the party were sitting opposite me at dinner, who were present when the singular bargain was made, and they all urged me to take the whiskers that very day, and thus compel Jenks to go to the ball whiskerless, or stay at home. I agreed with them it was about time to reap my crop, and promised that if they would all meet me at the broker's shop, where the purchase had been made, I would make a call on Jenks that evening after he had dressed for the ball. All promised to be present at the proposed shaving operation in the broker's office, and I sent for Jenks and the barber. On the appearance of Jenks, it was evident he was much vexed at the sudden call upon him, and his vexation was certainly not lessened when he saw the broker's office was filled to overflowing by spectators anxious to behold the barbarous proceeding.

"Come, be in a hurry," he said, as he took a seat, and leaned his head against the counter for support, "I can't stay here long; several ladies are waiting for me to escort them to the ball."

"True, very true—you are one of the managers—I recollect. Mr. Barber, don't detain the gentleman—go to work at once."

The lathering was soon over, and with about three strokes of the razor, one side of his face was deprived of its ornament.



"Come, come," said Jenks, "push ahead—there is no time to be lost—let the gentleman have his whiskers—he is impatient."

"Not at all," I replied, coolly, "I'm in no sort of

a hurry myself—and now I think of it, as your time must be precious at this particular time, several ladies being in waiting for you to escort them to the ball, I believe I'll not take the other whisker to-night."

A loud laugh from the by-standers, and a glance in the mirror, caused Jenks to open his eyes to the ludicrous appearance he cut with a single whisker, and he began to insist upon my taking the whole of my property! But all would not do. I had a right to take it when I chose; I was not obliged to take all at once; and I chose to take but half at that particular period—indeed I intimated to him very plainly that I was not going to be a very hard creditor; and that if he "behaved himself," perhaps I should never call for the balance of what he owed me!

When Jenks became convinced I was determined not to take the remaining whisker, he began, amidst the loudly expressed mirth of the crowd to propose terms of compromise—first offering me ten dollars, then twenty, thirty, forty—fifty! to take off the remaining whisker. I said firmly, "My dear sir, there is no use talking; I insist on your wearing that whisker for me for a month or two."

"What will you take for the whiskers?" he at length asked. "Won't you sell them back to me?"

"Ah," replied I, "now you begin to talk as a business man should. Yes, I bought them on speculation—I'll sell them, if I can obtain a good price."

"What is your price?"

"One hundred dollars—must double my money?"

"Nothing less?"

"Not a farthing less—and I'm not anxious to sell even at that price."

"Well, I'll take them," he groaned, "there's your money, and here, barber, shave off this damned infernal whisker in less than no time—I shall be late at the ball."

#### THE FLOATING THEATRE. 1888.

The "Chapman Family," consisting of old Mr. Chapman, William Chapman, George Chapman, Caroline Chapman, and Harry and Therese Chapman, (children,) came to the West this summer, opened a theatre at Louisville, and afterwards established and carried into operation that singular affair, the "Floating Theatre," concerning which so many anecdotes are told. The "family" were all extremely fond of fishing, and during the "waits" the actors amused themselves by "dropping a line" over the stern of the Ark. On one occasion, while playing the "Stranger," (Act IV., Scene 1.) there was a long stage wait for Francis, the servant of the misanthropic Count Walburgh.

"Francis! Francis!" called the Stranger.

No reply.

"Francis! Francis!" (A pause.) "Francis!" rather angrily called the Stranger again.

A VERY DISTANT VOICE. "Coming, sir!" (A considerable pause, during which the Stranger walks up and down, a la Macready, in a great rage.)

"Francis!"

FRANCIS, (entering.) Here I am, sir.

STRANGER. Why did you not come when I called?

FRANCIS. Why, sir, I was just hauling in one of the biggest cat-fish you ever saw!

It was some minutes before the laughter of the audience could be restrained sufficiently to allow the play to proceed.

It was said of this Floating Theatre that it was



cast loose during a performance at one of the river towns in Indiana, by some mischievous boys, and could not be landed for half a dozen miles, the large audience being compelled to walk back to their village.

#### BOY PETER AND THE PREACHER.

Of the various stopping-places, when journeying from town to town in Georgia, I remember none with more pleasure than the "Old Station,"—Capt. Crowell's. The arrival of our company, always announced by an *avant courier*, was the cause of a holiday with the jolly old captain and his amiable family. Such delicious fare as we had at the station! and with it always such a hearty welcome! Ah! I *must* travel through that country again—and *will*, if my life is spared another year.

The captain had a boy named PETER; rather an old boy—say between fifty and sixty years of age—a negro, in whose judgment he had great confidence. When in the least doubt on any matter, he always appealed to Peter, who never failed to give his opinion honestly, bluntly, and immediately. Sometimes the travelling community crowded on him in such numbers, that the worthy captain found it difficult, even with his "ample room and verge," to accommodate the late comers. After talking the matter over, he would appeal to his black oracle. "It don't seem to me we can possibly accommodate any more; every bed is engaged. Peter, what do you think?" "Put 'em on blankets by the fire," Peter would suggest, if favorably inclined to the travellers; if otherwise, his answer would probably be—"Can't take in anudder one;" and the Captain always confirmed Peter's decision, exclaiming, "Peter is right."

It so happened on one occasion, when we were sojourners with Captain Crowell, that a travelling preacher came along rather late in the evening, and applied for accommodation.

"Don't believe we can take you in, stranger; mighty full to-night—got the play actors here—jolly set! full, jam up!" said the captain.

"I regret exceedingly that you cannot accommodate me, as I am fatigued and hungry, having been in the saddle since sunrise," mildly replied the preacher, as he turned his horse's head to pursue his journey.

The captain relented a little. "Fatigued and hungry! The devil! It won't do to turn a man off fatigued and hungry,—what do you say, Peter?"

Peter, who had been waiting for the question, answered,—"Better call um back," which was instantly done.

"Holloo! Stranger! Holloo! you with the saddle-bags! Come back and light—we'll see what we can do for you."

The preacher did not wait for a second invitation, but returned and dismounted.

"I don't like preachers much—nor Peter either; but mother and the girls have no objections to 'em," mumbled the captain as he took the saddle-bags and put them safely away. "I'll be dot darned if I know what to do with him, though—every thing is full. What do you say, Peter?"

"Put him in de bar," answered Peter, and it was so arranged. "Peter is right!" exclaimed the captain.

After supper, the preacher proposed that we should have family worship, saying that Mrs. Crowell and the young ladies had accorded their consent

to such a proceeding. The captain was taken completely aback. The truth is, he had ordered Peter to make a tremendous bowl of punch, and had calculated on passing the evening in a jolly and convivial way. The proposed, "family worship" didn't seem exactly compatible; yet he disliked to refuse, as the females seemed to favor it.

"Well, stranger," said he, "I don't know what to think about this here business. I didn't expect when we took you in, that you would knock up our fun; that is, I didn't exactly look for you to go in for any of your preachin' fixins; the fact is, we have company to-night, (lowering his voice,) who ain't much used to that sort of thing; in short—What do you say, Peter?"

"Let him go it," replied Peter at once, knowing that it would gratify his mistress.

So the travellers and family were gathered together in the bar-room, and the worthy Presbyterian commenced one of those extensively long prayers which appear to have no end, and in which the Almighty is *told what to do* with his creatures in all their varied walks of life. The captain stood it pretty well for the first quarter of an hour, but after awhile he began to get mighty uneasy. Looking first one way and then another, his eye at length rested on Peter, who was standing on the outside of the door, bearing in his arms a large bowl. He had been tempted several times to stop the clergyman, but now he determined to submit the matter to an umpire that never failed to decide correctly—accordingly, in a loud whisper, he propounded the question—"What do you say, Peter?"

"Better quit it," was the decision of Peter, who almost immediately added—"Punch is ready."

The captain gave a gentle jog to the long-winded Presbyterian, and said—"Peter thinks we'd better bring this matter to an end. We've got a splendid bowl of punch; and as soon as you can conveniently come to 'Amen,' perhaps it would be as well to wind up."

The minister did "wind up" rather suddenly, and the "family worship" was over for that night. I feel compelled to add that the preacher, after a little urging, drank his full share of the punch, and the evening passed off pleasantly, ending with the stowing away of the worthy divine in the little room known as the "bar," where he rested as well, probably, as he would have done in the best bed-room—his long ride in a drizzling rain, assisted by the comforting contents of Peter's punch bowl, predisposing him to a sound sleep.

It had been told me for a fact that Capt. Crowell had said no man should marry his daughter who could not *out-jump her*. At the time I travelled in that country, it was said she had out-jumped all the young men who had come to woo her; but the captain felt pretty certain that when the *right one* should come, *she wouldn't jump so well*. More than likely, long before this time she has been "won and wed."

#### APPRECIATION OF A HUSBAND.

Between Caleba Swamp and Line Creek, in the "Nation," we saw considerable of a crowd gathered near a drinking house, most of them seated and smoking. We stopped to see what was the matter. It was Sunday, and there had been a quarter race for a gallon of whiskey. The first thing I noticed on alighting, was the singular position of one of the horses of the party. He was kneeling down and

standing on his hinder feet, his head wedged in between the ends of two logs of the grocery, and he was stone-dead, having evidently run directly against the building at full speed, causing the house partially to fall. About five paces from the body of the horse, lay the rider, quite senseless, with a gash in his throat which might have let out a thousand lives. As I said, most of the crowd were seated and smoking.

"What is all this?" I inquired. "What is the matter here?"

"Matter?" after a while, answered one in a drawling voice, giving a good spit, and refilling his mouth with a new cud. "Matter enough; there's been a quarter race."

"But how came this man and horse killed?" I asked.

"Well," answered the chewing and spitting gentleman—"the man was considerably in liquor, I reckon, and he run his hoss chuck agin the house, and that's the whole on it."

"Has a doctor been sent for?" inquired one of our party.

"I reckon there ain't much use of doctors *here*," replied another of the crowd. "Burnt brandy couldn't save either of 'em, man or hoss."

"Has this man a wife and children?" inquired I.

"No children, that I knows on," answered a female, who was sitting on the ground a short distance from the dead man, smoking composedly.

"He has a wife, then?" I remarked. "What will be her feelings when she learns the fatal termination of this most unfortunate race?"

"Yes," sighed the female—"it was an unfortunate race—poor man, he lost the whiskey."

"Do you happen to know his wife?—has she been informed of the untimely death of her husband?" were my next inquiries.

"Do I *know* her? Has she been informed of his death?" said the woman. "Well, I reckon you



ain't acquainted about these parts. I am the unfortunate widder."

"You, madam! You the wife of this man who has been so untimely cut off?" I exclaimed, in astonishment.

"Yes, and what about it?" said she. "Untimely cut off? His throat's cut, that's all, by that 'tarnal sharp end of a log; and as for its being *untimely*, I don't know but it's as well now as any time—he *warn't* of much account no how!"

She resumed her smoking, and we resumed our journey.

## A BULLY BOAT AND A BRAG CAPTAIN.

### A Story of Steamboat Life on the Mississippi.

BY SOL. SMITH. 1845.

Does any one remember the Caravan? She was what would now be considered a slow boat;—then [1827] she was regularly advertised as the "fast running," etc. Her regular trips from New Orleans to Natchez were usually made in from six to eight days; a trip made by her in five days was considered remarkable. A voyage from New Orleans to Vicksburg and back, including stoppages, generally entitled the officers and crew to a month's wages. Whether the Caravan ever achieved the feat of a voyage to the Falls, (Louisville,) I have never learned; if she did, she must have "had a time of it!"

It was my fate to take passage in this boat. The Captain was a good-natured, easy-going man, careful of the comfort of his passengers, and exceedingly fond of the *game of brag*. We had been out a little more than five days, and we were in hopes of seeing the bluffs of Natchez on the next day. Our wood was getting low, and night coming on. The pilot on duty *above*, (the other pilot held three aces

at the time, and was just calling out the Captain, who "went it strong" on three kings,) sent down word that the mate had reported the stock of wood reduced to half a cord. The worthy Captain excused himself to the pilot whose watch was *below*, and the two passengers who made up the party, and hurried to the deck, where he soon discovered, by the landmarks, that we were about half a mile from a woodyard, which he said was situated "right round yonder point." "But," muttered the Captain, "I don't much like to take wood of the yellow-faced old scoundrel who owns it—he always charges a quarter of a dollar more than any one else; however, there's no other chance." The boat was pushed to her utmost, and, in a little less than an hour, when our fuel was about giving out, we made the point, and our cables were out and fastened to trees, alongside of a good-sized wood-pile.

"Hollo, Colonel! how d'y'e sell your wood *this* time?"

A yellow-faced old gentleman, with a two weeks'

beard, strings over his shoulders holding up to his arm-pits a pair of copperas-colored linsey-woolsey pants, the legs of which reached a very little below the knee; shoes without stockings; a faded, broad-brimmed hat, which had once been black, and a pipe in his mouth—casting a glance at the empty guards of our boat, and uttering a grunt as he rose from fastening our “spring line,” answered,

“Why, Capting, we must charge you *three and a quarter* this time.”



“The d—l!” replied the Captain—(Captains did swear a little in those days) “what’s the odd *quarter* for, I should like to know? You only charged me *three* as I went down.”

“Why, Capting,” drawled out the wood merchant, with a sort of leer on his yellow countenance, which clearly indicated that his wood was as good as sold, “wood’s riz since you went down two weeks ago; besides, you are awar that you very seldom stop going *down*;—when your’e going *up*, you’re sometimes obleeged to give me a call, becaze the current’s aginst you, and there’s no other wood-yard for nine miles ahead; and if you happen to be nearly out of fool, why?”

“Well, well,” interrupted the Captain, “we’ll take a few cords, under the circumstances,”—and he returned to his game of brag.

In about half an hour, we felt the Caravan commence paddling again. Supper was over, and I retired to my upper berth, situated alongside and overlooking the brag-table, where the Captain was deeply engaged, having now the *other* pilot as his principal opponent. We jogged on quietly—and seemed to be going at a good rate.

“How does that wood burn?” inquired the Captain of the mate, who was looking on at the game.

“Tisn’t of much account, I reckon,” answered the mate—“it’s cotton-wood, and most of it green at that.”

“Well, Thompson—(three aces, again, stranger—I’ll take that X and the small change, if you please

—it’s your deal)—Thompson, I say, we’d better take three or four cords at the next wood-yard—it can’t be more than six miles from here—(two aces and a bragger, with the age! hand over those V’s.)”

The game went on, and the paddles kept moving. At eleven o’clock, it was reported to the Captain that we were nearing the wood-yard, the light being distinctly seen by the pilot on duty.

“Head her in shore, then, and take in six cords, if it’s good—see to it, Thompson, I can’t very well leave the game now—it’s getting right warm! This pilot’s beating us all to smash.”

The wooding completed, we paddled on again. The Captain seemed somewhat vexed, when the mate informed him that the price was the same as at the last wood-yard—*three and a quarter*; but soon again became interested in the game.

From my upper berth (there were no state-rooms then), I could observe the movements of the players. All the contention appeared to be between the Captain and the pilots, (the latter personages took it turn and turn about, steering and playing brag,) one of them almost invariably winning, while the two passengers merely went through the ceremony of dealing, cutting, and paying up their “*an-ties*.” They were anxious to *learn the game*—and they *did* learn it! Once in awhile, indeed, seeing they had two aces and a bragger, they would venture a bet of five or ten dollars, but they were always compelled to back out before the tremendous bragging of the Captain or pilot—or if they *did* venture to “call out” on “two bullits and a bragger,” they had the mortification to find one of the officers had the same kind of a hand, and were *more venerable*! Still, with all these disadvantages, they continued playing—they wanted to learn the game.

At two o’clock, the Captain asked the mate how we were getting on?

“Oh, pretty glibly, sir,” replied the mate; “we can scarcely tell what headway we are making, for we are obliged to keep the middle of the river, and there is the shadow of a fog rising. This wood seems rather better than that we took in at yellow-face’s, but we’re nearly out again, and must be looking out for more. I saw a light just ahead on the right—shall we hail?”

“Yes, yes,” replied the Captain, “ring the bell and ask ‘em what’s the price of wood up here?—I’ve got you again; here’s double kings.”

I heard the bell and the pilot’s hail: “What’s your price for wood?”

A youthful voice on the shore answered: “Three and a quarter!”

“D—n it!” ejaculated the Captain, who had just lost the price of two cords to the pilot—the strangers suffering *some* at the same time—“Three and a quarter again! Are we *never* to get to a cheaper country?—deal, sir, if you please—better luck next time.” The other pilot’s voice was again heard on deck—

“How much *have* you?”

“Only about ten cords, sir,” was the reply of the youthful salesman.

The Captain here told Thompson to take six cords, which would last till daylight—and again turned his attention to the game.

The pilots here changed places. *When did they sleep?*

Wood taken in, the Caravan again took her place in the middle of the stream, paddling on as usual.

Day at length dawned. The brag-party broke

up, and settlements were being made, during which operations the Captain's bragging propensities were exercised in cracking up the speed of his boat, which, by his reckoning, must have made at least sixty miles, and *would* have made many more, if he could have procured good wood. It appears, the two passengers, in their first lesson, had incidentally lost one hundred and twenty dollars. The Captain, as he rose to see about taking in some *good* wood, which he felt sure of obtaining, now he had got above the level country, winked at his opponent, the pilot, with whom he had been on very bad terms during the progress of the game, and said, in an undertone,—“Forty a-piece for you and I and James (the other pilot) is not bad for one night.”

I had risen and went out with the Captain, to enjoy a view of the bluffs. There was just fog enough to prevent the vision taking in more than sixty yards—so I was disappointed in *my* expectation. We were nearing the shore for the purpose of looking for wood, the banks being invisible from the middle of the river.

“There it is!” exclaimed the Captain, “stop her!”—Ding—ding—ding! went the big bell, and the Captain hailed:

“Hollo! the wood-yard!”

“Hollo yourself!” answered a squeaking female

voice, which came from a woman, with a petticoat over her shoulders in place of a shawl.

“What's the price of wood?”

“I think you ought to know the price by this time,” answered the old lady in the petticoat—“it's three and a qua-a-rtter! and now you know it.”

“Three and the d—!” broke in the Captain—what, have you raised on *your* wood too! I'll give you *three*, and not a cent more.”

“Well,” replied the petticoat, “here comes the old man—he'll talk to you.”

And, sure enough, out crept from the cottage the veritable faded hat, copperas-colored pants, yellow countenance and two weeks' beard we had seen the night before, and the same voice we had heard regulating the price of cotton-wood, squeaked out the following sentence, accompanied by the same leer of the same yellow countenance;

“Why darn it all, Capting, there is but three or four cords left, and *since it's you*, I don't care if I *do* let you have it for *three*—as you're a *good customer*!”

After a quick glance at the landmarks around, the Captain bolted, and turned in to take some rest.

The fact became apparent—the reader will probably have discovered it some time since—that *we* had been wooding *all night at the same wood-yard!*

## THE FASTEST FUNERAL ON RECORD.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE. 1846.

Hurrah! hurrah! the dead ride fast—

Dost fear to ride with me.—BURGER'S LEONORA.

This fellow has no feeling of his business.—HAMLET.

I HAD just crossed the long bridge leading from Boston to Cambridgeport, and was plodding my dusty way on foot through that not very agreeable suburb, on a sultry afternoon in July, with a very creditable thunder-cloud coming up in my rear, when a stout elderly gentleman, with a mulberry face, a brown coat, and pepper-and-salt smalls, reined up his nag, and after learning that I was bound for Old Cambridge, politely invited me to take a seat beside him in the little sort of a tax-cart he was driving. Nothing loth, I consented, and we were soon *en route*. The mare he drove was a very peculiar animal. She had few good points to the eye, being heavy-bodied, hammer-headed, thin in the shoulders, bald-faced, and rejoicing in a little stump of a tail which was almost entirely innocent of hair. But there were “lots of muscle,” as Major Longbow says, in her hind quarters.

“She ain't no Wenus, sir,” said my new acquaintance, pointing with his whip to the object of my scrutiny—“but handsome is as handsome does. Them's my sentiments. She's a rum 'un to look at, but a good 'un to go.”

“Indeed?”

“Yes, Sir! That there mare, sir, has made good time—I may say, *very* good time before the hearse.”

“Before the hearse?”

“Before the hearse! S'pose you never heard of *burning a man on time*? I'm a sexton, sir, and undertaker—JACK CROSSBONES, at your service—‘Daddy Crossbones’ they call me at PORTER’S.”

“Ah! I understand. Your mare ran away with the hearse.”

“Ran away! A child could hold her. Oh! yes, of course she ran away,” added the old gentleman, looking full in my face with a very quizzical expression, and putting the forefinger of his right hand on the right side of his party-colored proboscis.

“My dear sir,” said I, “you have excited my curiosity amazingly, and I should esteem it a particular favor if you would be a little less oracular and a little more explicit.”

“I don't know as I'd ought to tell you,” said my new acquaintance, very slowly and tantalizingly. “If you was one of these here writing chaps, you might poke it in the ‘Spirit of the Times,’ and then it would be all day with me. But I don't care if I do make a clean breast of it. Honor bright, you know!”

“Of course.”

“Well, then, I live a piece up beyond Old Cambridge—you can see our steeple off on a hill to the right, when we get a little further. Well, one day, I had a customer—he was carried off by the typhus—which had to be toted into town—cause why? he had a vault there. So I rubbed down the old mare and put her in the fills. Ah! Sir! that critter knows as much as an Injun, and more than a Nigger. She's as sober ‘as be d—d’ when she gets the shop—that's what I call the hearse—behind her. You would not think she was a three-minute nag, to look at her. Well, sir, as luck would have it, by a sort of providential inspiration, the day before, I took off the old wooden springs and set the



body on elliptics. For I thought it a hard case that a gentleman who'd been riding easy all his life, should go to his grave on wooden springs. Ah! I deal well by my customers. I thought of patent boxes to the wheels, but I couldn't afford it, and the parish are so mighty stingy.

"Well, I got him in, and led off the string—fourteen hacks, and a dearborn wagon at the tail of the funeral. We made a fine show. As luck would have it, just as we came abreast of Porter's, out slides that eternal torment, BILL SIKES, in his new trotting sulky, with the brown horse that he bought for a fast crab, and is mighty good for a rush, but hain't got nigh so much bottom as the mare. Bill's light weight, and his sulky's a mere feather. Well, sir, Bill came up alongside, and walked his horse a bit. He looked at the mare and then at me, and then he winked. Then he looked at his nag and put his tongue in his cheek, and winked. I looked straight ahead, and only said to myself, 'Cuss you, Bill Sikes.' By and by, he let his horse slide. He travelled about a hundred yards, and then held up till I came abreast, and then he winked and bantered me again. It was d—d aggravatin'. Says I to myself, says I—'that's twice you've done it, my buzzum friend and sweet-scented shrub—but you doesn't do that 'ere again.' The third time he bantered me, I let him have it. It was only saying 'Scat, you brute!' and she was off—that mare. He had all the odds, you know, for I was toting a two hundred pounder, and he ought to have beat me like breaking sticks, now hadn't he? He had me at the first brush, for I told you the brown horse was a mighty fast one for a little ways. But soon I lapped him. I had no whip, and he could use his string—but he had his hands full. Side by side, away we went. Rattle-te-bang! crack! buz! thump! And I afraid of losing my customer on the road. But I was more afraid of losing the race. The re-

putation of the old mare was at stake, and I swore she should have a fair chance. We went so fast that the posts and rails by the road-side looked like a log fence. The old church and the new one, and the colleges, spun past like Merry Andrews. The hackmen did not know what the — was to pay, and, afraid of not being in at the death, they put the string onto their teams, and came clattering on behind as if Satan had kicked 'em on eend. Some of the mourners was sporting characters, and they craned out of the carriage windows and waved their handkerchiefs. The President of Harvard College himself, inspired by the scene, took off his square tile as I passed his house, and waving it three times round his head, cried, 'Go it, boots!' It is a fact. And I beat him, sir! I beat him, in three miles, a hundred rods. He gin it up, sir, in despair.

"His horse was off his feed for a week, and when he took to corn again he wasn't worth a straw. It was acknowledged on all hands to be the fastest funeral on record, though I say it as shouldn't. I'm an undertaker, sir, and I never yet was overtaken."

On subsequent inquiry at Porter's, where the sporting sexton left me, I found that his story was strictly true in all the main particulars. A terrible rumpus was kicked up about the race, but Crossbones swore lustily that the mare had run away—that he had sawed away two inches of her lip in trying to hold her up, and that he could not have done otherwise, unless he had run her into a fence and spilled his "customer" into the ditch. If any one expects to die anywhere near the sexton's diggings, I can assure him that the jolly old boy is still alive and kicking, the very "Ace of Hearts" and "Jack of Spades," and that now both patent boxes and elliptic springs render his professional conveyance the easiest running thing on the road.

"Lawks, sakes, Nancy," said a Lowell factory girl to a friend, just arrived, "you hain't no idee how

tickled I be to see you." "Guess, Betsey, you can't be more tickleder nor I be," was the reply.

## LOVE IN THE BOWERY.

BY F. A. DURIVAGE. 1846.

*The course of true love didn't never run smooth.—SHAKESPEARE—Bowery Edition.*

I SEEN her on the sidewalk,  
 When I run with No. 9:  
 My eyes spontaneous sought out hern—  
 And hern was fixed on mine.  
 She waved her pocket handkerchief,  
 As we went rushin' by—  
 No boss that ever killed in York  
 Was happier than I.  
 I felt that I had done it;  
 And what had won her smile—  
 'Twas them embroidered braces,  
 And that 'ere immortal tile.

I sought her out at Wauxhall,  
 Afore that place was shet—  
 Oh! that happy, happy evenin',  
 I recollect it yet.  
 I gin her cords of peanuts,  
 And a apple and a "wet."  
 Oh! that happy, happy evenin',  
 I recollect it yet.

I took her out to Harlem—  
 On the road we cut a swell,  
 And the nag we had afore us  
 Went twelve mile afore he fell.  
 And though ven he struck the pavement,  
 The "Crab" began to fail,  
 I got another mile out—  
 By twisting of his tail.

I took her to the Bowery—  
 She sat long side of me—

They acted out a piece they called,  
 "The Wizard of the Sea,"  
 And when the sea-fight was fetched on,  
 Eliza cried "hay! hay!"  
 And like so many minutes there  
 Five hours slipped away.

Before the bridle halter,  
 I thought to call her mine—  
 The day was fixed when she to me  
 Her hand and heart should jine.  
 The rum old boss, the father, swore  
 He'd gin her out er hand,  
 Two hundred cash—and also treat  
 To number 9's men stand.

But bless me! if she didn't slip  
 Her halter on the day;  
 A peddler from Connecticut,  
 He carried her away.  
 And when the news was brought to me,  
 I felt almighty blue;  
 And though I didn't shed no tear,  
 Perhaps I cussed "a few."

Well, let it pass—there's other gals,  
 As beautiful as she;  
 And many a butcher's lovely child  
 Has cast sheep's eyes at me.  
 I wears no crape upon my hat,  
 'Cause I'm a packin' sent—  
 I only takes a extra horn,  
 Observing, "LET HER WENT!"

## TIM CRANE AND THE WIDOW.

FROM "THE BEDOTT PAPERS." BY FRANCES M. WHICHER. 1846.

O no, Mr. Crane, by no manner o' means, 'tain't a minnit tew soon for you to begin to talk about gittin' married agin. I am amazed you should be afeerd I'd think so. See—how long's Miss Crane ben dead? Six months!—land o' Goshen!—why I've know'd a number of individdiuals get married in less time than that. There's Phil Bennett's widder t' I was a talkin' about jest now—she't was Louisy Perce—her husband hadent been dead but three months, you know. I don't think it looks well for a woman to be in such a hurry—but for a man it's a different thing—circumstances alters cases, you know. And then, sittuated as you be, Mr. Crane, it's a turrible thing for your family to be without a head to superintend the domestic consarns and tend to the children—to say nothin' o' yerself, Mr. Crane. You dew need a companion, and no mistake. Six months! Good grievous! Why Squire Titus dident wait but six weeks arter he buried his fust wife afore he married his second. I thought ther wa'n't no partickler need o' his hurryin' so, seein' his family was all grow'd up. Such a critter as he pickt

out, tew! 't was very unsuitable—but every man to his taste—I hain't no dispersion to meddle with nobody's consarns. There's old farmer Dawson, tew—his pardner hain't ben dead but ten months. To be sure he ain't married yet—but he would a ben long enough ago if somebody I know on'd gin him any incurridgement. But tain't for me to speak o' that matter. He's a clever old critter and as rich as a Jew—but—lawful sakes! he's old enough to be my father. And there's Mr. Smith—Jubiter Smith you know him, Mr. Crane—his wife (she't was Aurory Pike) she died last summer, and he's ben squint-in' round among the wimmin ever since, and he may squint for all the good it 'll dew him so far as I'm consarned—tho' Mr. Smith's a respectable man—quite young and hain't no family—very well off tew, and quite intellectible—but I'm purty partickler. O, Mr. Crane! it's ten year come Jinniuary sence I witnessed the expiration o' my beloved companion!—an uncommon long time to wait, to be sure—but 't ain't easy to find any body to fill the place o' Hezekier Bedott. I think you're the most like

husband of any individdual I ever see, Mr. Crane. Six months! murderation! curus you should be afeard I'd think 'twas tew soon—why I've know'd—"

MR. CRANE. "Well, widder—I've been thinking about taking another companion—and I thought I'd ask you—"

WIDOW. "O, Mr. Crane, egscuse my commotion it's so onexpected. Jest hand me that are bottle of camfire off the mantlety shelf—I'm ruther faint—dew put a little mite on my handkercher and hold it to my nuz. There—that'll dew—I'm obleeged tew ye—now I'm ruther more composed—you may perceed, Mr. Crane."

MR. CRANE. "Well widder, I was agoing to ask you whether—whether—"

WIDOW. "Continner, Mr. Crane—dew—I knew it's turrible embarrassin'. I remember when my de-zeased husband made his suppositions to me, he stammered and stuttered, and was so awfully flustered it did seem as if he'd never git it out in the world, and I s'pose it's ginnerally the case, at least it has been with all them that's made suppositions to me—you see they're generally oncerting about what kind of an answer they're agwine to git, and it kind o' makes 'em narvous. But when an individdual has reason to suppose his attachment's re-perated, I don't see what need there is o' his bein' frustrated—tho' I must say it 's quite embarrassin' to me—pray continner."

MR. C. "Well then, I want to know if you're willing I should have Melissy?"

WIDOW. "The dragon!"

MR. C. "I hain't said anything to her about it yet. —thought the proper way was to get your consent first. I remember when I courted Trypheny, we were engaged some time before mother Kenipe knew any thing about it, and when she found it out she was quite put out because I didnt go to her first. So when I made up my mind about Melissy, thinks me, I'll dew it right this time and speak to the old woman first—"

WIDOW. "Old woman, hey! that's a purty name to call me!—amazin' perlite tew! Want Melissy, hey! Tribbleation! gracious sakes alive! well, I'll give it up now! I always know'd you was a simpleton, Tim Crane, but I *must* confess, I didnt think you was *quite* so big a fool—want Melissy, dew ye? If that don't beat all! What an everlastin' old calf you must be to s'pose she'd look at you. Why, you're old enough to be her father, and more tew—Melissy ain't only in her twenty-oneth year. What a reedickilous idee for a man o' your age! as gray as a rat tew! I wonder what this world is a comin tew: 't is astonishin' what fools old widdiwers will make o' themselves! Have Melissy! Melissy!"

MR. C. "Why, widder, you surprise me—I'd no idee of being treated in this way after you'd ben so polite to me, and made such a fuss over me and the girls."

WIDOW. "Shet yer head, Tim Crane—nun o' yer sass to me. *There's* yer hat on that are table, and *here's* the door—and the sooner you put on *one* and march out o' t' other, the better it'll be for you. And I advise you afore you try to git married agin, to go out west and see 'f yer wife's cold—and arter ye're satisfied on that pint, jest put a little lamplack on yer hair—'twould add to yer appearance undoubtedly, and be of sarvice tew you when you want to flourish round among the gals—and when ye've got yer hair fixt, jest splinter the spine o' yer back—'t wouldest hurt yer looks a



mite—you'd be intirely unresistible if you was a little grain straiter."

MR. C. "Well, I never!"

WIDOW. "Hold yer tongue—you consarned old coot you—I tell ye *there's* your hat, and *there's* the door—be off with yerself, quick metre, or I'll give ye a hyst with the broomstick."

MR. C. "Gimmeni!"

WIDOW, (rising.) "Git out, I say—I ain't agwine to stan' here and be insulted under my own ruff—and so git along—and if ever you darken my door agin, or say a word to Melissy, it'll be the woss for you—that's all."

MR. C. "Treemenjous! What a buster!"

WIDOW. "Go 'long—go 'long—go 'long, you everlastin' old gum. I won't hear another word (stops her ears). I won't, I won't, I won't."

[Exit Mr. Crane.]

(Enter Melissa, accompanied by Captain Canoot.)

"Good evenin', cappen! Well, Melissy, hum at last, hey? why didnt you stay till mornin'? purty business keepin' me up here so late waitin' for you—when I'm eny most tired to death iornin' and workin' like a slave all day;—ought to ben a bed an hour ago. Thought ye left me with agreeable company, hey? I should like to know what arthly reason you had to s'pose old Crane's was agreeable to me? I always despised the critter; always thought he was a turrible fool—and now I'm convinced on 't. I'm completely dizgusted with him—and I let him know it to-night. I gin him a piece o' my mind 't I guess he'll be apt to remember for a spell. I ruther think he went off with a flea in his ear. Why, cappen—did ye ever hear of such a piece of audacity in all yer born days? for *him*—Tim Crane—to durst to expire to my hand—the widdier o' Deacor: Bedott! jest as if I'd condeecen' to look at *him*—the old numbskull! He don't know B from a broomstick; but if he'd a stayed much longer, I'd a teachid him the difference, I guess. He's got his *walkin' ticket* now—I hope he'll lemme alone in futur. And where's Kier? Gun home with the







*Charles Bennett Holmes*

[illegible]

Maybe you think 'twas *not* 'em' in me to use him so—and I don't say but what 'twas *rather*, but then he—so wicked, agreeable to me, you know—'can't *graciously* let that in such a way. Well, if you *must* be so good evenin'! Give my love to Father where you will again—dew call the priest—'Cuppen Canoot, or will'!

# A Modest Request

Completed within the Quarter at the Board of Directors' Authorization.

BY OLIVER W. ZIEGLER, HOLMES, 1843.

back patio in a rain square,  
 alone,—in some place where;  
 a morning, and a simple walk  
 in sunshine, and a feathered roil,  
 leaning on the side of the  
 "dimple, where's that, O bush!"

the nest where strange, sweet broods,  
 and sisters, nor arms to be betrayed  
 were there, were there ever so  
 you are visible in this world below  
 and the things which are in it, the  
 and of town and taste of ripeness  
 which is contained in the  
 and the things which are in it, the  
 and the things which are in it, the

the piping by "Mammals" and "birds" stopped, and the piping ceased. The thickest beam of water from the jet paralleled the deep depression in the pebbles, or the beam passed over where the pebbles and silence reigned, and the darkness of the desert in the night.

On coming to the center of the flow in this jet, I felt this had been the

11. 11. 11.

[illegible][illegible]

Will this be a *one-time* or *ongoing* experience?  
 My confidence in my ability to do this is \_\_\_\_\_?  
 My stress level is \_\_\_\_\_?  
 Learning about this is \_\_\_\_\_.

Jack said, "I've got a few more for you, if you like."  
 "Oh, please, go right ahead," said the boy.  
 "All right," said the boy's mother. "I don't mind."  
 "You know, my boy," said the boy's mother, "—  
 I'll ask the grocer to finish off my ham."  
 "And drink tea to-day while you nibble the punch."

THE SPEECH. (The speaker, rising to be seen, looks very red, because so very green.)  
 I rise.—I rise with unalloyed tears.  
 (Loudly)—speaking louder!—who the deuce do I raise?)  
 I rise—I said— with undiluted dismay—  
 —Such are my feelings as I rise, I say!





Crane, hey! well, I guess it's the last time. And now Melissy Bedott, you ain't to have nothin' more to dew with them gals—d'ye hear? you ain't to sociate with 'em at all arter this—'t would only be incurridgin th' old man to come a pesterin me agin—and I won't have him round—d'ye hear? Don't be in a hurry, cappen—and don't be alarmed at my gittin' in such passion about old Crane's persumption.

Mabby you think 'twas onfeelin' in me to use him so—and I don't say but what 't was *ruther*, but then he's so awful dizagreeable tew me, you know—'tain't *everybody* I'd treat in such a way. Well, if you *must* go, good evenin'! Give my love to Hanner when you write agin—dew call frequently, Cappen Canoot, dew."

## A MODEST REQUEST.

Compiled with after the Dinner at President Everett's Inauguration.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. 1846.

SCENE,—a back parlor in a certain square,  
Or court, or lane,—in short no matter where;  
Time,—early morning, dear to simple souls  
Who love its sunshine, and its fresh-baked rolls;  
Persons,—take pity on this telltale blush,  
That, like the Æthiop, whispers "Hush, O hush!"

Delightful scene! where smiling comfort broods,  
Nor business frets, nor anxious care intrudes;  
*O si sic omnia!* were it ever so!  
But what is stable in this world below!  
*Medio e fonte*,—Virtue has her faults,—  
The clearest fountains taste of Epsom salts;  
We snatch the cup and lift to drain it dry,—  
Its central dimple holds a drowning fly!

Strong is the pine by Maine's ambrosial streams,  
But stronger augers pierce its thickest beams;  
No iron gate, no spiked and pannelled door,  
Can keep out death, the postman, or the bore;—  
O for a world where peace and silence reign,  
And blunted dulness terebrates in vain!  
—The door bell jingles,—enter Richard Fox,  
And takes this letter from his leathern box.

"Dear Sir,

In writing on a former day,  
One little matter I forgot to say;  
I now inform you in a single line,  
On Thursday next our purpose is to *dine*.  
The act of feeding, as you understand,  
Is but a fraction of the work in hand;  
Its nobler half is that ethereal meat  
The papers call 'the intellectual treat';  
Songs, speeches, toasts, around the festive board,  
Drowned in the juice the College pumps afford;  
For only water flanks our knives and forks.  
So, sink or float, we swim without the corks.  
Yours is the art, by native genius taught,  
To clothe in eloquence the naked thought;  
Yours is the skill its music to prolong  
Through the sweet effluence of mellifuous song;  
Yours the quaint trick to cram the pithy line  
That cracks so crisply over bubbling wine;  
And since success your various gifts attends,  
We,—that is I and all your numerous friends,—  
Expect from you,—your single self a host,—  
A speech, a song, excuse me, and a toast.  
Nay, not to haggle on so small a claim,  
A few of each, or several of the same.  
(Signed) yours, *most truly*, \_\_\_\_\_"

No! my sight must fail,—  
If that ain't Judas on the largest scale!

Well, this *is* modest;—nothing else than that?  
My coat? my boots? my pantaloons? my hat?  
My stick? my gloves? as well as all my wits,  
Learning and linen,—every thing that fits!

Jack, said my lady, is it grog you'll try,  
Or punch, or toddy, if perhaps you're dry?  
Ah, said the sailor, though I can't refuse,  
You know, my lady, 't ain't for me to choose;—  
I'll take the grog to finish off my lunch,  
And drink the toddy while you mix the punch.

THE SPEECH. (The speaker, rising to be seen,  
Looks very red, because so very green.)  
I rise—I rise—with unaffected fear,  
(Louder!—speak louder!—who the deuce can  
hear?)  
I rise—I said—with undisguised dismay—  
—Such are my feelings as I rise, I say!



Quite unprepared to face this learned throng,  
 Already gorged with eloquence and song;  
 Around my view are ranged on either hand  
 The genius, wisdom, virtue of the land;  
 "Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed"  
 Close at my elbow stir their lemonade;  
 Would you like Homer learn to write and speak?  
 That bench is groaning with its weight of Greek;  
 Behold the naturalist that in his teens  
 Found six new species in a dish of greens;  
 And lo, the master in a statelier walk,  
 Whose annual ciphering takes a ton of chalk;  
 And there the linguist, that by common roots  
 Through all their nurseries tracks old Noah's  
 shoots,—  
 How Shem's proud children reared the Assyrian  
 piles,  
 While Ham's were scattered through the Sandwich  
 Isles!

— Fired at the thought of all the present shows,  
 My kindling fancy down the future flows;  
 I see the glory of the coming days  
 O'er time's horizon shoot its streaming rays;  
 Near and more near the radiant morning draws  
 In living lustre (rapturous applause);  
 From east to west the blazing heralds run,  
 Loosed from the chariot of the ascending sun,  
 Through the long vista of uncounted years  
 In cloudless splendor (three tremendous cheers).  
 My eye prophetic, as the depths unfold,  
 Sees a new advent of the age of gold:  
 While o'er the scene new generations press,  
 New heroes rise the coming time to bless,—  
 Not such as Homer's, who, we read in Pope,  
 Dined without forks and never heard of soap,—  
 Not such as May to Marlborough Chapel brings,  
 Lean, hungry, savage, anti-everythings,  
 Copies of Luther in the pasteboard style,—  
 But genuine articles,—the true Carlyle;  
 While far on high the blazing orb shall shed  
 Its central light on Harvard's holy head,  
 And Learning's ensigns ever float unfurled  
 Here in the focus of the new-born world!

The speaker stops, and, trampling down the pause,  
 Roars through the hall the thunder of applause,  
 One stormy gust of long suspended Ahs!  
 One whirlwind chaos of insane hurrahs!

THE SONG. But this demands a briefer line,—  
 A shorter muse, and not the old long Nine;—  
 Long metre answers for a common song,  
 Though common metre does not answer long.

She came beneath the forest dome  
 To seek its peaceful shade,  
 An exile from her ancient home,—  
 A poor forsaken maid;  
 No banner, flaunting high above,  
 No blazoned cross, she bore;  
 One holy book of light and love  
 Was all her worldly store.

The dark brown shadows passed away,  
 And wider spread the green,  
 And, where the savage used to stray,  
 The rising mart was seen;

So, when the laden winds had brought  
 Their showers of golden rain,  
 Her lap some precious gleanings caught,  
 Like Ruth's amid the grain.

But wrath soon gathered uncontrolled  
 Among the baser churls,  
 To see her ankles red with gold,  
 Her forehead white with pearls:  
 "Who gave to thee the glittering bands  
 That lace thine azure veins?  
 Who bade thee lift those snow-white hands  
 We bound in gilded chains?"

"These are the gems my children gave,"  
 The stately dame replied;  
 "The wise, the gentle, and the brave,  
 I nurtured at my side;  
 If envy still your bosom stings,  
 Take back their rims of gold;  
 My sons will melt their wedding rings,  
 And give a hundred fold!"

THE TOAST.—O tell me, ye who thoughtless ask  
 Exhausted nature for a threefold task,  
 In wit or pathos if one share remains,  
 A safe investment for an ounce of brains?  
 Hard is the job to launch the desperate pun,  
 A pun-job dangerous as the Indian one.  
 Turned by the current of some stronger wit  
 Back from the object that you mean to hit,  
 Like the strange missile which the Australian  
 throws

Your verbal boomerang slaps you on the nose.  
 One vague inflection spoils the whole with doubt,  
 One trivial letter ruins all, left out;  
 A knot can choke a felon into clay,  
 A not will save him, spelt without the k;  
 The smallest word has some unguarded spot,  
 And danger lurks in i without a dot.

Thus great Achilles, who had shown his zeal  
 In healing wounds, died of a wounded heel;  
 Unhappy chief, who, when in childhood doused,  
 Had saved his bacon, had his feet been soured!  
 Accursed heel, that killed a hero stout!  
 O, had your mother known that you were out,  
 Death had not entered at the trifling part  
 That still defies the small chirurgéon's art  
 With corns and bunions,—not the glorious John  
 Who wrote the book we all have pondered on,—  
 But other bunions, bound in fleecy hose,  
 To "Pilgrim's Progress" unrelenting foes!

A health, unmingled with the reveller's wine,  
 To him whose title is indeed divine;  
 Truth's sleepless watchman on her midnight tower,  
 Whose lamp burns brightest when the tempests'  
 lower.

O who can tell with what a leaden flight  
 Drag the long watches of his weary night;  
 While at his feet the hoarse and blinding gale  
 Strews the torn wreck and bursts the fragile sail,  
 When stars have faded, when the wave is dark,  
 When rocks and sands embrace the foundering bark,  
 And still he pleads with unavailing cry.  
 Behold the light, O wanderer, look or die!

A health, fair Themis! Would the enchanted vine  
Wreathed its green tendrils round this cup of  
thine;

If Learning's radiance fill thy modern court,  
Its glorious sunshine streams through Blackstone's  
port!

Lawyers are thirsty, and their clients too,  
Witness at least, if memory serves me true,  
Those old tribunals, famed for dusty suits,  
Where men sought justice ere they brushed their  
boots;—

And what can match, to solve a learned doubt,  
The warmth within that comes from "cold with-  
out"?

Health to the art whose glory is to give  
The crowning boon that makes it life to live.  
Those old tribunals, famed for dusty suits,  
Where men sought justice ere they brushed their  
boots;—

The gardens, fragrant with the Orient's balm,  
From the low jasmine to the star-like palm,  
Hail her as mistress o'er the distant waves,  
And yield their tribute to her wandering slaves.  
Wherever, moistening the ungrateful soil,  
The tear of suffering tracks the path of toil,  
There, in the anguish of his fevered hours,  
Her gracious finger points to healing flowers;  
Where the lost felon steals away to die,  
Her soft hand waves before his closing eye;  
Where hunted misery finds his darkest lair,  
The midnight taper shows her kneeling there!

VIRTUE,—the guide that men and nations own;  
And LAW,—the bulwark that protects her throne;  
And HEALTH,—to all its happiest charm that lends;  
These and their servants, man's untiring friends;  
Pour the bright lymph that Heaven itself lets fall,—  
In one fair bumper let us toast them all!

### THE COMET.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE Comet! He is on his way,  
And singing as he flies;  
The whizzing planets shrink before  
The spectre of the skies;  
Ah! well may regal orbs burn blue,  
And Satellites turn pale,  
Ten million cubic miles of head,  
Ten billion leagues of tail!

On, on by whistling spheres of light,  
He flashes and he flames;  
He turns not to the left nor right,  
He asks them not their names;  
One spurn from his demoniac heel,—  
Away, away they fly,  
Where darkness might be bottled up  
And sold for "Tyrian dye."

And what would happen to the land,  
And how would look the sea,  
If in the bearded devil's path  
Our earth should chance to be?  
Full hot and high the sea would boil,  
Full red the forest gleam;  
Methought I saw and heard it all  
In a dyspeptic dream!

I saw a tutor take his tube  
The Comet's course to spy;  
I heard a scream,—the gathered rays  
Had stewed the tutor's eye;  
I saw a fort,—the soldiers all  
Were armed with goggles green;  
Pop cracked the guns! whiz flew the balls!  
Bang went the magazine!





I saw a poet dip a scroll  
 Each moment in a tub,  
 I read upon the warping back,  
 "The Dream of Beelzebub";  
 He could not see his verses burn,  
 Although his brain was fried,  
 And ever and anon he bent  
 To wet them as they dried.

I saw the scalding pitch roll down  
 The crackling, sweating pines,  
 And streams of smoke, like water-spouts  
 Burst through the rumbling mines;  
 I asked the firemen why they made  
 Such noise about the town;  
 They answered not,—but all the while  
 The brakes went up and down.

I saw a roasting pullet sit  
 Upon a baking egg;  
 I saw a cripple scorch his hand  
 Extinguishing his leg;

I saw nine geese upon the wing  
 Towards the frozen pole,  
 And every mother's gosling fell  
 Crisped to a crackling coal.

I saw the ox that browsed the grass  
 Writhe in the blistering rays,  
 The herbage in his shrinking jaws  
 Was all a fiery blaze;  
 I saw hugh fishes, boiled to rags,  
 Bob through the bubbling brine;  
 And thoughts of supper crossed my soul;  
 I had been rash at mine.

Strange sights! strange sounds! O fearful dream!  
 Its memory haunts me still,  
 The streaming sea, the crimson glare,  
 That wreathed each wooded hill;  
 Stranger! if through thy reeling brain  
 Such midnight visions sweep,  
 Spare, spare, O spare thine evening meal,  
 And sweet shall be thy sleep!

## HE WANTED TO SEE THE ANIMAL.

BY GEORGE P. BURNHAM. 1846.

THE publishers of a well known periodical in Boston, have placed in front of their office, in Tremont street, a very extensive sign board, upon which is emblazoned the words—

### "LITTELL'S LIVING AGE."

A green horn, fresh caught—who came to this city to look at the "glorious *Fourth*"—chanced to be passing towards the common, when his attention was arrested by the above cabalistic syllables. Upon one side of Bromfield street he saw the big sign, upon the other the word "MUSEUM."

"Wal," said he to himself, "I've hearn tell o' them museums, but a '*livin' age*,' big or little, must be one o' them curiosities we *read* abaout."

He stepped quietly across the street, and wiping his face, approached one of the windows, in which were displayed several loose copies of the work. He read upon the covers, "Littell's Living Age," and upon a card, "Popular Magazine—only one of its kind in the country," etc.

"*Magazine!* Wal, that beats thunder all teu smash! I've hearn abaout *paouder* magazines, an' all that; —wal, I reck'n I'll see the crittur, enny how!"—and thus determined, he cautiously approached the door. A young man stood in the entrance.

"When does it open?" asked the countryman.

"What, sir?"

"Wot time does it begin?"

"*What?*"

"The show!"

"*What show?*"

"Wy, that are—*this*"—continued our innocent friend, pointing up to the sign.

The young man evidently supposed the stranger insane—and turning on his heel, walked into the office.

"Wal, I dun no 'baout that feller, much—but I

reck'n I hev'n't cum a hundred miles to be fooled—I ain't, and I'm goin' teu see the crittur, sure."

"*Hello!* I say, Mr. Wot's-name, there—door-keeper! *Hel-lo!*"

A clerk stepped to the door at once, and inquired the man's business.

"Wot do I *want?* Wy, I want to see the *animal*, that's all."

"*What animal?*"

"Wy, this crittur——."

"I don't understand you, sir."

"Wal—you don't luk as ef you *could* understan' nobuddy, enny how. Jes send the doorkeeper yere."

By this time, a crowd had collected in and about the doorway, and the green 'un let off something like the following:—

"That chap as went in fust, thar, ain't nobuddy, ef he has got a swaller-tailed coat on. My money's as good as his'n, and it's a free country to-day. This young man ain't to be fooled easy, now I tell you. I cum down to see the *Fourth*, and I've seen him. This mornin' I see the elephant, naow I'm bound to see *this* crittur. *Hel-lo*—there, mister!"

As no one replied to him, however, he ventured again into the office, with the crowd at his heels, and addressing one of the attendants, he inquired—

"Wot's the price, nabur?"

"The price of *what*, sir?"

"Of the show!"

"There is no show here."

"*No show!* What'n thunder der yer leave the sign out for, then?"

"What would you like to see, sir?" said another gentleman.

"Why, I want to see the animal."

"The *animal?*"

"Yes—the crittur."

"I really do not understand, sir."

"Why yee, yer *deu*. I mean the *wot's-name*, out there"—pointing to the door.

"Where?"

"Hevn't yer gut a sign over the door, of a '*little livin'*'—sumthin', hereabouts?"

"LITTELL'S LIVING AGE?"

"*That's* the crittur—their's um—trot him aout, nabur, and yere's yure putty."

Having discovered that he was right (as he supposed), he hopped about, and got near the door again.

Pending the conversation, some rascally wag in the crowd, had contrived to attach half a dozen lighted fire-crackers to the skirt of our green friend's coat; and as he stood in the attitude of passing to

the supposed doorkeeper a quarter—crack! bang! went the fire-works, and at the same instant, a loafer out at the top of his lungs—"look out! *the crittur's loose!*"

Perhaps the countryman didn't leave a wide wake behind him in that crowd, and maybe he didn't astonish the multitude along Colonnade Row, as he dashed towards the foot of the Common, with his smoking coat-tails streaming in the wind!

Our victim struck a bee-line for the Providence Depot, reaching it just as the cars were ready to go out. The crowd arrived as the train got under way, and the last we saw of the "unfortunate," he was seated at a window whistling most vociferously to the engine, to hurry it on!

### A REMINISCENCE OF THE LAND-FEVER.

FROM "WESTERN GLEANINGS." BY CAROLINE M. KIRKLAND. 1846.

THE years 1835 and 1836 will long be remembered by the Western settler—and perhaps by some few people at the East, too—as the period when the madness of speculation in lands had reached a point to which no historian of the time will ever be able to do justice. A faithful picture of those wild days would subject the most voracious chronicler to the charge of exaggeration; and our great-grandchildren can hope to obtain an adequate idea of the infatuation which led away their forefathers, only by the study of such detached facts as may be noted down by those in whose minds the feeling recollection of the delusion is still fresh. Perhaps when our literary existence shall have become sufficiently confirmed to call for the collection of *Ana*, something more may be gleaned from the correspondence in which were embodied the exultings of the successful, and the lamentations of the disappointed.

"Seeing is believing," certainly, in most cases; but in the days of the land-fever, we, who were in the midst of the infected district, scarcely found it so. The whirl, the fervor, the flutter, the rapidity of step, the sparkling of eyes, the beating of hearts, the striking of hands, the utter *abandon* of the hour, were incredible, inconceivable. The "man of one idea" was every where; no man had two. He who had no money, begged, borrowed, or stole it; he who had, thought he made a generous sacrifice, if he lent it at cent per cent. The tradesman forsook his shop; the farmer his plough; the merchant his counter; the lawyer his office; nay, the minister his desk, to join the general chase. Even the schoolmaster, in his longing to be "abroad" with the rest, laid down his birch, or in the flurry of his hopes, plied it with diminished union.

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode  
Splash! splash! along the sea!

The man with one leg, or he that had none, could at least get on board a steamer, and make for Chicago or Milwaukee; the strong, the able, but above all, the "enterprising," set out with his pocket-map and his pocket-compass, to thread the dim woods, and see with his own eyes. Who would waste time in planting, in building, in hammering iron, in making shoes, when the path to wealth lay wide and flowery before him?

A ditcher was hired by the job to do a certain

piece of work in his line. "Well, John, did you make any thing?"

"Pretty well; I cleared about two dollars a day; but I should have made more by *standing round*," i. e., watching the land-market for bargains.

This favorite occupation of all classes was followed by its legitimate consequences. Farmers were as fond of "standing round" as any body; and when harvest time came, it was discovered that many had quite forgotten that the best land requires sowing; and grain, and of course other articles of general necessity, rose to an unprecedented price. The hordes of travellers flying through the country in all directions were often cited as the cause of the distressing scarcity; but the true source must be sought in the diversion, or rather suspension, of the industry of the entire population. Be this as it may, of the wry faces made at the hard fare, the travellers contributed no inconsiderable portion; for they were generally city gentlemen, or at least gentlemen who had lived long enough in the city to have learned to prefer oysters to salt pork. This checked not their ardor, however; for the golden glare before their eyes had power to neutralize the hue of all present objects. On they pressed, with headlong zeal; the silent and pathless forest, the deep miry marsh, the gloom of night, and the fires of noon, beheld alike the march of the speculator. Such searching of trees for town lines! Such ransacking of the woods for section corners, ranges, and base lines! Such anxious care in identifying spots possessing particular advantages! And then, alas! after all, such precious blunders!

These blunders called into action another class of operators, who became popularly known as "land-lookers." These met you at every turn, ready to furnish "water power," "pine lots," "choice farming tracts," or any thing else, at a moment's notice. Bar-rooms and street-corners swarmed with these prowling gentry. It was impossible to mention any part of the country which they had not personally surveyed. They would tell you, with the gravity of astrologers, what sort of timber predominated on any given tract, drawing sage deductions as to the capabilities of the soil. Did you incline to city property? Lo! a splendid chart, setting forth the advantages of some unequalled site, and your confidential friend, the land-

looker, able to tell you more than all about it, or to accompany you to the happy spot; though that he would not advise; "bad roads," "nothing fit to cat," etc.; and all this from a purely disinterested solicitude for your welfare.

These amiable individuals were, strange to tell, no favorites with the actual settlers. If they disliked the gentleman speculator, they hated with a perfect hatred him who aided by his local knowledge the immense purchases of non-residents. These short-sighted and prejudiced persons forgot the honor and distinction which must result from their insignificant farms being surrounded by the possessions of the magnates of the land. They saw only the solitude which would probably be entailed on them for years; and it was counted actual treason in a settler to give any facilities to the land-looker, of whatever grade. "Let the land-shark do his own hunting," was their frequent reply to applications of this kind; and some thought them quite right. Yes, this state of feeling among the hard-handed, was not without its inconvenient results to city gentlemen, as witness the case of our friend Mr. Willoughby, a very prim and smart bachelor, from —.

It was when the whirlwind was at its height, that a gentleman wearing the air of a bank director, at the very least—in other words, that of an uncommonly fat pigeon—drew bridle at the bars in front of one of the roughest log houses in the county of —. The horse and his rider were loaded with all those unnecessary defences, and cumbrous comforts, which the fashion of the time prescribed in such cases. Blankets, valise, saddlebags, and holsters nearly covered the steed; a most voluminous enwrapment of India-rubber cloth completely enveloped the rider. The gullant sorrel seemed indeed fit for his burden. He looked as if he might have swam any stream in Michigan,

Barded from counter to tail,  
And the rider arm'd complete in mail;  
yet he seemed a little jaded, and hung his head



languidly, while his master accosted the tall and meagre tenant of the log cabin.

This individual and his dwelling resembled each other in an unusual degree. The house was, as we have said, of the roughest; its ribs scarcely half filled in with clay; its "looped and windowed raggedness" rendered more conspicuous by the tattered cotton sheets which had long done duty as glass, and which now fluttered in every breeze; its roof of oak shingles, warped into every possible curve; and its stick chimney, so like its owner's hat, open at the top, and jammed in at the sides; all shadowed forth the contour and equipments of the exceedingly easy and self-satisfied person who leaned on the fence, and snapped his long cart-whip, while he gave such answers as suited him to the gentleman in the India-rubbers, taking especial care not to invite him to alight.

"Can you tell me, my friend,—" civilly began Mr. Willoughby.

"Oh! friend!" interrupted the settler; "who told you I was your friend? Friends is scuss in these parts."

"You have at least no reason to be otherwise," replied the traveller, who was blessed with a very patient temper, especially where there was no use in getting angry.

"I don't know that," was the reply. "What fetch'd you into these woods?"

"If I should say 'my horse,' the answer would perhaps be as civil as the question."

"Jist as you like," said the other, turning on his heel, and walking off.

"I wished merely to ask you," resumed Mr. Willoughby, talking after the nonchalant son of the forest, "whether this is Mr. Pepper's land?"

"How do you know it ain't mine?"

"I'm not likely to know at present, it seems," said the traveller, whose patience was getting a little frayed. And taking out his memorandum-book, he ran over his minutes: "South half of north-west quarter of section fourteen—Your name is Leander Pepper, is it not?"

"Where did you get so much news? You ain't the sheriff, be ye?"

"Pop!" screamed a white-headed urchin from the house, "Mam says supper's ready."

"So ain't I," replied the papa: "I've got all my chores to do yet." And he busied himself at a log pig-stye on the opposite side of the road, half as large as the dwelling-house. Here he was soon surrounded by a squealing multitude, with whom he seemed to hold a regular conversation.

Mr. Willoughby looked at the westering sun, which was not far above the dense wall of trees that shut in the small clearing; then at the heavy clouds which advanced from the north, threatening a stormy night; then at his watch, and then at his note-book; and after all, at his predicament—on the whole, an unpleasant prospect. But at this moment, a female face showed itself at the door. Our traveller's memory reverted at once to the testimony of Layard and Mungo Park; and he had also some floating and indistinct poetical recollections of woman's being useful when a man was in difficulties, though hard to please at other times. The result of these reminiscences, which occupied a precious second, was, that Mr. Willoughby dismounted, fastened his horse to the fence, and advanced with a brave and determined air, to throw himself upon female kindness and sympathy.

He naturally looked at the lady, as he approached the door, but she did not return the compliment. She looked at the pigs, and talked to the children, and Mr. Willoughby had time to observe that she was the very duplicate of her husband; as tall, as bony, as ragged, and twice as cross-looking.

"Malviny Jane!" she exclaimed, in no dulcet treble, "be done a-paddlin' in that 'ero water! If I come there, I'll —"

"You'd better look at Sophrony, I guess!" was the reply.

"Why, what's she a-doin'?"

"Well, I guess if you look, you'll see!" responded Miss Malvina, coolly, as she passed into the house, leaving at every step a full impression of her foot in the same black mud that covered her sister from head to foot.

The latter was saluted with a hearty cuff, as she emerged from the puddle; and it was just at the propitious moment when her shrill howl aroused the echoes, that Mr. Willoughby, having reached the threshold, was obliged to set about making the agreeable to the mamma. And he called up for the occasion all his politeness.

"I believe I must become an intruder on your hospitality for the night, madam," he began. The dame still looked at the pigs. Mr. Willoughby tried again, in less courtly phrase.

"Will it be convenient for you to lodge me to-night, ma'am? I have been disappointed in my search for a hunting-party, whom I had engaged to meet, and the night threatens a storm."

"I don't know nothin' about it; you must ask the old man," said the lady, now for the first time taking a survey of the new comer; "with my will, we'll lodge nobody."

This was not very encouraging, but it was a poor night for the woods; so our traveller persevered, and making so bold a push for the door that the lady was obliged to retreat a little, he entered, and said he would await her husband's coming.

And in truth, he could scarcely blame the cool reception he had experienced, when he beheld the state of affairs within those muddy precincts. The room was large, but it swarmed with human beings. The huge open fire-place, with its hearth of rough stone, occupied nearly the whole of one end of the apartment; and near it stood a long cradle, containing a pair of twins, who cried—a sort of hopeless cry, as if they knew it would do no good, yet could not help it. The schoolmaster, (it was his week,) sat reading a tattered novel, and rocking the cradle occasionally, when the children cried *too* loud. An old gray-headed Indian was curiously crouched over a large tub, shelling corn on the edge of a hoe; but he ceased his noisy employment when he saw the stranger, for no Indian will ever willingly be seen at work, though he may be sometimes compelled by the fear of starvation or the longing for whiskey, to degrade himself by labor. Near the only window was placed the work-bench and entire paraphernalia of the shoemaker, who, in these regions travels from house to house, shoeing the family and mending the harness as he goes, with various interludes of songs and jokes, ever new and acceptable. This one, who was a little, bald, twinkling-eyed fellow, made the smoky rafters ring with the burden of that favorite ditty of the west:

All kinds of game to hunt, my boys, also the buck and doe,  
All down by the banks of the river O-hi-o;

and children of all sizes, clattering in all keys, completed the picture and the concert.

The supper-table, which maintained its place in the midst of this living and restless mass, might remind one of the square stone lying bedded in the bustling leaves of the acanthus; but the associations would be any but those of Corinthian elegance. The only object which at that moment diversified its dingy surface was an iron hoop, into which the mistress of the feast proceeded to turn a quantity of smoking hot potatoes, adding afterward a bowl of salt, and another of pork fat, by courtesy denominated gravy; plates and knives dropped in afterward, at the discretion of the company.

Another call of "Pop! pop!" brought in the host from the pigstye; the heavy rain which had now begun to fall, having, no doubt, expedited the performance of the chores. Mr. Willoughby, who had established himself resolutely, took advantage of a very cloudy assent from the proprietor, to lead his horse to a shed, and to deposit in a corner his cumbersome outer gear; while the company used in turn the iron skillet, which served as a wash-basin, dipping the water from a large trough outside, overflowing with the abundant drippings of the eaves. Those who had no pocket handkerchiefs, contented themselves with a nondescript article, which seemed to stand for the family towel; and when this ceremony was concluded, all seriously addressed themselves to the demolition of the potatoes. The grown people were accommodated with chairs and chests; the children prosecuted a series of flying raids upon the good cheer, snatching a potato now and then as they could find an opening under the raised arm of one of the family, and then retreating to the chimney corner, tossing the hot prize from hand to hand, and blowing it stoutly the while. The old Indian had disappeared.

To our citizen, though he felt inconveniently hungry, this primitive meal seemed a little meagre; and he ventured to ask if he could not be accommodated with some tea.

"An't my victuals good enough for you?"

"Oh!—the potatoes are excellent, but I'm very fond of tea."

"So be I, but I can't have every thing I want—can you?"

This produced a laugh from the shoemaker, who seemed to think his patron very witty; while the schoolmaster, not knowing but the stranger might happen to be one of his examiners next year, produced only a faint giggle, and then reducing his countenance instantly to an awful gravity, helped himself to his seventh potato.

The rain which now poured violently; not only outside but through many a crevice in the roof, naturally kept Mr. Willoughby cool; and finding that dry potatoes gave him the hiccough, he withdrew from the table, and seating himself on the shoemaker's bench, took a survey of his quarters.

Two double-beds and the long cradle, seemed all the sleeping apparatus; but there was a ladder which doubtless led to a lodging above. The sides of the room were hung with abundance of decent clothing, and the dresser was well stored with the usual articles, among which a teapot and canister shone conspicuous; so that the appearance of inhospitality could not arise from poverty, and Mr. Willoughby concluded to set it down to the account of rustic ignorance.

The eating ceased not until the hoop was empty,



and then the company rose and stretched themselves, and began to guess it was about time to go to bed. Mr. Willoughby inquired what was to be done with his horse.

"Well! I s'pose he can stay where he is."

"But what can he have to eat?"

"I reckon you won't get nothing for him, without you turn him out on the mash."

"He would get off, to a certainty!"

"Tie his legs."

The unfortunate traveller argued in vain. Hay was "scuss," and potatoes were "scusser;" and in short the "mash" was the only resource, and these natural meadows afford but poor picking after the first of October. But to the "mash" was the good steed despatched, ingloriously hampered, with the privilege of munching wild grass in the rain, after his day's journey.

Then came the question of lodging for his master. The lady, who had by this time drawn out a trundle-bed, and packed it full of children, said there was no bed for him, unless he could sleep "up chamber" with the boys.

Mr. Willoughby declared that he should make out very well with a blanket by the fire.

"Well! just as you like," said his host; "but Solomon sleeps there, and if you like to sleep by Solomon, it is more than I should."

This was the name of the old Indian, and Mr. Willoughby once more cast woful glances toward the ladder.

But now the schoolmaster, who seemed rather disposed to be civil, declared that he could sleep very well in the long cradle, and would relinquish his place beside the shoemaker to the guest, who was obliged to content himself with this arrangement, which was such as was most usual in those times.

The storm continued through the night, and many a crash in the woods attested its power. The sound of a storm in the dense forest is almost precisely similar to that of a heavy surge breaking on a rocky beach; and when our traveller slept, it was only to

dream of wreck and disaster at sea, and to wake in horror and affright. The wild rain drove in at every crevice, and wet the poor children in the loft so thoroughly, that they crawled shivering down the ladder, and stretched themselves on the hearth, regardless of Solomon, who had returned after the others were in bed.

But morning came at last; and our friend, who had no desire farther to test the vaunted hospitality of a western settler, was not among the latest astir. The storm had partially subsided; and although the clouds still lowered angrily, and his saddle had enjoyed the benefit of a leak in the roof during the night, Mr. Willoughby resolved to push on as far as the next clearing, at least, hoping for something for breakfast besides potatoes and salt. It took him a weary while to find his horse, and when he had saddled him, and strapped on his various accoutrements, he entered the house, and inquired what he was to pay for his entertainment—laying somewhat of a stress on the last word.

His host, nothing daunted, replied that he guessed he would let him off for a dollar.

Mr. Willoughby took out his purse, and as he placed a silver dollar in the leathern palm outspread to receive it, happening to look toward the hearth, and perceiving preparations for a very substantial breakfast, the long pent-up vexation burst forth.

"I really must say, Mr. Pepper—" he began: his tone was certainly that of an angry man, but it only made his host laugh.

"If this is your boasted western hospitality, I can tell you—"

"You'd better tell me what the dickens you are peppering me up this fashion for? My name isn't Pepper, no more than yours is! May be that is your name; you seem pretty warm."

"Your name not Pepper! Pray what is it, then?"

"Ah! there's the thing, now! You land-hunters ought to know sich things without asking."

"Land-hunter! I'm no land-hunter!"

"Well! you're a land-shark, then—swallowin' up poor men's farms. The less I see of such cattle, the better I'm pleased."

"Confound you!" said Mr. Willoughby, who waxed warm, "I tell you I've nothing to do with land. I wouldn't take your whole State for a gift."

"What did you tell my woman you was a land-hunter for, then?"

And now the whole matter became clear in a moment; and it was found that Mr. Willoughby's equipment, with the mention of a "hunting-party," had completely misled both host and hostess. And to do them justice, never were regret and vexation more heartily expressed.

"You needn't judge our new-country-folks by me," said Mr. Handy, for such proved to be his name; "any man in these parts would as soon bite off his own nose, as to snub a civil traveller that wanted a supper and a night's lodging. But somehow or other, your lots o' fixin', and you're askin' after that 'ere Pepper—one of the worst land-sharks we've ever had here—made me mad; and I know I treated you worse than an Indian."

"Humph!" said Solomon.

"But," continued the host, "you shall see whether my old woman can't set a good breakfast, when she's a mind to. Come, you shan't stir a step till you've had breakfast; and just take back this plaguy dollar. I wonder it didn't burn my fingers when I took it!"

Mrs. Handy set forth her very best, and a famous breakfast it was, considering the times. And before it was finished, the hunting-party made their appearance, having had some difficulty in finding their companion, who had made no very uncommon mistake as to section corners and town-lines.

"I'll tell you what," said Mr. Handy, confidentially, as the cavalcade with its baggage-ponies, loaded with tents, gun-cases, and hamper of provisions, was getting into order for a march to the prairies, "I'll tell you what; if you've occasion to stop any where in the Bush, you'd better tell 'em at the first goin' off that you a'n't land-hunters."

But Mr. Willoughby had already had "a caution."

## A "HUNG" JURY.

BY J. M. FIELD (EVERPOINT). 1847.

Among the dispensers of justice in a certain central ward of old St. Louis, during its unpretending, "even-handed" days, was 'Squire W——. His astute comprehension of, and rigid adherence to, legal properties are yet recollected. A case was submitted to him, "once on a time;" but, his decision not satisfying *one* of the parties, (very likely to occur, by-the-by, even in primitive ages), the case was "continued;" which further step, according to the rule in justices' courts, now as then, involves the ceremony and expense of a jury.

The second trial came on, unfortunately, upon a morning which, for some good cause or other, the whole town had devoted to jubilee and rejoicing—whether it was that a great man was to be "received," or another great man dismissed, it is immaterial; suffice it that guns and drums equally did their duty in calling the citizens away from theirs.

Plaintiff and defendant were punctual in their attendance before the justice, anxious to settle their difference—just as anxious to have their share of the show—and the officer was despatched to collect a jury; but after a no less anxious search, he was obliged to return without a man, his summons going for nothing in the general excitement.

Impatient at the delay, the parties litigant agreed to waive the matter of a jury altogether; to just re-argue the matter and abide by "His Honor's" decision. But His Honor had his own more reverend *parade* of the law to enjoy, and therefore, with a *chief justice* air, he declared that inasmuch as that the case had been continued, and that the purpose of said continuance was entirely to obtain the sense of a *jury*, it would be all *nonsense* to proceed in any less regular way. "Therefore, Mr. Constable," continued the 'Squire, "you will, by virtue of your authority, summon and compel the presence of a jury forthwith."

The constable again set forth, the "bench" relapsed into abstruse cogitation, and the plaintiff and

defendant were fain to content themselves with the hope of getting clear "after a while."

Wearily went the moments; but, at length, the indefatigable officer, bathed in perspiration, returned, having secured *one* well-known, easy-going citizen, remarkable as being the largest, lovingest, and *laziest* man about town.

"'Squire," said the panting official, "I've gotten Bob, 'cause he says it don't make much difference to him; but there isn't *nary* nother as don't say they'll see me d——d first, and so the thing's out,





as far as my footin' on it goes, I reckon!" The constable wiped his brow with determination, the justice *began* to foresee a dilemma, and nothing but the "costs" prevented "the parties," in spite of their attorneys, from flipping up "head or tail" for an issue.

At length, the constable made a suggestion, which the parties eagerly consenting to, the 'Squire finally sanctioned. This was, that Bob, the lazy gentleman just mentioned, should serve as jury all alone by himself!"

All was settled at once; the lazy gentleman declared that it "made no difference," and getting a "chew" from the constable, down he sat. The pleadings were despatched; the *jury* was charged; the approaching procession was heard in the distance, and all parties were only waiting to hear the verdict, when the *jury*, after one or two indolent hitches in his chair, and a leisurely discharge of tobacco juice from between his teeth, turned to the court, and said—

"Well, I reckon, 'Squire, the jury 'll have to retire."

This was unexpected, and had not been altogether the *mode*, either, in Justice W——'s court, inas-

much as there was no place for the jury to retire to except *within themselves*; but the present body was *unanimously* of opinion that he ought to have a fair shake at the merits of the case, and so the court adjourned to the sidewalk, leaving the jury all to himself, with his heels on the table.

Moment after moment passed away; the litigants every now and then cast a glance in at the conscientious umpire; the procession was evidently approaching along the next street, and suddenly, the "opposite counsel" excusing themselves, walked off towards the corner. Drums, hurrahs, etc., now began to swell upon the air, and plaintiff and defendant, after sundry inquiries as to the chances, even marched off also, leaving the 'squire and constable to receive the verdict. The constable next became impatient, and, finally, the 'Squire himself got the fidgets; each moment seemed an age, until the dubious *twelfth* was just asked if he was "going to take the whole day or not?"

"Well, the fact is, 'Squire, the jury *can't* agree, no how. We're just *hung*, and no mistake; and, if you can't let us *stay out*, why you'd better *discharge us*, by thunder!"

The jury was discharged!

## HUMBUGGING A TOURIST.

FROM "MADMEN ALL," BY WM. IRVING PAULDING. 1847.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PHIL PETERS, *a New Yorker, personating Mr. Bragg, from Vicksburg.*

SAM MARKHAM, *a Philadelphian.*

HUSKINSON HODGSON, *a Brummagem Beau and a Tourist.*

PHIL. Tell me who is this pompous signor, swelling and strutting through the street. By his port and majesty, I should judge him to be the English lion.

SAM. Ay, that's his figure looming up the street. Shall we call him in as he comes this way, and bait the bull?

PHIL. By all manner of means.

SAM. Well, first let me give you a hint or two. I have told you what he is—he has forced his way into good society, nobody can tell how—can see nothing admirable in this country or its institutions, of course—but is eloquent upon oysters. And now, Phil, you must play the "half horse, half alligator," for the nonce. Mind you give it to him in strong doses, and fear not overacting your part; for the poor simpleton has such extraordinary notions of the western country, that he will swallow any thing, however preposterous; and it is a pity he should be disabused, he is so innocent in his belief. (*Knocks at the window.*) Ho, Hodgson, come in, and have a chat with us. (*Turning to PHIL.*) You are now Mr. Bragg, and lo! the victim comes. Oh, I forgot—his only definite idea of a western man is connected with the word *damn*! (*Enter HODGSON.*) Mr. Hodgson, how are you, this morning? Allow me to introduce my friend, Mr. Bragg, of Vicksburg. (*PHIL turns away, with his hands in his pockets, and whistles "Old Dan Tucker."* *Aside to*

HODGSON.) He is, I assure you, a deuced pleasant fellow—an excellent specimen of the frank western man—and will be delighted to give you any information respecting the country, habits of the people, and so on.

HODGSON (*in a cautious whisper*). But are you sure he is not dangerous? Has he no Bowie knives, pistols, or any thing of the kind about him?

SAM (*in the same tone*). Well—not more than the usual allowance—a "Planter's Protector," or so, perhaps, or a sword-cane—nothing more. But how were you pleased, last night, at Mrs. No-good's?

HODG. Oh—Miss Garafeliaw was pausitively divoigne; she hung upon my aurm, and while I entertained her with the description of my ancestral halls—

SAM (*aside*). Conceited ass!

PHIL (*aside*). Pheugh! ancestral halls! his paternal cotton mills, Heaven save the mark!

HODG. The words of love and mutual affection rising to our lips—

PHIL (*aside hurriedly*). I must stop this, or Sam will be frantic (*walking quickly to the window*). Hell and d—!

SAM. Why, Phil—(excuse me, Mr. Bragg, for being so familiar)—what on earth is the row?

HODG. (*aside*). What is—ah—the savage going to do now?

PHIL. Why, may my boiler be eternally busted, if there isn't that are young lady I was keepin' company with yesterday, a travelling along with another feller. But I'll be down upon him like an Arkansaw flood—I'll be into him like a Mississippi sawyer. Where are my pistols? Whoo-oo-oo-oo!



HODG. Oh, Mr. Bragg, for Heaven's sake! in the name of mercy, don't, don't!

SAM. Oh pshaw, Bragg, for our sakes now, stay and take a quiet julep, and defer your performances till afterwards.

PHIL. Waal, I suppose I mought as well, specially as I reckon he ain't of no account, any how. I *will* if you'll give us a chaw tabacca.

SAM (*rings the bell. WAITER comes*). John, go across the way, and bring us some juleps, and a paper of tobacco. Don't stand there staring at me, but go—quick—fly—and be back in a theatrical minute.

PHIL (*to SERVANT*). Mind—pigtail! (*Exit SERVANT*).

HODG. (*aside to SAM*). But don't you think?—(*he draws his hand across his throat*).

SAM (*in a whisper to HODG*). Oh, no. I assure you we are perfectly safe; he does not mean any thing by it. (*Juleps are brought; each helps himself. SAM beckons to his servant and whispers*). Now, John, whatever I order you to do when that stout gentleman is here, do it as if it were the commonest thing in the world. You understand me!

JOHN (*grinning*). Yes, sir! (*Exit JOHN*).

HODG (*sipping his julep*). By Gemini, that's good. Are you aware, gents, that this is the finest thing in your country? People talk about your rivers, and all that sort of thing, and they call cotton your staple production, but for my pawt, I consider your juleps and your oysters to be the only things worthy of imitation. Fact is, 'pon honor, I have some idea of taking a few oysters out to improve the breed in England. Oysters, gents, I may say—oysters are the only things which redeem your country.

PHIL. Do you mean, Mr. What's-your-name, to insinuate that this here country, called the United States of Ameriky, requires any thing to redeem its character or any thing else? If you do, maybe I won't be into your eyes in less than no time, like a real Kaintucky porker a-rootin' in the woods.

HODG. (*covering his eyes with his hands*). Oh, no, no, no!

PHIL. Oh, waal, if you didn't mean nothin', Socrates Bragg is not the man to take offence at a trifle; and I reckon, besides, you ain't no great shakes.

HODG. (*aside*). "No great shakes!" I must inquitawr if he means to insult me (*aloud*). But Mr. Markham, I see no spitboxes about your parlors here—auh—as I have been led to expect!

SAM. Oh, we have given them up, and expectorate in the French style into our pocket-handkerchiefs—those, at least, who have enjoyed the advantages of travelling in Europe.

HODG. Indeed! (*aside to SAM*). I would like to ask him (*pointing to PHIL*) about Bowie knives and such things.

SAM (*aside to HODG*). Well, do it. These western fellows like to talk big.

HODG. (*turning to PHIL*). May I inquitawr, Mr. Bragg, whethaw Bowie knives are as common now in Cincinnati and the other frontier towns as they used to be?

PHIL. *May you inquire?* Do you mean to insult me, Mr. Hodgkins? Are we not among gentlemen here? Ain't we all plain spoken?

HODG. I mean no offence, 'pon honor.

PHIL. 'Nuff said. Waal, as to Bowie knives, sir, they're going out—

HODG. (*piously*). Thank Heaven!

PHIL (*pretending not to notice his exclamation*). And now, most use Bolen's six-barrelled revolving, self-cocking pistols, with a small sprinkle of a Bowie knife on the end of them, in case of emergency; though some prefer Colt's repeaters, just for the sake, I calculate, of being singular and uncommon-like.

HODG. Good Lord, have mercy upon us! What a state of society! But are these weapons publicly carried?

PHIL. Oh, yes. We occasionally practice in the streets; and if a little boy or a stranger is once in a while found dead, why it's nobody's business, and the coroner's inquest brings in a verdict of "accidental death."

HODG. The infernal spirit of democracy! Heaven defend me from such a country. But are rifles still in common use?

PHIL. Rifles? Why, what else should we use?

HODG. Auh—I thought perhaps there might be a market there for double-barrelled guns; and—auh—indeed, that is pawt—auh—of my business out here—to dispose of. Hum—hum—(*aside*). By Gemini, I came within an ace of letting the cat out of the bag.

PHIL. Mr. Hodg-podge—

HODG. (*interrupting him*). Hodgson, sir, if you please.

PHIL. Mr. Hodgson, then, take my advice, and, if you hope to escape with any thing left of you, speak not in our Western country of a double-barrelled gun. We don't tolerate 'em, sir.

HODG. Is it pawisible?

PHIL. Yes, sir; I ventured once to purchase one out of curiosity, and the excitement against it, sir, was so intense in my neighborhood, that I had to throw it into the Mississippi. I tried the infernal big-mouthed cretur once, and may I be eternally split up into firewood, sir, if the shot didn't come out just like a fog, and when it disappeared, all that I could find of my bird was the end of his bill. No, sir, the rifle is our weapon; with that we can shoot any thing, from a buffalo down to an Englishman, or a sandpiper.

HODG. (*aside*). How he makes one shiver! Sandpipers with rifles! Good Heavens! the extravagance of these Western people is really awful. No wonder they are obliged to repudiate; and there, by the way, is a hint for my book (*aloud*). But, Mr. Bragg, is tarring and feathering common?

PHIL. Law bless you, yes! Why I myself was tarred and feathered once, and just becoss my bank bust up, and I could not pay my creditors.

SAM (*aside*). That's right, Phil; snuite him on the hip, and spare not.

HODG. (*in agitation*). What a land! what a land! But, Mr. Bragg, were you ever blown up?

PHIL. Blown up, sir! Warn't I raised on the Mississippi, and lived on steam since I was a baby? Why, you might as well ask me if I've been weaned. It's the commonest thing in natur. Blown up?—more times than I can count up, sir!

HODG. What, Mr. Bragg, were your sensations?

PHIL. Well, sir, it is the pleasantest and most elevating feeling you can imagine. May I be scalped, sir, if it is not just like being kicked into chaos. No man, sir, knows what the sublimity of life is until he has had a biler bust under him. You may take my word for that, sir. And now, good

morning gentlemen. (PHIL rises to depart.) But before I go, I will tell you, sir (turns to HODG.), a d——d true and an interesting story; if it isn't, may I be d——d, sir, about a burst up.

Waal, sir, I was going up stream, one day, to St. Louis, and I had a horse on board [a finer horse, by the way, sir, never trod turf. His name was Roanoke—my ancestors came from the Old Dominion, sir], and one day I sees that something was the matter with him, and a knowing hoss he was to smell out mischief. So I goes up, and says I, "Roanoke, what snag ha' you run against now? Do you want some feed, old boy?" says I.

He shook his head.

"Are you cold?" says I.

He shook his head.

"Is the biler going to bust?" says I.

He nods his head.

"Right straight?" says I.

He nods his head again.

I unties the halter as fast as I can, and I sings out, "Gentlemen, I'll bet ten to one this boat's biler busts before sunset." "Done," and "done," shouts a dozen, when *bang* goes both bilers like a clap of thunder run mad. May I be d——d, sir, if I and my horse weren't the only creatures that escaped. So I lost all my bets, and was obliged to resolve myself into a committee, sir, in a cypress swamp, to exonerate the captain, engineer, hands, and biler from all blame, collectively and individually. I tell you what, sir, may I never taste Monongahela again, if I did not get aboard the next up boat in a mighty thick rile. Good morning, gentlemen!

SAM (winks to PHIL). Don't go yet, Bragg. Sit down again, now, and tell us a little more about your parts. Mr. Hodgson is very much interested in that section of the country, and a stranger—

PHIL. Oh, waal, I'm always ready cocked to go off, for a stranger's information.

HODG. Thank you—auh—what sort of people have you out there?

PHIL. Waal, we've got some o' most all kinds: Pukes, Wolverines, Snags, Hoosiers, Griddle-greasers, Buck-eyes, Corn-crackers, Pot-soppers, Hard-heads, Hawk-eyes, Rackensacks, Linsey-woolseys, Red-horses, Mud-heads, Green-horns, Canada-patriots, Loafers, Masons, Anti-Masons, Mormous, and some few from the Jarseys.

HODG. Heavens! All savage tribes, I presume; but I thought your government—auh—had removed all the Indians beyond the Mississippi.

PHIL. No, sir; there are are still many savages this side the river.

HODG. What is the average product of your lands, per acre, Mr. Bragg, in a good season?

PHIL. Oh—of snakes—ten cords is considered a very fair yield, making two bushels of rattles, or more when threshed out; but that's according to the age of the reptyles—of mosquitoes, four bushels—of other vermin, six bushels is called a tolerable crop.

HODG. Good Lord! Snakes by the cord! But I mean corn and other grain.

PHIL. Stranger, in the West we never keep account o' sich things. We save enough to eat, and feed our hogs, and send the rest to market; and if the rivers ain't dry, and the steamboats don't get snagged, run into, blown up, or seized by the sheriff, it gets there in the course of time, and we presume is sold; for that's the last we hear of it.



HODG. And you have no agents to attend to it when it arrives?

PHIL. Oh, yes—we hires agents o' course.

HODG. And you never call upon them to give account of their sales and receipts?

PHIL. No, sir, no—it would be as much as a man's life is worth to do so unpopular a thing. It's an unheard of notion, *stranger*—an obsolete idea. Nobody thinks of sich a thing, except once in a while a mean feller, and he has to cut stick—quit our parts, sir, in short order, I reckon. "Tramp" 's the word, and he emigrates, sir. 'Sides, there's the chance o' your agent's drawin' on you.

HODG. Drawing on you? With funds of yours in his hands, auh?

PHIL. Yes, sir—click! And may be you find half an ounce o' lead lodged in your phrenological developments.

HODG. Shocking!

PHIL. Well, jist to show you the workin' of the thing: you see we made Bill Toddy our agent—good fellow—fust rate chap—great on liquor. Now, supposin' I goes to New Orleans, and says I to Bill, "Look here, young 'un, jist fork over that are change, will you?" What d'ye think Bill does?

HODG. Why, he takes out his ledger, balances his account, and pays you what he owes on your sales.

PHIL. That jist shows how much you know of human natur, Mr. Hodgeskin. Now I should calcerlate that Bill would naterally get his back up at that, and say—"Soc Bragg, you're a poor devil,"—or, "Soc Bragg, you're a dirned dropical water-drinker,"—or, "Soc Bragg, you're everlastin'ly beneath my notice." And then, we'd have one of the awfulest musses that ever *did* take place in New Orleans.

HODG. Mr. Bragg, the state of society in your country is even more disorganized than I had supposed.

PHIL. Yes, sir-r-r, it can't be beat, as you say.

Most people in furrin parts have every kind of amphibious ideas of our diggins. You don't know what a glorious place it is out West. It is of an entire different stripe from our foggy England, where you have to drink port, and ale, and beer, and sich like onnatural tipples. It's another kind of streak, sir-r-r!

HODG. Auh—Mr. Bragg—auh—do you drink much malt liquor in your pawts? auh—I have a brothow—auh—that is—yes—yaas—

PHIL. Look here, *stranger*, why don't you speak as if you warn't afraid o' what you were sayin', instead of coughin' like an old steamboat—puff—auh—puff—auh? Speak out like a ringed pig.

HODG. I merely ausked if you drank much malt liquor in your pawts.

PHIL. Do we drink spring water? No, sir; we drink Tom and Jerrys some—gin-cocktails putty considerably—but mostly stone fence barefooted!

HODG. Eh! what! barefooted! I had no idea, I must confess, of the misery of this country. Demme, I'll write a communication, when I get home, to some of the charitable societies. No shoes!—not even moccasins! (*Aside.*) It's a judgment on them for their oppression of their colored brethren.

SAM. I believe, however, Mr. Bragg, that some parts of the country are very poor indeed.

PHIL. Poor, sir! It's considerably the richest country that ever *was* created. Why, I've seen many a tree it took a man and a boy to look to the top of.

HODG. That's a very singular circumstance!

PHIL. Fact, sir!

SAM. But I mean, Mr. Bragg, that meat is sometimes very scarce.

PHIL. Oh, *meat*!—yes. I was out one year in a log cabin, a little out of the common trail, and sometimes we didn't see a piece of meat for three months at a time, and lived perty much on sweet punkins.

HODG. Punkins! Good Heavens! This goes beyond any thing I ever heard or read of before. They may talk about famine in India, and poverty in Ireland, but never can there be greater misery than this. But did you not become very weak under such a diet, Mr. Bragg?

PHIL. Wa-a-l, sir, we fell off some, but were pretty nigh as strong as a ten-horse steam ingyne for all that. Why, stranger, my father that spring swum across the big Satan, in a freshet, with a dead painter in his mouth, and a live alligator full splurge after him. It was a tight race, I tell you,



PHIL. No shoes? What does the man mean, Mr. Markham?

SAM. I fancy Mr. Hodgson doesn't take your meaning.

PHIL. That's it, eh? I was afraid the *stranger* was pokin' fun at me—and then I'm dangerous.

HODG. Oh, no, no, no! I assure you.

PHIL. Well, stranger, whar *was* you raised? I thought even a Yankee knew that "stone fence barefooted" is the polite English for whisky uncontaminated—pure, sir!

HODG. (*aside*). What—auh—a demned patois they speak.

PHIL (*aside to SAM*). Keep him on that track, Sam, and I'll astonish him.

and I *did* laugh, and no mistake, to see the old man puttin' out. The crittur just bit off the heel of his boot as he got ashore. *He did!*

HODG. Horrible! A dead painter between his teeth! And how did he come by this untimely end?

PHIL. What, the painter? how should he? My father shot him, sir, and a most almighty good shot it was, or *I'm* no judge. He took him sitting, sir, but—

HODG. (*trembling*). And—and—what was the provocation, sir?

PHIL. Why, I rayther allow the animal was just a takin' a sketch of him, and would have had him, sir.

HODG. Good God! shoot a gentleman—an un-offending artist—

PHIL. Shoot what? I'm speakin' of a painter, sir!

HODG. And isn't a painter a fellow Christian—a man as well as you? hasn't he a soul to be saved?

PHIL. Well, that ar' beats—a painter a Christian! Why, sir, we consider them in our parts the worst kind o' heathen!

SAM. (*stifling a laugh*). I apprehend, Mr. Bragg, that Mr. Hodgson lies under an error; he thinks you mean a man that paints—signs, you know, and portraits.

PHIL. No, now? does he? Well, I'm durned if he ain't a greenhorn! Why, mister, a painter's a wild animal—a catamount, sir—an exaggerated kind o' Bengal tiger!

SAM. I fancy, too, that Mr. Hodgson misapprehends your account of the lack of meat. I dare say, now, you had plenty of venison.

PHIL. Oh, yes—plenty of venison—no lack of vittels.

HODG. Venison!

SAM. And wild turkeys, perhaps?

PHIL. Wild turkeys! oh, yes—all out doors are full of them; 'sides, 'coons, squirrels, beavers' tails, 'chucks, bear-meat, skunks, and other varmints. Lots of fodder we had, that are a fact—but no meat! Tell you what, sir, it's paddling right up stream in a canoe, to live without meat. The old man did grumble some, I tell you!

HODG. What does the man mean?—Wild turkeys and venison—and no meat?

SAM. I believe I must explain for you, Mr. Hodgson. The term *meat* in the West is understood to apply solely to *salt pork*.

HODG. (*aside*). What a monstrous slang these savages speak! (*Aloud*.) Have you any Englishmen out there?

PHIL. Britishers?—I tell you, sir, we have the scum of all creation in our parts.

HODG. Auh, auh! and—auh—what is the usual currency of that part of the country? Auh—what do you pay your debts with?

PHIL. Ha! ha! ha! (*Laughs*). Pay our debts with!—that's a good joke—may be I won't tell that when I get home. We *slope*, sir! absquatulate!—

HODG. (*to SAM*). What does he mean?

SAM. (*to HODG.*). Hush!—don't press him on that point—it's dangerous!

PHIL. As for our currency, it's rather promiscuous, as I may say, jest now—mostly 'coon-skins, howsomever.—You see the Owl Creek, and the Wild Cat, and the Sore Bear, and the Salt River, and the Alligator banks all went slam-bang to eternal smash, and since then, it's ben very *mixed*!

SAM. Didn't a certain bank, called the Big Riley Bubble, explode also?

PHIL. Take care, Mr. Markham, I don't stand that, sir—I have a mighty pisen feelin' about that concern.

HODG. Why, Mr. Bragg, had you any interest—

PHIL. *Stranger*, if you don't shet your mouth a little closer than a Gulf clam, I'll fix your flint in short order.

HODG. Excuse me, Mr. er-eh-Bragg; didn't mean to offend, 'pon honor.

PHIL. Sir-r-r, I was the President of the Big Riley Bubble Bank. I was rode on a sharp rail—and if you allude to it, sir, again, may I be eternally condemned to be fireman to the slowest boat in all



creation, if I don't scalp you in several seconds less than no time. We can *do* that, sir-r-r, whar I was raised.

HODG. I'm dumb—auh!

SAM. Lethe shall with me be another name for the Big Riley.

HODG. Have you any knowledge of the State of Arkansas, Mr. Bragg?

PHIL. I've *ben* thar, I reckon—I *have* hunted all over them parts, almost clean out to the jumping off place of creation.

HODG. And—auh—do you know any thing of Ramdown county? Ah, auh—my fauther took some lands there for a debt about ten years ago, and I have some idea of—of going out there to examine the property. There are several flourishing villages upon it, as I perceive by the map I have of it.

PHIL. Do I know Ramdown county? I'd like to see the man would tell me I don't, that's all. I'm getting tired of a peaceful life. It makes me bilious!—(*HODG. edges away from him*). Ramdown county, sir, is an eternal bog—one of the d—dest, ugliest, dirtiest, deepest, nastiest, cussedest swamps that ever *was* created. (*Solemnly*.) Mr. Hogskin, you had better venture into New Orleans in veller fever time than show your face there. Why, sir, the only dry locations in it are taken up by the wust kind o' squatters—and if you escape, sir, the alligators, rattlesnakes, moccasons, bears, painters, quagmires, hurricanes, highwaymen, freshets, Injins, and bilious fevers, you will be murdered by the settlers, and no mistake!

SAM. (*aside to PHIL*). Phil, that is too bad!

HODG. What a dreadful picture! But the towns—Oxford, Babylon, Sodom, Nineveh, Moscow?

PHIL. *Towns*, sir! There isn't but one log cabin in the lot—at Sodom, sir—and that's a place even the boatmen don't like to stop at. (*In a solemn whisper*). It's a mortal *unhealthy* place for strangers—several have *disappeared* there!

HODG. Dear! dear! dear! catch me there! But Moscow and the others?

PHIL. Moscow is fifty feet above ordinary water mark, and only accessible in wet seasons—and has no inhabitants. Oxford is fifteen feet under water at all times, and death for fever and ague, besides being dreadfully infested with mosquitoes, alligators, and howling savages. Babylon was swallowed up some years ago by an earthquake; and Nineveh was washed away by the Red River last spring, and it deserved to be swept off, sir, for I am credibly informed, there was nothing to drink in the place.—What's the use of such poor places, but to be washed away? Any more inquiries, *stranger*?—happy to give you information.

HODG. No, I thank you, sir—auh—I believe I won't go there.

PHIL. *Stranger*, I wouldn't. It's a powerful sickly country for people who ask too many questions, and ain't satisfied with what they get there—it goes against one's grain when we see a man *stuck up*, I tell you. And now, I'll cut dirt!

HODG. (*producing a note book*). Allow me one—auh—moment, Mr. Bragg—have you any objection to my taking a note of this conversation for a—a work I have in contemplation?

SAM (*aside*). He bites by all that is incredible.

PHIL. Why—Mr. Hodgson, it doesn't strike me as exactly the thing to take down a man's words in this way, but if you particularly desire it, d—d if I can refuse such a trifle.

HODG. I should, sir—auh—esteem it as a particular favaw.

PHM. Then, sir, you have my permission. Good morning, again. (*Aside to SAM, who follows him to the door.*) Didn't I throw a pretty good broadside into the cockney?

SAM. Faith, you gave it to him like Stephen Decatur. And what think you of the beast?

PHIL. That you may safely warrant him at any cattle show as a genuine imported bull?

(*Exit PHIL.*)

HODG. (*aside, writing in his note book*). All the Americans are shockingly profane. (*Rising to take his leave.*) An extraordinary man that, Mr. Markham.

SAM. Very, in his way. There are many such beyond the mountains.

HODG. Well, auh, Mr. Markham, good day. I must go and commit this conversation to writing.

(*Exit HODGSON.*)

SAM. There goes the model of an English tourist in America.

## PICTORIAL BOOKKEEPING.

FROM "LOCKE AMSDEN." BY DANIEL PIERCE THOMPSON. 1847.

At this point in his journey, he overtook a man on foot, of whom, after discovering him to belong somewhere in the neighborhood, he proceeded to make some inquiries relative to the situation of the school.

"Why," replied the man, "as I live out there in the tip of the Horn, which is, of course, at the outer edge of the district, I know but little about the school affairs; but one thing is certain, they have shipped the master, and want to get another, I suppose."

"For what cause was the master dismissed? For lack of qualifications?"

"Yes, lack of qualifications for our district. The fellow, however, had learning enough, as all agreed, but no spunk; and the young Bunkers, and some others of the big boys, mistrusting this, and being a little riled at some things he had said to them, took it into their heads to train him a little, which they did; when he, instead of showing any grit on the occasion, got frightened and cleared out."

"Why, sir, did his scholars offer him personal violence?"

"O no—not violence. They took him up quite carefully, bound him on to a plank, as I understood, and carried him on their shoulders, in a sort of procession, three times around the school-house, and then, unloosing him, told him to go at his business again."

"And was all this suffered to take place without any interference from your committee?"

"Yes, our committee-men would not interfere in such a case. A master must fight his own way in our district."

"Who is your committee, sir?"

"Captain Bill Bunker is now. They had a meeting after the fracas, and chose a new one."

"Is he a man who is capable of ascertaining for himself the qualifications of a teacher?"

"O yes,—at least I had as lief have Bill Bunker's judgment of a man who applied for the school as any other in the district; and yet he is the only man in the whole district but what can read and write, I believe."

"Your school committee not able to read and write?"

"Not a word, and still he does more business than any man in this neighborhood. Why, sir, he keeps a sort of store, sells to A, B, and C, and charges on book in a fashion of his own; and I would as soon trust to his book as that of any regular merchant in the country; though, to be sure, he has got into a jumble, I hear, about some charges against a man at the other end of the Horn, and they are having a court about it to-day at Bunker's House, I understand."

"Where does he live?"

"Right on the road, about a mile ahead. You will see his name chalked on a sort of a shop-looking building, which he uses for a store."

The man here turned off from the road, leaving our hero so much surprised and staggered at what he had just heard, not only of the general character of the school of which he had come to propose himself as a teacher, but of the man who now had the control of it, that he drew up the reins, stopped his horse in the road, and sat hesitating some moments whether he would go back or forward. It occurring to him, however, that he could do as he liked about accepting any offer of the place which might be made him, and feeling, moreover, some curiosity to see how a man who could neither read nor write would manage in capacity of an examining school committee, he resolved to go forward, and present him-

self as a candidate for the school. Accordingly, he rode on, and soon reached a rough built, but substantial-looking farm-house, with sundry out-buildings, on one of which he read, as he had been told he might, the name of the singular occupant. In the last-named building, he at once perceived that there was a gathering of quite a number of individuals, the nature of which was explained to him by the hint he had received from his informant on the road. And tying his horse, he joined several who were going in, and soon found himself in the midst of the company assembled in the low, unfinished room, which constituted the interior, as parties, witnesses, and spectators of a justice's court, the ceremonies of which were about to be commenced. There were no counters, counting-room, or desk; and a few broad shelves, clumsily put up on one side, afforded the only indication, observable in the interior arrangement of the room, of the use to which it was devoted. On these shelves were scattered, at intervals, small bunches of hoes, axes, bed-cords, and such articles as are generally purchased by those who purchase little; while casks of nails, grindstones, quintals of dried salt fish, and the like, arranged round the room on the floor, made up the rest of the owner's merchandise, an annual supply of which, it appeared, he obtained in the cities every winter in exchange for the products of his farm; ever careful, like a good political economist, that the balance of trade should not be against him. The only table and chair in the room were now

session. He was a remarkably stout, hardy-looking man; and although his features were extremely rough and swarthy, they yet combined to give him an open, honest, and very intelligent countenance. Behind him, as backers, were standing in a group three or four of his sons, of ages varying from fifteen to twenty, and of bodily proportions possessing any thing but disparagement to the Herculean stock from which they originated. The parties were now called and sworn; when Bunker, there being no attorneys employed to make two-hour speeches on preliminary questions, proceeded at once to the merits of his case. He produced and spread open his account-book, and then went on to show his manner of charging, which was wholly by hieroglyphics, generally designating the debtor by picturing him out at the top of the page, with some peculiarity of his person or calling. In the present case, the debtor, who was a cooper, was designated by the rude picture of a man in the act of hooping a barrel; and the article charged, there being but one item in the account, was placed immediately beneath, and represented by a shaded, circular figure, which the plaintiff said was intended for a cheese, that had been sold to the defendant some years before.

"Now, Mr. Justice," said Bunker, after explaining in a direct, off-hand manner, his peculiar method of bookkeeping, "now, the article here charged, the man had. I will, and do swear to it; for here it is in black and white. And I having demanded, my



occupied by the justice; the heads of casks, grindstones, or bunches of rakes, answering for seats for the rest of the company. On the left of the justice sat the defendant, whose composed look, and occasional knowing smile, seemed to indicate his confidence in the strength of his defence, as well as a consciousness of possessing some secret advantage over his opponent. On the other hand, sat Bunker, the plaintiff in the suit. Ascertaining from the remarks of the bystanders his identity with the committee-man he had become so curious to see, Locke fell to noting his appearance closely, and the result was, upon the whole, a highly favorable prepos-

pay, and he having not only refused it, but denied ever buying the article in question, I have brought this suit to recover my just due. And now I wish to see if he will get up here in court, and deny the charge under oath. If he will, let him; but may the Lord have mercy upon his soul!"

"Well, sir," replied the defendant, promptly rising, "you shall not be kept from having your wish a minute; for I here, under oath, do swear, that I never bought or had a cheese of you in my life."

"Under the oath of God you declare it, do you?" sharply asked Bunker.

"I do, sir," firmly answered the other.



"Well, well!" exclaimed the former with looks of utter astonishment, "I would not have believed that there was a man in all of the Horn of the Moon who would dare to do that."

After the parties had been indulged in the usual amount of sparring for such occasions, the justice interposed and suggested, that as the oaths of the parties were at complete issue, the evidence of the book itself, which he seemed to think was entitled to credit, would turn the scale in favor of the plaintiff, unless the defendant could produce some rebutting testimony. Upon this hint, the latter called up two of his neighbors, who testified in his behalf, that he himself always made a sufficient supply of cheese for his family; and they were further knowing, that, on the year of the alleged purchase, instead of buying, he actually sold a considerable quantity of the article.

This evidence seemed to settle the question in the mind of the justice; and he now soon announced, that he felt bound to give judgment to the defendant for his costs.

"Judged and sworn out of the whole of it, as I am a sinner!" said the disconcerted Bunker, after sitting a moment, working his rough features in indignant surprise: "yes, fairly sworn out of it, and saddled with a bill of costs to boot! But I can pay it; so reckon it up, Mr. Justice, and we will have it all squared on the spot. And, on the whole, I am not so sure but a dollar or two is well spent, at any time, in finding out a fellow to be a scoundrel who has been passing himself off among people for an honest man," he added, pulling out his purse, and angrily dashing the required amount down upon the table.

"Now, Bill Bunker," said the defendant, after very coolly pocketing his costs, "you have flung out a good deal of your stuff here, and I have borne it without getting riled a hair, for I saw, all the time, that you—correct as folks generally think you—that you didn't know what you was about. But now it's all fixed and settled, I am going just to convince you

that I am not quite the one that has sworn to a perjury in this ere business."

"Well, we will see," rejoined Bunker, eyeing his opponent with a look of mingled doubt and defiance.

"Yes, we will see," responded the other, determinedly; "we will see if we can't make you eat your own words. But I want first to tell you where you missed it. When you dunned me, Bunker, for the pay for a cheese, and I said I never had one of you, you went off a little too quick; you called me a liar, before giving me a chance to say another word. And then, I thought I would let you take your own course, till you took that name back. If you had held on a minute, without breaking out so upon me, I should have told you all how it was, and you would have got your pay on the spot; but —"

"Pay!" fiercely interrupted Bunker, "then you admit you had the cheese, do you?"

"No, sir, I admit no such thing," quickly rejoined the former, "for I still say I never had a cheese of you in the world. But I *did* have a small grindstone of you at the time, and at just the price you charged for your supposed cheese; and here is your money for it, sir. Now, Bunker, what do you say to that?"

"Grindstone—cheese—cheese—grindstone!" exclaimed the now evidently nonplussed and doubtful Bunker, taking a few rapid turns about the room, and occasionally stopping at the table to scrutinize anew his hieroglyphical charge: "I must think this matter over again. Grindstone—cheese—cheese—grindstone. Ah! I have it; but may God forgive me for what I have done! It was a grindstone, but I forgot to make a hole in the middle for the crank."

Upon this curious development, as will be readily imagined, the opposing parties were not long in effecting an amicable and satisfactory adjustment. And, in a short time, the company broke up and departed, all obviously as much gratified as amused at this singular but happy result of the law-suit.

## SHARP ON BOTH SIDES.

### A CONVERSATION BY TWO YANKEES ON BOARD AN ERIE CANAL BOAT.

"WELL, now, which way may you be travelling?"

"I expect this canal runs pretty nearly west."

"Are you going far with it?"

"Well, now, I don't rightly know how many miles it may be."

"I expect you'll be from New York?"

"Sure enough, I have been in New York often and often."

"I calculate, then, 'tis not there as you stop?"

"Business must be minded in stopping and in stirring."

"You may say that. Well, I look then you'll be making for the Springs?"

"Folks say as all the world is making for the Springs, and I guess a good sight of them is."

"Do you calculate upon stopping long when you get to your journey's end?"

"Tis my business must settle that, I expect."

"I guess that's true, too; but you'll be for making pleasure a business for once, I calculate?"

"My business don't often lie in that line."

"Then, may be, it is not the Springs as takes you this line?"

"The Springs is a right elegant place, I reckon."

"It is your health, I calculate, as makes you break your good rules?"

"My health don't trouble me much, I guess."

"No? Why, that's well. How is the markets, sir? Are bread stuffs up?"

"I aint just capable to say."

"A deal of money's made by just looking after the article at the fountain's head."

"You may say that."

"Do you look to be making great dealings in produce up the country?"

"Why that, I expect, is difficult to know."

"I calculate you'll find the markets changeable these times?"

"No markets beant very often without changing."

"Why, that's right down true. What may be your biggest article of produce?"

"I calculate, generally, that's the biggest as I makes most by."

"You may say that. But what do you chiefly call your most particular branch?"

"Why that's what I can't justly say."

## BILL DEAN, THE TEXAN RANGER.

BY GEO. W. KENDALL. 1848.

RARE wags may be found among the Texas Volunteers, yet the funniest fellow of all is a happy-go-lucky chap named Bill Dean, one of Chevallier's spy company, and said to be one of the best "seven-up" players in all Texas. While at Corpus Christi, a lot of us were sitting out on the stoop of the Kinney House, early one morning, when along came Bill Dean. He did not know a single soul in the crowd, although he knew we were all bound for the Rio Grande; yet the fact that the regular formalities of an introduction had not been gone through with, did not prevent his stopping short in his walk, and accosting us. His speech, or harangue, or whatever it may be termed, will lose much in the telling, yet I will endeavor to put it upon paper in as good shape as possible.

"O, yes," said he, with a knowing leer of the eye: "O, yes; all going down among the robbers on the Rio Grande, are you? Fine times *you'll* have, over the left. I've been there myself, and done what a great many of you won't do—I come back; but if I didn't see nateral h—ll,—in August at that—I *am* a teapot. Lived eight days on one poor hawk and three blackberries—couldn't kill a prairie rat on the whole route, to save us from starvation. The ninth day come, and we struck a small streak of good luck—a horse give out and broke down, plump out in the centre of an open prairie—not a stick big enough to tickle a rattlesnake with, let alone killing him. Just had time to save the critter by shootin' him, and that was all, for in three minutes longer he'd have died a nateral death. It didn't take us long to butcher him, nor to cut off some chunks of meat and stick 'em on our ramrods; but the cookin' was another matter. I piled up a heap of prairie grass, for it was high and dry, and sot it on fire; but it flashed up like powder and went out as quick. But—"

"But," put in one of his hearers, "but how did you cook your horse-meat after that?"

"How?"

"Yes, how?"

"Why, the fire caught the high grass close by, and the wind carried the flames streakin' across the prairie. I followed up the fire, holding my chunk of meat directly over the blaze, and the way we went it was a caution to any thing short of locomotive doin's. Once in a while a little flurry of wind would come along, and the fire would get a few yards the start; but I'd brush upon her, lap her with my chunk, and then we'd have it again, nip and chuck. You never seed such a tight race—it was beautiful."

"Very, we've no doubt," ejaculated one of the listeners, interrupting the mad wag, just in season to give him a little breath: "but did you cook your meat in the end?"

"Not bad, I didn't. I chased that d—d fire a mile and a half, the almightyest hardest race you ever heerd tell on, and never give it up until I run her right plump into a wet marsh: there the fire and the chunk of horse-meat came out even—a dead heat, especially the meat."

"But wasn't it cooked?" put in another of the listeners.

"Cooked!—no!—just crusted over a liffle. You don't cook broken down horse-flesh very easy, no how; but when it comes to chasing up a prairie fire with a chunk of it, I don't know which is the toughest, the meat or the job. You'd have laughed to split yourself to have seen me in that race—to see the fire leave me at times, and then to see me brushin' up on her agin, humpin' and movin' myself as though I was runnin' agin some of those big ten-mile-an-hour Gildersleeves in the old States. But I'm a-goin' over to Jack Haynes's to get a cocktail and some breakfast—I'll see you all down among the robbers on the Rio Grande."





## THE YANKEE RECRUIT.

FROM "THE BIGELOW PAPERS." BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. 1848.

MISTER BUCKINUM, the follerin Billet was writ hum by a Yung feller of our town that wuz cussed fool enuff to goe atrottin inter Miss Chiff arter a Drum and fife. It ain't Nater for a feller to let on that he's sick o' any bizness that he went intu off his own free will and a Cord, but I rather cal'late he's middlin tired o' voluntearin By this time. I bleeve u may put dependents on his statemente. For I never heered nothin bad on him let Alone his havin what Parson Wilbur cal's a *pongshong* for cocktales, and ses it wuz a soshiashun of idees sot him agoin arter the Crootin Sargient cos he wore a cocktale, onto his hat.

his Folks gin the letter to me and I shew it to parson Wilbur and he ses it oughter Bee printed. send It to mister Buckinum, ses he, i don't ollers agree with him, ses he, but by Time, ses he, I *du* like a feller that ain't a Feared.

I have intusspussed a Few refleckshuns hear and thair. We're kind o' prest with Hayin.

Ewers respectfly,

HOSEA BIGLOW.

THIS kind o' sogerin' aint a mite like our October trainin'.

A chap could clear right out from there ef t' only looked like rainin'.

An' th' Cunnles, tu, could kiver up their shappoes with bandanners,

An' send the insines skootin' to the bar-room with their banners,

(Fear o' gittin' on 'em spotted,) an' a feller could cry quarter,

Ef he fired away his ramrod artur tu much rum an' water.

Recollect wut fun we hed, you 'n I on' Ezry Hollis,

Up there to Waltham plain last fall, ahavin' the Cornwallis?

This sort o' thing aint *jest* like thet,—I wish thet I wuz furdur,—

Nimepunce a day-fer killin' folks comes kind o' low for murder,

(Wy I 've worked out to slarterin' some fer Deacon Cephas Billins,

An' in the hardest times there wuz I ollers tetched ten shillins.)

There's sutthin' gits into my throat thet makes it hard to swaller,

It comes so nateral to think about a hempen collar;

It 's glory,—but, in spite o' all my tryin' to git callous,

I feel a kind o' in a cart, aridin' to the gallus.

But wen it comes to *bein'* killed,—I tell ye I felt streaked

The fust time ever I found out wy baggonets wuz peaked;

Here's how it wuz: I started out to go. to a fandango,

The sentinul he ups an' sez "Thet 's furdur 'an you can go."

"None o' your sarse," sez I; sez he, "Stan' back!" "Aint you a buster?"

Sez I, "I'm up to all thet air, I guess I 've ben to muster;

I know wy sentinuls air sot; you aint agoin' to eat us;

Caleb haint no monopoly to court the scenoreetas; My folks to hum hir full ez good ez hisn be, by golly!"

An' so ez I wuz goin' by, not thinkin' wut would folly,

The everlastin' cus he stuck his one-pronged pitchfork in me

An' made a hole right thru my close ez ef I was an in'my.



Wal, it beats all how big I felt hoorawin' in old Funnel

Wen Mister Bolles he gin the sword to our Leftenant Cunnle,

(It 's Mister Secondary Bolles, thet writ the prize peace essay;

Thet 's wy he did 'nt list himself along o' us, I des-say,)

An' Rantoul, tu, talked pooty loud, but don't put his foot in it,

Coz human life 's so sacred thet he 's principled agin' it,—

Though I myself can 't rightly see it 's any wus achokin' on 'em

Than puttin' bullets thru their lights, or with a bagnet pokin' on 'em;

How drefle slick he reeled it off, (like Blitz at our lyceam

Ahaulin' ribbins from his chops so quick you skeercely see 'em,)

About the Anglo-Saxon race (an' saxons would be handy

To du the baryin' down here upon the Rio Grandy),

About our patriotic pas an' our star-splangled banner,  
Our country's bird alookin' on an' singin' out ho-sanner,  
An' how he (Mister B. himself) wuz happy fer Ameriky,—  
I felt, ez sister Patience sez, a leetle mite hister-icky.  
I felt, I swon, ez though it wuz a dreffle kind o' privilege  
Atrampin' round thru Boston streets among the gutter's drivelage;  
I act'ly thought it wuz a treat to hear a little drum-min',  
An' it did bonnyfyd seem millanyum wuz acomin';  
Wen all on us got suits (darned like them wore in the state prison),  
An' every feller felt ez though all Mexico was hisn.

This 'ere's about the meanest place a skunk could wal diskiver  
(Saltillo 's Mexican, I b'lieve, fer wut we call Salt-river).  
The sort o' trash a feller gits to eat doos beat all nater,  
I'd give a year's pay fer a smell o' one good blue-nose tater;  
The country here thet Mister Bolles declared to be so charmin'  
Throughout is swarmin' with the most alarmin' kind o' varmin'.  
He talked about delishes froot, but then it was a wopper all,  
The holl on't 's mud an' prickly pears, with here an' there a chapparal;  
You see a feller peekin' out, an', fust you know, a lariat  
Is round your throat an' you a copse, 'fore you can say, "Wut air ye at?"  
You never see sech darned gret bugs (it may not be irrelevant  
To say I've seen a *scarabæus pilularius* \* big ez a year old elephant,)  
The rigiment come up one day in time to stop a red bug  
From runnin' off with Cunnle Wright,—t wuz jest a common *cinez lectularius*.  
One night I started up on eend an thought I wuz to hum agin,  
I heern a horn, thinks I it's Sol the fisherman hez come agin,  
*His* bellowses is sound enough,—ez I'm a livin' creeter,  
I felt a thing go thru my leg,—t wuz nothin' more 'n a skeeter!  
Then there 's the yellor fever, tu, they call it here el vomito,—  
(Come, thet wun't du, you landerab there, I tell ye to le' go my toe!  
My gracious! it 's a scorpion thet 's took a shine to play with 't,  
I dars n't skeer the tarnel thing fer fear he'd run away with 't.)

\* It wuz "tumblebug" as he Writ it, but the parson put the Latten instid. I sald tother maid better meeter, but he said tha was eddykated peepl to Boston and tha would n't stan' it no how, Idnow as tha *wood* and Idnow as tha *wood*.—H. B.

Afore I came away from hum I hed a strong per-suasion  
Thet Mexicans worn't human beans,—an ourang outang nation,  
A sort o' folks a chap could kill an' never dream on 't arter,  
No more 'n a feller 'd dream o' pigs thet he had hed to slarter;  
I'd an idee thet they were built arter the darkie's fashion all,  
And' kickin' colored folks about, you know, 's a kind o' national;  
But wen I jined I won't so wise ez thet air queen o' Sheby,  
Fer, come to look at 'em, they aint much diff'rent from wut we be,  
An' here we air ascrougin' 'em out o' thir own dominions,  
Ashelterin' 'em, ez Caleb sez, under our eagle's pinions,  
Wich means to take a feller up jest by the slack o' 's trowis  
An' walk him Spanish clean right out o' all his homes an' houses;  
Wal, it does seem a curus way, but then hooraw fer Jackson!  
It must be right, fer Caleb sez it's reg'lar Anglo-Saxon.  
The Mex'cans don't fight fair, they say, they piz'n all the water,  
An' du amazin' lots o' things thet is n't wut they ough' to;  
Bein' they haint no lead, they make their bullets out o' copper  
An' shoot the darned things at us, tu, wich Caleb sez aint proper;  
He sez they 'd ough' to stan' right up an' let us pop 'em fairly,  
(Guess wen he ketches 'em at thet he 'll hev to git up airly,)  
Thet our nation 's bigger 'n theirn an' so its rights air bigger,  
An' thet it 's all to make 'em free thet we air pullin' trigger,  
Thet Anglo-Saxondom's idee 's abreakin' 'em to pieces,  
An' thet idee 's thet every man doos jest wut he damn pleases;  
Ef I don't make his meanin' clear, perhaps in some respec I can,  
I know thet "every man" don't mean a nigger or a Mexican;  
An' there's another thing I know, an' thet is, ef these creeturs,  
Thet stick an Anglo-Saxon mask onto State prison feeturs,  
Should come to Jalam Centre fer to argify an' spout on't,  
The gals 'ould count the silver spoons the minnit they cleared out on 't.

This goin' ware glory waits ye haint one agreeable feetur,  
And' ef it worn't fer wakin' snakes, I'd home agin short meter;  
O, would n't I be off, quick time, ef 't worn't thet I wuz sartin  
They 'd let the daylight into me to pay me fer de-sartin!

I don't approve o' tellin' tales, but jest to you I may state  
 Our ossifers aint wut they wuz afore they left the Bay state;  
 Then it wuz "Mister Sawin, sir, you're middlin' well now, be ye?"  
 Step up an' take a nipper, sir; I'm drefle glad to see ye;"  
 But now it's "Ware 's my eppylet? here, Sawin, step an' fetch it!"  
 An' mind your eye, be thund'rin' spry, or dam ye, you shall ketch it!

Wal, ez the Doctor sez, some pork will bile so, but by mighty,  
 Ef I hed some on 'em to hum, I'd give 'em linkum vity,  
 I'd play the rogue's march on their hides an' other music follerin'—  
 But I must close my letter here for one on 'em 's a-hollerin',  
 These Anglosaxon ossifers—wal, taint no use ajawin,'  
 I'm safe enlisted fer the war,  
 Yours,  
 BIRDFREEDOM SAWIN.

## POLLY PEABLOSSOM'S WEDDING.

BY JOHN B. LAMAR. 1848.

"My stars! that parson is *powerful* slow a-comin'! I reckon he wa'n't so tedious gitting to his own wedding as he is coming here," said one of the bridesmaids of Miss Polly Peablossom, as she bit her lips to make them rosy, and peeped into a small looking-glass for the twentieth time.

"He preaches enough about the shortness of a life-time," remarked another pouting Miss, "and how we ought to improve our opportunities, not to be creeping along like a snail, when a whole wedding-party is waiting for him, and the waffles are getting cold, and the chickens burning to a crisp."

"Have patience, girls, maybe the man's lost his spurs, and can't get along any faster," was the consolatory appeal of an arch-looking damsel, as she finished the last of a bunch of grapes.

"Or perhaps his old fox-eared horse has jumped out of the pasture, and the old gentleman has to take it a-foot," surmised the fourth bridesmaid.

The bride used industrious efforts to appear patient and rather indifferent amid the general restiveness of her aids, and would occasionally affect extreme merriment; but her shrewd attendants charged her with being *fidgety*, and rather more uneasy than she wanted folks to believe.

"Hello, Floyd!" shouted old Captain Peablossom, out of doors, to his coppers-as-trowered son, who was entertaining the young beaux of the neighborhood with feats of agility in jumping with weights—"Floyd, throw down them rocks, and put the bridle on old Snip, and ride down the road, and see if you can't see Parson Gympsey, and tell him hurry along, we are all waiting for him. He must think weddings are like his meetings, that can be put off to the 'Sunday after the fourth Saturday in next month,' after the crowd's all gathered and ready to hear the preaching. If you don't meet him, go *clean* to his house. I 'spect he's heard that Bushy Creek Ned's here with his fiddle, and taken a scare."

As the night was wearing on, and no parson had come yet to unite the destinies of George Washington Hodgkins and "the amiable and accomplished" Miss Polly Peablossom, the former individual intimated to his *intended* the propriety of passing off the time by having a dance.

Polly asked her Ma, and her Ma, after arguing that it was not the fashion in her *time*, in North Carolina, to dance before the *ceremony*, at last consented.

The artist from Bushy Creek was called in, and after much tuning and spitting on the screws, he struck up "Money Musk," and away went the

country-dance, Polly Peablossom at the head, with Thomas Jefferson Hodgkins as her partner, and George Washington Hodgkins next, with Polly's sister, Luvisa, for his partner. Polly danced to every gentleman, and Thomas Jefferson danced to every lady; then up and down in the middle, and hands all round. Next came George Washington and his partner, who underwent the same process; and "so on through the whole," as Daboll's Arithmetic says.

The yard was lit up by three or four large light-wood fires, which gave a picturesque appearance to the groups outside. On one side of the house was Daniel Newnan Peablossom and a bevy of youngsters, who either could not nor did not desire to get into the dance—probably the former—and who amused themselves by jumping and wrestling. On the other side, a group of matrons sat under the trees, in chairs, and discoursed of the mysteries of making butter, curing chickens of the pip and children of the croup, besides lamenting the misfortunes of some neighbor, or the indiscretion of some neighbor's daughter, who had run away and married a circus-rider. A few pensive couples, eschewing the "giddy dance," promenaded the yard and admired the moon, or "wondered if all *them* little stars were worlds like this." Perhaps they may have sighed sentimentally at the folly of the mosquitoes and bugs, which were attracted round the fires to get their pretty little wings scorched and lose their precious lives; or they may have talked of "true love," and plighted their vows, for aught we know.

Old Captain Peablossom and his pipe, during the while, were the centre of a circle in front of the house who had gathered around the old man's arm-chair to listen to his "twice-told tales" of "hair-breadth 'scapes," of "the battles and sieges he had passed;" for you must know the Captain was no "summer soldier and sunshine patriot;" he had burned gunpowder in defence of his beloved country.

At the especial request of Squire Tompkins, the Captain narrated the perilous adventures of Newnan's little band among the Seminoles. How "bold Newnan" and his men lived on alligator flesh and parched corn, and marched barefooted through saw-palmetto; how they met Bowlegs and his warriors near Paine's Prairie, and what fighting was there. The amusing incident of Bill Cone and the terrapin shell, raised shouts of laughter among the young brood, who had flocked around to hear of

the wars. Bill (the "Camden Bard," peace to his ashes), as the Captain familiarly called him, was sitting one day against the logs of the breastwork, drinking soup out of a terrapin shell, when a random shot from the enemy broke the shell and spilt his soup, whereupon he raised his head over the breastwork and sung out, "Oh, you villain, you couldn't do that again if you tried forty times." Then the Captain, after repeated importunities, laid down his pipe, cleared his throat, and sung

We marched on to our next station,  
The Ingens on before did hide,  
They shot and killed Bold Newnan's nigger,  
And two other white men by his side.

The remainder of the epic we have forgotten.

After calling out for a *chunk* of fire and relighting his pipe, he dashed at once over into Alabama, in General Floyd's army, and fought the battles of Calebee and Otassee over again in detail. The artillery from Baldwin County blazed away, and made the little boys aforesaid think they could hear thunder almost, and the rifles from Putnam made their patriotic young spirits long to revenge that gallant corps. And the squire was astonished at the narrow escape his friend had of falling into the hands of Weatherford and his savages, when he was miraculously rescued by Timpoochie Barnard, the Utchee chief.

At this stage of affairs, Floyd (*not the general*, but the ambassador) rode up, with a mysterious look on his countenance. The dancers left off in the middle of a set, and assembled around the messenger, to hear the news of the parson. The old ladies crowded up, too, and the captain and the squire were eager to hear. But Floyd felt the importance of his situation, and was in no hurry to divest himself of the momentary dignity.

"Well, as I rode on down to Boggy Gut, I saw—"

"Who cares what the devil you saw?" exclaimed the impatient captain; "tell us if the parson is coming, first, and you may take all night to tell the balance, if you like, afterwards."

"I saw—" continued Floyd, pertinaciously.

"Well, my dear, what did you see?" asked Mrs. Peablossom.

"I saw that some one had *tooken* away some of the rails on the cross-way, or they had washed away, or somehow—"

"Did any body ever hear the like?" said the captain!

"And so, I got down," continued Floyd, "and hunted some more, and fixed over the boggy place—"

Here Polly laid her hand on his arm, and requested, with a beseeching look, to know if the parson was on the way.

"I'll tell you all about it presently, Polly. And when I got to the run of the creek, then—"

"Oh, the devil!" ejaculated Captain Peablossom, "stalled again!"

"Be still, honey, let the child tell it his own way—he always would have his way, you know, since we had to humor him so when he had the measles," interposed the old lady.

Daniel Newnan Peablossom, at this juncture, facetiously lay down on the ground, with the root of an old oak for his pillow, and called out, yawningly, to his pa, to "wake him when brother Floyd had crossed over, the *run* of the creek, and arrived safely at the parson's." This caused loud laughter.

Floyd simply noticed it by observing to his brother, "Yes, you think you're *mighty smart* before all these folks!" and resumed his tedious route to Parson Gypsey's, with as little prospect of reaching the end of his story as ever.

Mrs. Peablossom tried to *coax* him to "*jest*" say if the parson was coming or not. Polly begged him, and all the bridesmaids implored. But Floyd "went on his way rejoicing."

"When I came to the Piney-flat," he continued, "old Snip *seed* something white over in the bay-gall, and shyd' *clean* out o' the road, and——" where he would have stopped would be hard to say, if the impatient captain had not interfered.

That gentleman, with a peculiar glint of the eye, remarked, "well, there's one way I can bring him to a showing," as he took a large horn from between the logs, and rung a "wood-note wild," that set a pack of hounds to yelping. A few more notes, as loud as those that issued from "Roland's horn at



Roncesvalles," was sufficient invitation to every hound, foist, and "cur of low degree," that followed the guests, to join in the chorus. The captain was a man of good lungs, and "the way he *did* blow was the way," as Squire Tompkins afterwards very happily described it; and as there were in the canine choir some thirty voices of every key, the music may be imagined better than described. Miss Tabitha Tidwell, the first bridesmaid, put her hands to her ears and cried out, "My stars! we shall all git blow'd away!"

The desired effect of abbreviating the messenger's story was produced, as that prolix personage in copperas pants, was seen to take Polly aside, and whisper something in her ear.

"Oh, Floyd, you are joking; you oughtn't to serve me so. An't you joking, *bud*?" asked Polly, with a look that seemed to beg he would say yes.

"It's true as preaching," he replied—"the cake's all dough!"

Polly whispered something to her mother, who threw up her hands, and exclaimed, "Oh, my!" and then whispered the secret to some other lady, and away it went. Such whispering and throwing up of hands and eyes, is rarely seen at a quaker meeting. Consternation was in every face. Poor Polly was a very personification of "patience on a monument, smiling green and yellow melancholy."

The captain discovering that something was the matter, drove off the dogs, and inquired what had happened to cause such confusion. "What the devil's the matter now?" he said. "You all look as down in the mouth as we did on the *Santafee* (St. Fe), when the quarter-master said the provisions had all give out. "What's the matter—won't somebody tell me? Old 'oman, has the dogs got into the kitchen and eat up all the supper, or what else has come to pass?—out with it!"

"Ah, old man, bad news!" said the wife, with a sigh. "Well, what is it?" you are all getting as bad as Floyd, *terrifying* a fellow to death."

"*Parson Gympey was digging a new horse trough and cut his leg to the bone with the foot-adee, and can't come—Oh, dear!*"

"I wish he had taken a fancy to 'a done it a week ago, so we 'mout' a got another parson, or, as long as no other time would suit but to-day, I wish he had cut his derved eternal head off!"

"Oh, my! husband!" exclaimed Mrs. Peablossom. Bushy Creek Ned, standing in the piazza with his fiddle, struck up the old tune of

We'll dance all night, 'till broad day-light,  
And go home with the *gals* in the morning.

Ned's hint caused a movement towards the dancing room, among the young people, when the captain, as if waking from a reverie, exclaimed, in a loud voice, "Oh, the devil! what are we all thinking of? *Why, here's Squire Tompkins, he can perform the ceremony.* If a man can't marry folks, what's the use of being squire at all?"

Manna did not come in better time to the children of Israel in the wilderness, than did this discovery of the worthy captain to the company assembled. It was as vivifying as a shower of rain on corn that is about to shoot and tassel, especially to G. W. Hodgkins and his lady-love.

Squire Tompkins was a newly-elected magistrate, and somewhat diffident of his abilities in this untrod department. He expressed a hint of the sort, which the captain only noticed with the exclamation, "boot toot!"

Mrs. Peablossom insinuated to her husband, that in her *day* the "quality," or better sort of people in North Ca'lina, had a prejudice "*agin*" being married by a magistrate; to which the old gentleman replied, "None of your nonsense, old lady; none of your Duplin County aristocracy about here now. The *better sort of people*, I think you say! Now, you know North Ca'lina ain't the best State in the Union, nohow, and Duplin's the poorest county in the State. Better sort of people, is it? *Quality*, eh? Who the devil's better than we are? An't we honest? An't we raised our children decent, and learned them how to read, write, and cipher? An't I *fou't* under Newnan and Floyd for the country? Why, darn it! we are the *very best* sort of people. Stuff! nonsense! The wedding shall go on; Polly shall have a husband." Mrs. P.'s eyes lit up—her cheek flashed as she heard "the old North State" spoken of so disparagingly; but she was a woman of good sense, and reserved the castigation for a future curtain lecture.

Things were soon arranged for the wedding; and as the old wooden clock on the mantel-piece struck one, the bridal party were duly arranged on the floor, and the crowd gathered round, eager to observe every twinkle of the bridegroom's eye, and every blush of the blooming bride.

The bridesmaids and their male attendants were arranged in couples, as in a cotillion, to form a hollow square, in the centre of which were the squire and betrothing parties. Each of the attendants bore a candle; Miss Tabitha held hers in a long brass candlestick, which had belonged to Polly's grandmother, in shape and length somewhat resembling "Cleopatra's needle;" Miss Luvisa bore a flat tin one; the third attendant bore such an article as is usually suspended on a nail against the wall; and the fourth had a curiously-devised something cut out of wood with a pocket-knife. For want of a further supply of candlesticks, the male attendants held naked candles in their hands. Polly was dressed in white, and wore a bay flower with its green leaves in her hair, and the whisper went round—"Now *don't* she look pretty?" George Washington Hodgkins rejoiced in a white satin stock, and a vest and pantaloons of orange color; the vest was straight-collared, like a continental officer's in the Revolution, and had eagle buttons on it. They were a fine-looking couple.

When every thing was ready, a pause ensued, and all eyes were turned on the squire, who seemed to be undergoing a mental agony, such as Fourth of July orators feel when they forget their speeches, or a boy at an exhibition, when he has to be prompted from behind the scenes. The truth was, Squire Tompkins was a man of forms, but had always taken them from form-books, and never trusted his memory. On this occasion, he had no "Georgia Justice," or any other book from which to read the marriage ceremony, and was at a loss how to proceed. He thought over every thing he had ever learned "by heart," even to

Thirty days hath the month of September,

The same may be said of June, April, November,

but all in vain; he could recollect nothing that suited such an occasion. A suppressed titter all over the room admonished him that he must proceed with something, and in the agony of desperation, he began,

"*Know all men by these presents that I—*" here he paused and looked up to the ceiling, while an

audible voice, in a corner of the room was heard to say, "He's drawing up a *deed* to a tract of land," and they all laughed.

"*In the name of God, Amen!*"—he began a second time, only to hear another voice, in a loud whisper, say—"He's making his *will*, now. I thought he couldn't live long, he looks so *powerful bad*."

*Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord—*

was the next essay, when some erudite gentleman remarked, "He is not dead, but sleepeth."

"*O yes! O yes!*" continued the squire. One voice replied, "Oh no! oh no! don't let's;" another whispered, "No bail!" Some person out of doors sung out, "Come into court!" and the laughter was general. The bridesmaids spilt the tallow from their candles all over the floor, in the vain attempt to look serious. One of them had a red mark on her lip for a month afterwards, where she had bit it. The bridegroom put his hands in his pockets, and took them out again; the bride looked as if she would faint—and so did the squire!

But the squire was an indefatigable man, and kept trying. His next effort was—

"*To all and singular the shor—*" "Let's run! he's going to *level* on us," said two or three at once.

Here a gleam of light flashed across the face of Squire Tompkins. That dignity looked around all at once, with as much satisfaction as Archimedes could have felt, when he discovered the method of ascertaining the specific gravity of bodies. In a grave and dignified manner, he said, "Mr. Hodgkins, hold up your right hand." George Washington obeyed, and held up his hand. "Miss Polly hold up yours." Polly in confusion held up her left hand. "The other hand, Miss Peablossom." And the squire proceeded, in a loud and composed manner, to qualify them: "*You and each of you do solemnly swear, in the presence of Almighty God, and the present company, that you will perform toward each other, all and singular, the functions of husband or wife—as the case may be—to the best of your knowledge and ability, so help you God!*"

"Good as wheat!" said Captain Peablossom. "Polly, my gal, come and kiss your old father; I never felt so happy since the day I was discharged from the army, and set out homeward to see your mother."

## PARODY ON THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

ANON. 184—

In North Carolina, a tavern-keeper having grown rich, grew very careless; and so offended the lawyers, by whom his house had for years been filled, that, during one crowded session of the court, they, with one accord, forsook him, leaving behind them the following parody on the Declaration of Independence:—

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for a half-hungry, half-fed, imposed-on set of men, to dissolve the bands of landlord and boarder, a decent respect for the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which have impelled them to separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created with mouths and stomachs; and they are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights; among which is, that no man shall be compelled to starve out of mere compliance to a landlord; and that every man has a right to fill his stomach and wet his whistle with the best that's going.

The history of the present landlord of the White Lion, is a history of repeated insults, exactions, and injuries, all having in direct object the establishment of absolute tyranny over their stomachs and throats. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused to keep any thing to drink but bald-faced whiskey.

He has refused to set upon his table for dinner any thing but turnip soup, with a little tough beef and sourcrout, which are not wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has refused to let his only servant, blink-eyed Joe, put more than six grains of coffee to one gallon of water.

He has turned loose a multitude of mosquitoes to assail us in the peaceful hours of the night and eat our substance.

He has kept up, in our beds and bedsteads,

standing armies of merciless savages, with their scalping knives and tomahawks, whose rule of warfare is undistinguished destruction.

He has excited domestic insurrection among us, by taking bitters before breakfast, and making his wife and servant do the same before dinner, whereby there is often the deuce to pay.

He has waged cruel war against nature herself, by feeding our horses with broom-straw, and carrying them off to drink where swine refused to wallow.

He has protected one-eyed Joe in his villany, in the robbery of our jugs, by pretending to give him a mock trial, after sharing with him the spoil.

He has cut off the trade from foreign port, and brought in his own bald-faced whiskey, when we had sent him to buy better liquor abroad; and, with a perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, he has been known to drink our foreign spirits, and fill up our bottles with his own dire potions.

He has imposed taxes upon us to an enormous amount, without our consent, and without any rule but his own arbitrary will and pleasure.

A landlord whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant and a master, is unfit to keep a boarding-house for Cherokee Indians.

Nor have we been wanting in our attention to Mrs. B. and Miss Sally. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity—we have conjured them to alter a state of things which would inevitably interrupt our connexion and correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice. We are, therefore, constrained to hold all three of these parties alike inimical to our well-being, and regardless of our comfort.

We therefore make this solemn declaration of our final separation from our former landlord, and cast our defiance in his teeth.